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HENRY SWINBURNE ESQR.

UNIV.

TRAVELS

THROUGH

SPAIN,

IN THE YEARS 1775 AND 1776.

IN WHICH SEVERAL MONUMENTS OF ROMAN AND MOORISH ARCHITECTURE ARE ILLUSTRATED BY ACCURATE DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

BY *HENRY SWINBURNE*, ESQ.

RIEN N'EST BEAU QUE LE VRAI; LE VRAI SEUL EST AIMABLE.
BOILEAU.

THE SECOND EDITION; TO WHICH IS ADDED, A JOURNEY FROM BAYONNE TO MARSEILLES.

VOL I.

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PREFACE.

MOST travellers that favour the world with their obſervations on foreign countries, endeavour to ſoften the edge of criticiſm by declaring, that they had originally no intentions of appearing in print, but were betrayed into the preſs by the importunities of their friends. This excuſe ſeldom anſwers the end; for when any eſſential defect raiſes the indignation of the reader, as ſevere a ſentence is paſſed upon the ſtraggler decoyed into the literary walk, as upon the moſt avowed voluntary treſpaſſer. I ſhall therefore be very ingenuous,

nuous, and acknowledge that when I ſet out upon my Spaniſh journey, I had thoughts of publiſhing my remarks on that country. I had an earneſt deſire of purſuing a tract almoſt untrodden by travellers, that I might know how great a degree of credit was due to the accounts already given. In my plan of inquiry, an inveſtigation of the ſoil, cultivation, government, commerce, and manners of that kingdom, was to be the grand primary object; but what I was more confident of my ſtrength in, and what I own I found more ſuitable to my inclinations, was the ſtudy of its antiquities, eſpecially the Mooriſh: in that line, my own eye and labour were ſufficient helps to enable me to collect intereſting materials for a publication.

The travels through Spain that have appeared in print, are either old and obſolete, conſequently in many reſpects unfit

unfit to convey a proper idea of its preſent ſtate; or only relations of a paſſage through particular provinces, where the authors had neither time nor opportunity to procure much information.

Not being under any reſtraint in point of time; being furniſhed with letters, and every thing neceſſary for rendering the tour eaſy, and my ſtay in the towns agreeable and inſtructive, with a ſufficient knowledge of the language, I had ſome reaſon to hope I might accompliſh my purpoſe, with ſatisfaction to myſelf, and utility to the public. How far I have ſucceeded, is ſubmitted to the judgment of the candid reader; at leaſt ſome indulgence is due to me for having contributed my mite, however inſignificant, to the common ſtock of topographical knowledge; which of late years has been ſo prodigiouſly increaſed by accumulated imports from all parts of the globe.

There

There is but one merit I inſiſt upon, that of a ſteady adherence to Veracity, as far as I was able to diſcern Truth from Falſehood. I may be detected in many miſtakes; becauſe a foreigner muſt often be expoſed to receive partial accounts of things from the natives, who have an intereſt in hiding the nakedneſs of their country, and in exaggerating its advantages; but I ſhall never be detected in a wilful perverſion of the truth.

Many things in my private letters, of which the following ſheets are almoſt exact copies, were not deemed proper for the public inſpection; there are many trifling occurrences that fill up a letter very agreeably, but when printed become ridiculous. The additions made to the correſpondence conſiſt chiefly of the hiſtorical, commercial, and literary parts; which I drew from the moſt eſteemed Spaniſh authors, as well as from manu-

ſcripts, and information communicated by my friends. In theſe reſearches I was much aſſiſted by the Reverend Mr. R. Waddilove, chaplain to the Britiſh embaſſy: who, I hope, will excuſe my making him this ſlight acknowledgment.

I have been very particular in whatever regards the hiſtory and architecture of the Moors, as thoſe are ſubjects not yet worn thread-bare: with the help of the prints, I hope to give the curious a ſatisfactory idea of their manner of building, diſtributing, and adorning public edifices. The Alhambra of Granada is an *unique*, and its excellent preſervation affords an opportunity of ſtudying all the detail of their deſigns and ornaments.

I can anſwer for the exactneſs of the drawings: I never took the liberty of adding or retrenching a ſingle object, for the ſake of improving the beauty or harmony of the landſcape.

Not

Not to multiply notes and references in the body of the work, I thought proper to give at the beginning, a Chronological Table of the Kings of Spain; Tables of weights, coins, and meaſures; and an Itinerary of our route, with the number of hours it requires to perform each ſtage.

A CHRO-

A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE of the KINGS OF SPAIN.

Invaded by the Carthaginians	——	239 before Chriſt.
Conquered by the Romans	——	206 before Chriſt.
Conquered by the Goths	——	409 after Chriſt.
Invaded by the Saracens	——	712 after Chriſt.

KINGS OF

Aſturias and Leon.	Caſtille.	Aragon.
Began to reign	1037 Ferdinand	1035 Ramiro
	1067 Sancho II.	1063 Sancho
	1073 Alfonſo VI.	1094 Peter
718 Pelayo	1109 Alfonſo VII.	1104 Alfonſo
737 Favita	1126 Alfonſo VIII.	1134 Ramiro II.
739 Alfonſo	1157 Sancho III.	1137 Petronilla
758 Froila	1158 Alfonſo IX.	Raymund of Barcelona
768 Aurelio	1214 Henry	1162 Alfonſo II.
774 Silo	1217 Berengela	1196 Peter II.
783 Mauregat	1217 St. Ferdinand III.	1213 James
788 Bermudo	1252 Alfonſo X.	1276 Peter III.
791 Alfonſo II.	1284 Sancho IV.	1285 Alfonſo III.
845 Ramiro	1295 Ferdinand IV.	1291 James II.
851 Ordono	1312 Alfonſo XI.	1327 Alfonſo IV.
862 Alfonſo III.	1350 Peter	1336 Peter IV.
910 Garcias	1369 Henry II.	1387 John
913 Ordono II.	1379 John	1395 Martin
923 Froila II.	1390 Henry III.	1412 Ferdinand
923 Alfonſo IV.	1404 John II.	1416 Alfonſo V.
927 Ramiro II.	1450 Henry IV.	1458 John II.
952 Ordono III.	1474 Iſabella Ferdinand V.	1459 Ferdinand II.
956 Sancho	1504 Joan Philip	
967 Ramiro III.	1506 Charles	
985 Bermudo II.	1556 Philip II.	
999 Alfonſo V.	1598 Philip III.	
1027 Bermudo III.	1621 Philip IV.	
1037 Sancho Ferdinand I. of Caſtille	1665 Charles II.	
1067 Sancho II.	1700 Philip V.	
1073 Alfonſo VI.	1724 Lewis	
1109 Urraca Alfonſo VII.	1726 Philip VI.	
1126 Alfonſo VIII.	1746 Ferdinand VI.	
1157 Ferdinand II.	1759 Charles III.	
1188 Alfonſo IX.		

TABLE of the KINGS OF SPAIN continued.

KINGS OF

Navarre.	Portugal.	Saracens.
Garcias Ximenes	1109 Henry	755 Abdoulrahman
880 Fortun	1112 Tereſa	788 Hiſſem
	1128 Alfonſo	795 Hachem
905 Sancho	1185 Sancho	
925 Garcias II.		822 Abdoulrahman
970 Sancho Abarca	1212 Alfonſo II.	853 Mahomet
994 Garcias III.	1223 Sancho II.	886 Almundar
	1248 Alfonſo III.	888 Abdallah
1000 Sancho III.	1279 Dennis	
1035 Garcias IV.		912 Abdoulrahman
1054 Sancho IV.	1325 Alfonſo IV.	961 Alhacan
1076 Sancho V.	1357 Peter	976 Hiſſem
1094 Peter	1367 Ferdinand	
	1383 John	1014 Deſtruction of the kingdom of Cordova
1104 Alfonſo		
1134 Garcias V.	1423 Edward	1236 Mahomet
1150 Sancho VI.	1438 Alfonſo V.	1273 Muley
1194 Sancho VII.	1481 John II.	
	1495 Emmanuel	1302 Mahomet
1234 Thibault		1310 Nazer
1253 Thibault II.	1521 John III.	1315 Iſmael
1270 Henry	1557 Sebaſtian	1326 Mahomet
1274 Joanna	1578 Henry	1333 Juzaf
	1580 Philip	1354 Lago
1304 Lewis	1598 Philip II.	1374 Mahomet
1316 Philip		1379 Mahomet
1322 Charles	1621 Philip	1392 Juzaf
1328 Joanna II.	1640 John IV.	1396 Balba
1349 Charles II.	1646 Alfonſo VI.	
1387 Charles III.	1683 Peter II.	1408 Juzaf
		1423 Elaziri
1425 Blanche	1706 John V.	1427 Zagair
1441 John	1750 Joſeph	1432 Juzaf
1479 Eleonora	1777 Mary	1445 Ben Oſmin
1479 Francis	Peter	1453 Iſmael
1483 Catherine		1475 Abilhuſſan
John		1485 Abouabdallah
		1492 Ferdinand and Iſabella
1516 Henry		
1555 Joan III.		
Anthony		
1572 Henry		

A TABLE *of* WEIGHTS *and* MEASURES.

WEIGHTS OF CATALONIA.

12 Ounces	make	1 Pound
26 Pounds		1 Arroba
4 Arrobas		1 Quintal
220 Pounds		100 ℔ of Amſterdam
125 Pounds		1 cwt. Engliſh

WEIGHTS OF CASTILLE.

1 Quintal	contains	100 Libras, or 4 Arrobas
1 Arroba		25 lb.
1 Media Arroba		12 lb. 8 oz.
1 Quarto de Arroba		6 lb. 4 oz.
1 Media quarto de Arroba		3 lb. 2 oz.
1 Libra	contains	16 Onzas
1 Mediatt		8 oz.
1 Quarteron		4 oz.
1 Medio quarteron		2 oz.
1 Onza		4 quartas
1 Quarta	contains	2 Medios Quartas
1 Media quarta		2 Adarmes
1 Adarmes		2 Medios Adarmes

N. B. The Valencian and Catalonian lb. contains only 12 oz. but the oz. are larger.

LONG MEASURE.

12 Inches	make	1 Caſtillian foot
3 Caſtillian feet		1 Vara
1648 Varas		1 Mile
7680 Varas		1 League

The Vara is about 33 Inches Engliſh. 1920 Varas make an Engliſh Mile of 1760 Yards.

A TABLE OF COINS.

IMAGINARY.

Real de Vellon — equal to half a real de plata, or eight quartos 2 maravidis
Eſcudo de Vellon — — — — — — — — 10 reals de Vel.
Ducado de Vellon — — — — — — — — 11 r. V. 1 mar.
Ducato de Plata nuevo — — — — — — — 16 r. V. 17 mar.
Ducato de Plata Antiguo — — — — — — 20 — — $25\frac{5}{17}$
Dobla de oro Decabua, Peſo — — — — — 14 — — 9

N. B. A Real de Vellon is worth 8 Quartos 2 Maravidis, or 17 Ochavos.

BRASS.

Maravidi, the leaſt coin in Spain
Ochavo — — — — — — 2
Quarto — — — — — — 4 } maravidis
Doſquartos — — — — — 8

SILVER.

Medio real de Plata — — — —	1	r. de Vellon.
Real de Plata — — — — —	2	
Real de 2, peſetta, piſtreen — —	4	
Real de 4 Sevillano — — — —	8	
Real de 8 Sevillano — — — —	16	
Medio real columnario — — —	1 —	8
Real de Plata colum. — — —	2 —	17
Real de a 2 colum. — — — —	5	
Real de a 4 — — — — — —	10	
Real de a 8 — — — — — —	20	

GOLD.

Veintino, peſo duro, hard dollar — — —	20	r. de Vellon.
Eſcudo de oro nuevo — — — — —	37 —	17
Eſcudo de oro Antiguo — — — — —	37 —	22
Doblon de a 2 nuevo, piſtola — — — —	75	
Doblon de a 2 Antiguo — — — — —	75 —	10
Doblon de a 4 nuevo — — — — —	150	
Doblon de a 4 Antiguo — — — — —	150 —	20
Doblon de a 8 nuevo, quadruple — — —	380	
Doblon de a 8 Antiguo — — — — —	301 —	6

ITINERARY.

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going
Perpignan	Notre dame; bad.	
Boulou	Dolphin; tolerable	4
Junquiera	Town-houſe	3
Figuera	S. Joſeph; bad; French houſe	3½
Coldoriol	Single houſe; bad	3½
Girona	Fontana d'Oro; good	4
Mayorquien	Bad	4½
Sanſalony	Bad	6½
Rincon	Single houſe	6
Barcelona	Fontana d'Oro	4½
Cipreret	Single houſe; clean	4½
Villa Franca	Bad	5
Figuereta	Single	5½
Tarragona	Bad	3½
Reus		3
Hoſpitalet	Single; no lodging	5
Venta del Platero	Single; as bad as any in Spain	3¾
Venta Don Ramon	Tolerable; new	4½
Tortoſa	S. Joſeph; new inn	3
Ildecona	Poor	5
Benecarlo		3
Torreblanca		6½
Caſtillon	S. Franciſco; good	7
Nule	Good	3¾

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going.
Morviedro	Clean	4
Valencia	S. Andrea; not the beſt	4½
Alzira	French; clean	6½
San Felipe	French; new	3¾
Mojente		4½
Fuente de la Xiguera	Good	3
Villena		4
Monforte		6¾
Alicant	S. Francisco; pleaſant	4
Elche	Bad	4¼
Orihuela	Tolerable	5¾
Murcia	Tolerable	4½
Venta San Pedro	Nothing	5¾
Carthagena	Aquila d'Oro; excellent	2½
Fuente del Alamo	Bad	4¼
Totana	Clean	6
Lorca	Tolerable	4
Puerto Horniera	Very bad	3¾
Velez el Rubio		6
Xirivel		3½
Cuellar		5
Baca		4¼
Venta del Golpe	Wretched	6¼
Guadix		3¾
Iſnallos	Tolerable	11¾
Granada	Al Sol; there is a better	6¾
Loja		10
Antequera	Corona; clean	11
Venta de Almoyna		3
Malaga	Coffee-houſe	3
Venta de la Compania		3
Antequera		3

Pedrera

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going.
Pedrera		11
Oſſuna	Good	3¾
Puebla		3¾
Arajal	Good	4¾
Molares	Very bad	4¼
Cabecas		6
Venta del Biſcayno	Good	3
Xeres	Arroyo; good	6¼
Puerto S. Maria	Three Emperors; Italian	3¼
Cadiz	Cavallo blanco; Italian	2
Chiclana	Baudry; good	4
Cortijos		14
San Roque		12
Gibraltar		1½
San Roque		1½
Cara del Duque		12
Chiclana		14
Cadiz		4
Puerto		0¾
Xeres		3
V. Biſcayno		7
V. Alcantirella		6¾
V. Oran	Clean	2
Sevilla	La Reyna; Italian	5¼
Carmona	Good	7½
V. Monclova		5½
Eccija	S. Agoſtino	4
Carlotta	New; good	4
Cordova	Fonda; Italian	5
Carpio		6
Aldea		5
Anduxar		5

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going.
V. Rombla		4
Carolina	New; excellent	7¼
V. Miranda		3
Viſo		6
Santa Cruz		3½
Valdepenas	Good; new. Good wine	3½
Mancanares		5
Villaharta		5¾
Puerto Lapiche		2½
Conſuegra		3½
Mora	Good	6
Toledo	Sangre de Chriſto; clean	6¾
Illeſcas		6¾
Geteſe		4¾
Madrid	S. Sebaſtian; Italian	3
Aranjuez	Italian; good	4
Madrid		4
Eſcurial		4½
V. S. Catalina		4
S. Ildefonſo		9
Segovia	Good	2
S. Maria		5¾
Villa S. Cruz		5½
Hornillo		4¼
Valladolid	Good	5¼
V. Trigeros		4
Torquemada		7
Villa Rodrigo		5
Burgos	Good	9¼
Torres	Poor place	3½
Birvieſca		5½
Pancorvo	Tolerable	5½
		V. S. Gaetan

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going.
V. S. Gaetan	Excellent	7
Victoria	Good	2
Montdragon	Dirty	6½
Vergara	Good	2½
Tolosa		9¼
Hernani	Good	3¾
Passage		6
S. Jean de Luz	Good	4
Bayonne	S. Etienne	

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ARY
TROPE

TRAVELS

THROUGH

SPAIN.

LETTER I.

Perpignan, October 23, 1775.

WE are in hopes of ſetting out for Spain to-morrow, but many are the difficulties we ſhall have to encounter before we make our point good. Mules and horſes are ſcarce and dear, and the roads are ſaid to be much damaged by the late floods.

After a thouſand delays, we left Toulouſe at one o'clock on Sunday, and, travelling all night, reached Narbonne about noon next

day. Having rambled over that ſmall city, and peruſed the ancient inſcriptions in the archiepiſcopal palace, we thought it adviſeable to move on; and accordingly came to ſleep at Sigean, in order to have more leiſure at Perpignan for arranging matters, and looking out for mules and other requiſites for our Spaniſh journey.

There is not a more barren country on the face of the earth, than that between Narbonne and Riveſaltes, famous for its muſcadine wine; yet I ſuſpect you would prefer thoſe bleak grey hills to more fertile ſpots; for among the ſtones, and through the crannies of the rocks, ſhoot up innumerable tribes of aromatic plants, on which, as a botaniſt, your eye would feaſt with rapture. The ſuperior excellence of the Narbonne honey is, no doubt, owing to this profuſion of ſtrong-ſcented flowers, on which the bees feed.

The bay of Leucate, and the plains that ſtretch

ſtretch out from the ſea to the foot of the Pyrenean mountains, form a noble ſweep, that bears ſome reſemblance to the gulph of Naples.

Perpignan is a villainous ugly town, on the ſkirts of an extenſive flat, that has juſt olive woods enough to make a tolerable appearance from the ramparts. The grounds are incloſed with the tall yellow-flowering aloe.

LETTER II.

San Salony, October 27, 1775.

AS I am informed the poſt paſſes by to-morrow from Barcelona, I write from this place, leſt we ſhould be delayed by any accident, and ſo miſs the opportunity.

The weather hitherto has been very favourable; a clear ſky and warm ſun ſince

the 24th, the day we left Perpignan. There was ſuch a ſcarcity of mules, that we were forced to comply with the exorbitant demands of a French *voiturier* and two Italian rope-dancers, who inſiſted upon twenty Louis-d'ors for ten horſes as far as Barcelona: one of the tumblers rides poſtillion to our carriage; and for want of a ſaddle-horſe, my man S. G. goes with the other in a crazy two-wheeled chaiſe; but any thing to get away from Perpignan, a moſt diſagreeable town, and, to a curious traveller, deſtitute of every kind of recommendation.

The heavy rains that fell about a month ago, had ſwelled the torrents to ſuch a degree, that in many places they had ſpoiled the road; this rendered our evening journey very uncomfortable, and made it late before we could reach a poor inn at Boulou, near the mountains that ſeparate Rouſſillon from Catalonia. By the help of our own beds, cook, and proviſions, we reſted very well

well in our hovel, and next morning ſallied forth as burleſque a caravan as ever left inn ſince the days of * *Le Deſtin & La Rancune.* Several ingenious perſons travelling to the fair of Girona had joined company with us; we compoſed the center; our vanguard was formed by a drummer and a tabor and pipe; the rear was brought up by a camel, loaded with five monkies, eſcorted by two men who carried his portrait. Theſe, and three pedlars, whom we ſoon after overtook, were all come from the Milaneſe. A few paces from the inn we croſſed the Tech, a broad torrent, very dangerous after rain: it had lately cauſed conſiderable damage in the country. A few miles farther, we came to the chain of mountains that divides France and Spain, which are of no very conſiderable elevation.

The road over the paſs is a noble work,

* Scarron's Comic Romance.

and reflects great honour on the engineer who planned it. It is now very wide; the rocks are blasted, and spread out, and bridges are laid over the hollows, which formerly were most dangerous precipices. It then required the strength of thirty men to support, and almost as many oxen to drag up a carriage, which four horses now draw with ease.

Exactly on the limits of France, in the highest part of the pass, stands the fort of Bellegarde, on a round hill, commanding a boundless view over both kingdoms: an officer of invalids has a lodge below, where he examines and signs the passports.

At La Junquiera, the first Spanish town, an officer of the customs made a shew of examining our baggage; but a piece of money soon put an end to his search. Near this place a bloody battle was fought in 920, between the Christians and Moors, in which the former were defeated with great slaughter.

ſlaughter. This was once a conſiderable city, a colony of the Maſſilians, or people of Marſeilles, and afterwards an epiſcopal ſee; but now it is a paltry village, ſubſiſting on what little is ſpent in it by paſſengers, and on the produce of the cork-woods, which ſeem to turn to good account. The ſurrounding mountains are covered with thoſe trees; moſt of them are of great ſize and age: their trunks, lately ſtripped of the bark, are of a duſky red colour: the operation of peeling them cannot be repeated above once in ſeven or eight years; but in the ſouthern parts of Spain, they do it every fifth year.

From hence to Figuera, an ugly ſtraggling town, the country improves every ſtep; the hills are cloathed with evergreen woods; the plains, in the fineſt cultivation, are divided by hedges of aloe, chriſtthorn, or wild pomegranate. The inhabitants are well-clad, good-looking fellows; the wo-

men much comelier than their neighbours on the French ſide of the Pyrenees. Ferdinand the Sixth began a moſt ſpacious fortreſs above Figuera, capable of containing 12,000 men: it is far from being finiſhed, and indeed it is difficult to gueſs what ſervice it can be of when completed.

Our journey to Girona was very pleaſant, through a well-laid-out country, diverſified with fertile plains, and gentle eminences crowned with evergreen oaks and pines. The view ſtretches down over the olive plantations, in the low grounds, as far as the ſea; ſlender towers on the points of the rocks, and white ſteeples riſing out of the woods, add great life to this charming ſcene.

In every village, we found the people buſily employed in making ropes, baſkets, and ſhoes, of a ſmall ruſh or reed called *eſparto*.

Girona, where we lay laſt night, is a large clean city, with ſome good ſtreets; but poorly

poorly inhabited, and for the moſt part gloomy. The churches are darker than caverns; the gothic cathedral is grand, but ſo very dark at the upper end, that but for the glimmering of two ſmoky lamps, we ſhould not have diſcovered that the canopy and altar are of maſſy ſilver.

The road was all this morning very hilly, but the dryneſs of the weather prevented it from being at its uſual pitch of badneſs. Every thing, as Pangloſs ſays, is for the beſt: had we left Bagneres when we intended, we ſhould have had theſe deep roads to paſs immediately after exceſſive rains; and ſhould probably have been delayed many days by the ſwelling of the torrents. Great part of this day's journey has been through the moſt ſavage wilds in nature: nothing but mountains upon mountains, covered with pines; a rambling ſandy river fills up the hollows, winding through all the turns of

the

the hanging woods and narrow dells; a ſlight track on the ſand is the only thing that conveys any idea of the footſteps of man. The caſtle of Hoſtalric, a modern fortreſs, commands the outlet of this deſert, and overlooks the turrets and walls of an old ruinous village, wildly ſituated on the brink of a precipice.

This morning, on leaving Girona, we met with a laughable accident. S. G. who travels in the vehicle of the mountebank, was rouſed from his nap by the bottom of the chaiſe ſuddenly giving way, and dropping them both into the river Ter. They were obliged to walk in the chaiſe (literally *ſe promener en voiture*) quite through the water, before their horſes could be prevailed upon to ſtop.

The peaſants have brought us partridges for ſupper, though it be Friday, and ſeem very well accuſtomed to ſee meat eaten

eaten on faſting days; however, the maid of the inn thinks to atone for this irregularity, by placing before us on the table a well-dreſt image of the Virgin, to whom ſhe expects we ſhould behave with proper liberality.

The mode of drinking in this country is ſingular: they hold a broad-bottomed glaſs bottle at arm's length, and let the liquor ſpout out of a long neck upon their tongue: from what I ſee, their expertneſs at this exerciſe ariſes from frequent practice; for the Catalans drink often, and in large quantities, but as yet I have not ſeen any of them intoxicated.

LETTER III.

Barcelona, October 31, 1775.

OUR journey of the 28th was by much the moſt ſevere as to roads; the croſs ones in Suſſex are not worſe. The

The paſs called *El Purgatorio* had very near proved a *Hell* to us; for we thought at one time that the carriages muſt have remained jammed in between the rocks. The proſpects on each ſide of the way are for the greateſt part delightful; nothing can be more agreeable to the eye than the gothic ſteeples towering above the dark pine-groves, the bold ruins of La Rocca, and the rich fields on the banks of the Beſos; but the paſſes are ſo bad, the roads ſo cut up, deep, and dangerous, that it was not poſſible to enjoy the beauties that ſurrounded us.

We got into this city juſt before the ſhutting of the gates. Upon the whole, this four days journey, though attended with ſome diſagreeable circumſtances, was far from unpleaſant; the weather was charming, and our health and ſpirits excellent, with which it is eaſy to bear up againſt the little rubs and vexations of an

expedition

expedition like ours. The obſtinacy of our coachmen, by taking the inland road, deprived us of the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the towns and orange-gardens along the coaſt.

We have paid the neceſſary viſits to thoſe in command. The governor of the place is a Velaſco, brother to that Don Lewis who was killed at the ſurpriſe of the Moro caſtle. It is ſtrange enough that the king ſhould beſtow the title of *Conde del Aſalto* on the brother; it might with more propriety be conferred on the Engliſh general, who commanded the attack.

Our firſt entertainment here was the Spaniſh comedy. Alas! moſt of its glorious abſurdities are vaniſhed, and Dulneſs has eſtabliſhed her throne on this ſtage. I was quite tired, and longed to have ſeen Harlequin carrying relics in proceſſion, ſaints and devils engaged in doubtful conflict, and Lucifer acting the part of a prior

prior of a convent, as they did formerly in the Loas and Autos ſacramentales *. I am afraid we are come here a century too ſoon, or a century too late, and that the old original caſt is worn off the character of the Spaniards, without their having thoroughly acquired the poliſh of France or England: this will render them a much leſs intereſting race of people: in this province they are ſaid to advance apace Barcelona ſeems to be a buſy, thriving town, and the Catalonians an induſtrious ſet of men.

* Autos and myſterios are prohibited on the theatres of Madrid, but are frequently repreſented upon all others in the kingdom, and even in the puppet ſhews at the royal country reſidences. A friend of mine ſaw one acted laſt year at San Lucar, called the Converſion of Saint Barbara; a friar, by way of proving to her the myſtery of the Trinity, gathered up three folds in the ſkirt of his habit, and then let them fall. The three plaits in one cloth were the image of three perſons in one God.

The playhouſe is handſome, and well-lighted up. The firſt piece we ſaw acted was a tragedy, in which there were no parts for women in the dramatis perſonæ; ſo, in order to make it ridiculous, the actreſſes put on breeches and performed the play, without allowing any males to appear among them. The declamation was bombaſtical and whining. The prompters (for they have them in many parts of the ſtage) read aloud, verſe by verſe, what the player repeated after them, with the addition of a final twang, or an occaſional ſwing of the arm. Between the firſt and the ſecond acts we had a ſeguidilla ſung, as wild and uncouth as any thing can be, but now and then ſome very moving paſſages ſtruck the ear. After the ſecond, we had, for interlude, an attack made upon the actreſſes by the actors from a corner of the front boxes. The wit was bandied about very briſkly, and made the audience roar again,

again, but it appeared to me a ſtring of very poor quibbles.

Before I proceed to give you any information concerning the preſent ſtate of the country, I ſhall ſketch the outlines of its particular hiſtory.

The account of the original inhabitants of Catalonia, and of the foundation of Barcelona, are, with the reſt of the early hiſtory of Spain, involved in ſuch a cloud of fables, that nothing ſatisfactory relative to thoſe dark ages can be diſcovered. The Maſſilians appear to have carried on a great trade, and to have been much connected with theſe provinces. Hamilcar Barcas is ſaid to have founded Barcino, now Barcelona; but the Carthaginians did not long keep poſſeſſion of it, for we find their boundary fixed at the Ebro, ſo early as the end of the firſt Punic war. After the fall of the Carthaginian commonwealth, the Romans turned their whole attention towards

towards Tarraco, and neglected Barcino, though they made it a colony by the name of Faventia.

In the fifth century, the barbarians of the north of Europe, having puſhed their conqueſts as far as this peninſula, divided it among the different nations that compoſed their victorious armies. Catalonia fell to the lot of the Goths under Ataulph, in 414. It remained under their dominion to the year 714, when it was forced to ſubmit to the yoke of the Saracens; who, under the command of Abdallah Cis, made themſelves maſters of all the coaſt, as far as the Pyrenees. Tarragona being now no better than a heap of ruins, Barcelona became imperceptibly the capital of the province. Lewis the Debonair, ſon of Charlemagne, took it from the Moors in 800. From that period, the emperors, kings of France, governed Catalonia by appointing counts or vicegerents, removable at plea-

ſure, till the government was rendered hereditary in the family of Wifred the Hairy: whether this happened by a conceſſion of Charles the Bald, or by uſurpation, remains a doubt among the learned. It continued in his poſterity for many generations. This prince having been grievouſly wounded in a battle againſt the Normans, received a viſit from the emperor, who dipping his finger in the blood that trickled from the wound, drew four lines down the gilt ſhield of Wifred, ſaying, "Earl, be theſe thy armorial enſign." Four pallets Gules, on a field Or, remained from that time the coat of arms of Catalonia, and afterwards of Aragon, when Raymund the Fifth married Petronilla, only daughter and heireſs of Ramiro the Second, king of Aragon. Their ſon Alfonſo ſucceeded to that crown in 1162. The heirs male of Aragon failing in Martin, the Cortes or ſtates elected Ferdinand of Caſtille, whoſe grandſon

ſon Ferdinand the Catholic, by his marriage with Iſabella heireſs of Caſtille, and by the conqueſt of Granada, united all the Spaniſh kingdoms into one compact formidable monarchy, which devolved upon the houſe of Auſtria, in the perſon of his grandſon Charles.

The violent ſpirit of the Catalonians, and their enthuſiaſtic paſſion for liberty, have often rendered their country the ſeat of civil war and bloodſhed: inſurrections have been more frequent here than in any other part of Europe. The moſt remarkable were, firſt, that in the time of Ferdinand the Fifth, when the peaſants roſe in arms to deliver themſelves from the oppreſſion of the nobles. Secondly, that under Philip the Fourth, about the time that the Portugueſe ſhook off the Spaniſh yoke; the iſſue of the war was not equally favourable to the Catalonians, who failed in their attempt of becoming independent, and after having been

twelve years under the protection of France, were reduced to obedience by Don John of Auſtria. Thirdly, that during the war of the ſucceſſion, the moſt famous rebellion, as the French and Spaniſh writers ſtigmatize it; or, in the language of a republican, the moſt obſtinate ſtruggle they ever made to break their chains and become a free nation. They attached themſelves to the party of the archduke Charles, whoſe coin is ſtill current in the province. In 1706, Barcelona ſuſtained a ſiege, which Philip the Fifth was obliged to raiſe on the appearance of an Engliſh fleet. Though ſhamefully deſerted by England at the peace of Utrecht, and afterwards by the emperor, the Catalonians perſiſted in their revolt, and, having no longer the protection of any foreign prince to expect, reſolved to form themſelves into a commonwealth.

Lewis the Fourteenth ſent the Duke of Berwick, in 1714, with a formidable army, to

to reduce Barcelona. The trenches were opened in July, and the works carried on with the greateſt vigour for ſixty-one days; a French fleet blocked up the port, and prevented any ſuccours or proviſions from getting in. Yet, notwithſtanding the famine that raged within, the terrible fire kept up by the enemy's batteries, and the deſpondency of the regular troops, who were inclined to a capitulation, the burgeſſes, animated by deſpair, rejected all offers of accommodation, and ſeemed determined to bury themſelves under the ruins of their city. The very friars, inſpired by the ſame enthuſiaſm, ran up and down the ſtreets exhorting their fellow-citizens to die like brave men, rather than live the deſpicable ſlaves of a deſpot. The women, the children breathed the ſame ſpirit, and ſhared the labours of the defence with their huſbands and fathers.

After ſuſtaining four bloody aſſaults, and

diſputing the breach inch by inch, being at laſt driven from the ramparts, and from a breaſtwork they had thrown up behind the walls, they were obliged to fly for refuge to the new part of the town, where they made a kind of capitulation. Their perſons remained untouched, but every privilege was aboliſhed, and heavy taxes were laid upon them to recompenſe the ſoldiery. Since this epocha, Catalonia has borne the yoke with ſullen patience, except when, a few years ago, the mode of raiſing recruits by *quintas* or ballot was ordered to be adopted in this as well as the other provinces of Spain. The Catalonians, to whom ſuch a regulation was new, and conſequently odious, were upon the point of taking up arms; but, a few rioters being killed by the cannon of the citadel, the commotion was quelled in the capital, and, the king having given up the project for the preſent, the reſt of the principality was pacified. However,

ever, no arms are allowed to be carried by the common people, and very ſtrict diſcipline is kept up in Barcelona.

LETTER IV.

Barcelona, November 3, 1775.

THIS city is a ſweet ſpot; the air equals in purity, and much excels in mildneſs, the boaſted climate of Montpellier. Except in the dog-days, you may here have green peaſe all the year round. The ſituation is beautiful, the appearance both from land and ſea remarkably picturesque. A great extent of fruitful plains, bounded by an amphitheatre of hills, backs it on the weſt ſide; the mountain of Montjuich defends it on the ſouth from the unwholeſome winds that blow over the marſhes at the mouth of the Llobregat; to the northward, the coaſt projecting into the ſea

forms a noble bay; it has the Mediterranean to close the prospect to the east. The environs are in a state of high cultivation, studded with villages, country houses, and gardens.

The form of Barcelona is almost circular, the Roman town being on the highest ground in the center of the new one; the ancient walls are still visible in several places, but the sea has retired many hundreds of yards from the port gates; one of the principal gothic churches, and a whole quarter of the city, stand upon the sands that were once the bottom of the harbour. The immense loads of sand hurried down into the sea by the rivers, and thrown back by wind and current into this haven, will, in all probability, choak it quite up, unless greater diligence be used in preventing the gathering of the shoals. A southerly wind brings in the sand, and already a deep-loaden vessel finds it dangerous to pass over the bar.

Some

Some years ago a company of Dutch and Engliſh adventurers offered to bring the river into the port by means of a canal, if government would allow them a free importation for ten years. This project might have cleared away the ſand-banks, but might alſo have given a fatal check to the infant manufactures of the country, for which reaſon the propoſal was rejected. The port is handſome; the mole is all of hewn ſtone, a maſter-piece of ſolidity and convenience. Above is a platform for carriages; below, vaſt magazines, with a broad key reaching from the city gates to the lighthouſe. This was done by the orders of the late Marquis de La Mina, captain-general of the principality, where his memory is held in greater veneration than at the court of Madrid. He governed Catalonia many years, more like an independent ſovereign, than like a ſubject inveſted with a delegated authority. Great are the obligations

Barcelona

Barcelona has to him; he cleanſed and beautified its ſtreets, built uſeful edifices, and forwarded its trade and manufactures, without much extraordinary expence to the province; for he had more reſources, and made money go farther than moſt other governors can do, or indeed wiſh to do. On the neck of land that runs into the ſea, and forms the port, he pulled down ſome fiſhermen's huts, and in 1752 began to build Barceloneta, a regular town, conſiſting of about two thouſand brick houſes, quarters for a regiment, and a church, in which his aſhes are depoſited under a taſteleſs monument, with the following barbarous epitaph

D. O. M.

Hic Guſmannorum jacet Epitome
Exc. Dom. Marchio de la Mina,
Dux, Princeps, ſummus Imperator, Præſes,
In Acie Fulmen, in Aulâ Flamen,
Obiit heu! Homo, at non abiit Heros

Cui

Cui Inſcriptio, Virtus omnis
Die 30 *Jan. Anno* 1768.
R. I. P.

As the land was given gratis, the houſes were ſoon run up on a regular plan; a ground-floor and one ſtory above, with three windows in front and a pediment over them; the whole conſiſting of about twenty ſtreets, and containing nigh ten thouſand inhabitants.

The lighthouſe at the end of the pier is a ſlender tower, near which ſhips lie when they perform quarantine. The old one ſtood much nearer the land, but was ſwept away in a dreadful hurricane.

Another of La Mina's improvements, is the rampart or great walk upon the walls, extending the whole length of the harbour. It is all built upon arches, with magazines below, and a broad coach-road and foot-path above, raiſed to the level of the firſt floor

of

of the houſes in the adjoining ſtreet. In theſe clear, warm evenings, it is very pleaſant to walk along this pavement, to the arſenal at the ſouth-eaſt angle of the city; where they are buſy raiſing new fortifications, to prevent a ſurpriſe, in caſe of an inſurrection. The late expedition againſt Algiers has drained theſe magazines ſo completely, that ſcarce a cannon, or even a nail, is to be ſeen. The work-ſhops are built upon a grand ſcale, but little buſineſs is going forward at preſent.

At this corner the rampart joins the Rambla, a long irregular ſtreet, which they have begun to level and widen, with the intention of planting an avenue down the middle. Here the ladies parade in their coaches, and ſometimes go quite round the city upon the walls, which are of brick, lately repaired and enlarged. The drive is charming, having a ſweet country on one ſide, and on the other, cluſters of ſmall gardens

gardens and orange-yards. You deſcend at the north gate into a very ſpacious ſquare before the citadel, juſt where the grand breach was made, when the duke of Berwick beſieged the town.

The citadel has ſix ſtrong baſtions, calculated to overawe the inhabitants, at leaſt as much as to defend them from a foreign enemy. The lowneſs of its ſituation renders it damp, unwholeſome, and ſwarming with moſquitos. The major of this fortreſs owes his promotion to a ſingular circumſtance. When the preſent king arrived at Madrid in 1759, a magnificent bull-feaſt was given in honour of that event: as it is neceſſary upon ſuch occaſions, that thoſe who fight on horſeback ſhould be gentlemen born, the managers of the exhibition were greatly at a loſs; till this man, who was a poor, ſtarving officer, preſented himſelf, though utterly ignorant both of bull-fighting and horſemanſhip. By dint of reſolu-

reſolution, and the particular favour of fortune, he kept his ſeat, and performed his part ſo much to the public ſatisfaction, that he was rewarded with a penſion and a majority.

The ſtreets of Barcelona are narrow, but well paved; a covered drain in the middle of each ſtreet carries off the filth and rain water. At night they are tolerably well lighted-up, but long before day-break every lamp is out. The houſes are lofty and plain. To each kind of trade a particular diſtrict is allotted.

The principal edifices are, the cathedral, Santa Maria, the general's palace, and the exchange. The architecture of the cathedral is a light gothic, which, in the ornaments of the cloyſters, is inimitably airy. The ſtalls of the choir are neatly carved, and hung with eſcutcheons of princes and noblemen, among which I remarked the arms of our Henry the Eighth. The double

ble arches under the belfry are deſervedly admired, for bearing on their centers the whole weight of two enormous towers. In the cloyſters various kinds of foreign birds are kept, upon funds bequeathed for that purpoſe, by a wealthy canon. I could not learn what motives induced him to make ſo whimſical a deviſe.

Santa Maria is alſo a gothic pile.

The palace is ſquare and low, without out-courts or gardens, and contains nothing worthy of remark but a noble ball-room.

Oppoſite to its ſouth front, is now erecting out of the ruins of an old habitation of the earls of Barcelona, a new exchange upon an extenſive plan, but in a heavy taſte. The architect aſſured us the ſhell would not coſt above 300,000 Catalan livres; but he muſt either have impoſed upon us, or do very extraordinary juſtice to the truſt repoſed in him, if he builds ſuch a maſs of ſtone for that ſum. The work is carried on

by means of a tax upon imports. In the old part of the building yet left ſtanding, the board of commerce has inſtituted an academy for drawing, in which five hundred boys are taught that art, and furniſhed with all proper implements, gratis. A maſter from Paris is the director of their ſtudies; and every month prizes of fifteen and twenty dollars are diſtributed to the moſt deſerving.

The Roman antiquities in this city are: 1. A moſaic pavement, in which are repreſented two large green figures of tritons, holding a ſhell in each hand; between them a ſea-horſe, and on the ſides a ſerpent and a dolphin. The common opinion is, that this church was a temple of Eſculapius; but the ornaments ſeem to prove very clearly that it belonged to ſome fane dedicated to Neptune. 2. Many vaults and cellars of Roman conſtruction. 3. The archdeaconry, once the palace of the prætor or Roman governor.

From

From the ſolidity of the walls, and the regularity of the work, I am inclined to believe the tradition; but there is neither grandeur nor elegance to recommend it to notice. Some medallions and inſcriptions fixed in the wall, apparently at the time of its erection, rather invalidate the idea of ſuch remote antiquity. 4. In the yard, a beautiful ciſtern, or rather ſarcophagus, which now ſerves as a watering-trough for mules. They call it the coffin of Pompey's father, and it may as well be his as that of any one elſe, for we have no proof to the contrary. A large baſs-relief runs round it, of hunters, dogs, and wild beaſts. The chief perſon is on horſeback, bareheaded, in a military dreſs. The figures and animals are executed in a maſterly ſtyle, and the whole is a fine monument of antiquity. 5. In the houſe belonging to the family of Pinos, which was almoſt levelled to the ground by the bombs during the ſiege, are many excellent buſts

and medallions. An *Auguſtus Pater*, with a *corona radialis*, a ſmall elegant Bacchus, and a woman holding a rabbit, ſuppoſed to repreſent Spain, the Provincia cunicularis, are the moſt remarkable. The owners of this houſe have always remained ſo true to their principles in politics, that they have conſtantly reſided in a poor dwelling hard by, and left their palace in ruins, as a *memento* to their fellow-citizens, and a monument of their own ſpirit and misfortunes.

LETTER V.

Barcelona, November 10, 1775.

YESTERDAY, being the feſtival of Saint Charles Borromeo, the king's patron, was kept as a day of *Gala*. All the officers waited upon the governor in grand uniform; the theatre was illuminated, and crowded with well-dreſt company, which made

made a very handſome ſhew; the price of admittance was raiſed from half a piſtreen to a whole one. The pit is divided into ſeats, let by the year, each perſon keeping his own key; the boxes are taken for the ſeaſon, and the upper gallery is filled with women in white veils, and no men allowed to ſit among them; ſo that a ſtranger is at a loſs for a place.

The play was the *Cid Campeador*, an hiſtorical tragedy, written with a great deal of fire, and force of character. The actors, in the old Spaniſh habit and Mooriſh garment, ſeemed to enter more than uſual into the ſenſe of the author. In all tragedies they drop a curteſy, inſtead of bowing, to kings and heroes. A pretty ballad was ſung by a woman, in the ſmart dreſs of a *Maja* or coquette: ſhe wore her hair in a ſcarlet net, with taſſels; a ſtriped gauze handkerchief croſſed over her breaſt; a rich jacket, flowered apron, and brocade petticoat. I ob-

ſerved the pit was crowded with clergymen *.

I paſſed the morning in the cabinet of natural hiſtory belonging to Mr. Salvador. The botanical ſpecimens are the moſt perfect part of the collection, though he poſſeſſes many rare things in every other branch of that ſtudy.

This afternoon has been employed in copying out liſts of the Spaniſh forces, with their regulations; a ſuccinct account of which may perhaps be intereſting to you at this period, when our politicians in England ſeem ſo much afraid of them, and whilſt their late unſucceſsful attempt againſt Algiers ſtill renders them the general topic of converſation.

* Since the fire which in 1778 conſumed the theatre at Saragoſa, the king has forbidden any playhouſes to be opened, except in the cities of Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, and Cadiz.

If we are to credit the printed lists, the Spanish army consists of above an hundred and thirty thousand men; but the real number falls far short of this amount, and it is a matter of doubt, whether the regular troops exceed the number of fifty thousand.

The king's household is composed of three troops of gentlemen horse-guards, Spanish, Italian, and Flemish; one company of halberdiers; six battalions of Spanish, and six of Walloon foot-guards; and one brigade of carabiniers.

There are six regiments of Spanish infantry of two battalions; and twenty-seven of one battalion; two Italian, three Irish, four Walloon, and four Swiss regiments of one battalion; one regiment of artillery of four battalions; six thousand seven hundred and twelve marines; and one company of engineers.

Each battalion of foot is composed of one company of grenadiers of sixty-six

men, and of eight companies of fuſileers of eighty men each, including three commiſſioned officers.

White or blue is the colour of their regimentals, except one Spaniſh and three Iriſh, who are dreſſed in red.

The cavalry conſiſts of fourteen regiments, of which ſix are in blue, four in red, three in white, and one in green.

The dragoons form eight regiments, of which one is in blue, one in red, and ſix in yellow.

A regiment of cavalry and dragoons contains four ſquadrons, each compoſed of three companies; in each company are three commiſſioned officers, and forty-five ſoldiers.

Beſides the regulars, they once a year aſſemble forty-three regiments of militia, and twenty companies of city-guards. The corps of invalids contains forty-ſix companies on duty, and twenty-ſix diſabled. The African

African and American garriſons have alſo their reſpective militia.

Their uniforms are ugly and ill made; the ſoldiers abominably naſty in their cloaths, and their black greaſy hair ſeldom dreſt. Till very lately, they were commonly in rags, and often mounted guard with half a coat, and almoſt bare breeched; but now they are rather better clad, and kept in a ſomewhat more decent trim.

The pay of a ſoldier is five quartos and an half, and twenty-one ounces of bread a day. After fifteen years ſervice, he has an increaſe of five reals of Vellon a month; after twenty, nine reals; and after twenty-five, he may retire, and receive a pezzetta per diem, and be cloathed as if he was ſtill on actual ſervice. If he remains thirty years in the army, he is allowed the rank and pay of a ſubaltern officer. Every forty months he receives new regimentals, two

ſhirts, two ſtocks, one pair of ſhoes, two pair of ſtockings, a cap, and a hat.

The rank of any officer may be known at firſt ſight by a particular badge of diſtinction. A captain-general's dreſs uniform is blue, embroidered with gold down the ſeams, and three rows of embroidery on the ſleeves: a lieutenant-general has nothing on the ſeams, and but two rows on the cuffs; a mariſcal de campo, but one: a brigadier has red cuffs, with one row of ſilver embroidery on his coat: a colonel has three narrow bindings on his ſleeve, of the colour of his regimental button; a lieutenant-colonel, two; and a major, one: the mark of a captain is two epauletts; of a lieutenant, one on his right ſhoulder; and of an enſign, one on the left.

The pay of a lieutenant is two pezzettas and a half per diem; that of an enſign, two. As every thing has trebled in price ſince

ſince their pay was eſtabliſhed, it is become inſufficient for the maintenance of the officers. In the guards, all ſubalterns muſt live upon their own fortune, till they get a company, which they may perhaps wait thirty years for.

About ſeven thouſand men form the garriſon of Barcelona, of which four thouſand two hundred are guards; the reſt Swiſs and dragoons. Each corps has its quarter appointed, which it provides with centries, and therefore they never interfere with each other.

Moſt of theſe troops are lately returned from the Algerine expedition, where they ſuffered great hardſhips; this has made them outrageous againſt Count O Reilly, their commander. Converſation, at preſent, turns entirely upon that ſubject, and it would hardly be ſafe to undertake his juſtification. In all this there may be a great deal of jealouſy againſt a foreigner that has made ſo

rapid

rapid a fortune, and enjoys ſo large a ſhare of the confidence of their common maſter. A ſingular inſtance of the national hatred was exhibited a few months ago at Valencia. Some hundreds of boys got together, and, having divided their numbers into an army of Chriſtians, and one of Moors, pitched upon the lame, deformed ſon of a French barber, to perſonate O Reilly, the chief of the Spaniſh party. The infidels obtained a complete victory; and a court-martial was held upon the Chriſtian commander. He was found guilty of cowardice and miſmanagement, and condemned to be whipped. The ſentence was executed with ſuch rigour, that the unhappy actor expired under the laſh.

The accounts given by the gazettes are very unſatisfactory, I therefore flatter myſelf I ſhall make you an agreeable preſent, by tranſmitting the following journal; the notes were taken down on the ſpot by an officer,

officer, who was all day in the action, or very near it. This may ſuffice to evince the authenticity of the narration. I have omitted all his ſarcaſms upon the general, for I cannot help attributing many of them to paſſion and reſentment; and an impartial byſtander muſt not adopt ſentiments palpably dictated by envy or diſappointment.

JOURNAL OF THE SPANISH EXPEDITION AGAINST ALGIERS, IN 1775.

THE Conde Alexander O Reilly is an Iriſhman, who began by a ſub-lieutenancy in the regiment of Hibernia: he was major of that corps, when he obtained leave to ſerve a campaign in the French army in Germany. At his return, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; and afterwards the poſt of adjutant or aide-major-general of exerciſe was created for him, in conſideration

conſideration of his having introduced the German exerciſe into our army. In the Portugueſe war, the command of a body of light troops was given to O Reilly, who was made a brigadier before the end of the campaign, and ſoon after ſent out as mariſcal de campo, to ſuperintend the rebuilding of the fortifications of the Havannah, which had been lately reſtored to Spain, by the treaty of Fontainebleau.

His commiſſion being ended, he returned from Cuba; and, being named inſpector-general of the Spaniſh infantry, formed a camp, where the king aſſiſted at the manœuvres in perſon. The monarch was ſo well pleaſed with the performance, that he raiſed the inſpector to the rank of lieutenant-general, and diſpatched him to ſettle the diſputes in New Orleans, where the French planters refuſed to ſubmit to the Spaniſh government. He is the projector of the preſent ſcheme,

and

and came to Carthagena to put it in execution; being appointed commander in chief of all the troops aſſembled in this port. If he is ſucceſsful, no doubt he will be immediately named captain-general. An order is iſſued out, prohibiting all diſcourſe on the ſubject of this expedition, the deſtination of which remains a profound ſecret. Count O Reilly has under his command nineteen thouſand eight hundred and twenty foot, and thirteen hundred and ſixty-eight horſe. Caſtejon brings him forty-ſeven king's ſhips, of different rates, and three hundred and forty-ſix tranſports.

June 15.

The proceſſion of *Corpus Chriſti* paſſed along the mole of Carthagena, and the fleet received the benediction. The ſhips, dreſt out with flags and ſtreamers of various colours, ſaluted the Hoſt with a triple diſcharge of all their artillery. Our generals, O Reilly and

and Richardos,* came on board at five in the afternoon. We remained till the

23d,

expecting every day to ſail, except that very one we actually did ſail. We had ſeen the wind ſo often favourable, without our making the leaſt motion, that I began to have my doubts about our departure; which however took place in the night between the 22d and 23d. We kept beating about before Carthagena in the utmoſt diſorder, till the

27th,

when we bore away from that harbour; and, after two days of the ſtrangeſt manœuvres ever known, by which the fleet was ſeparated into an hundred diviſions, all ſteering different ways, we began to ſuſpect we were bound for Algiers.

30th.

At ten this morning, found ourſelves off

* Sir Philip Richards, an Engliſh Baronet, created Feb. 22. 1684.

Cape Cercely, fifteen leagues weſt of Algiers. All our ſcattered fleet got together in the night, and made for the land, between Cape Tenez and Cape Cercely, where we lay-to the remainder of the night. We ſaw fires on all the hills, and along the ſhore; ſignals, no doubt, to alarm the country.

July 1ſt,

at three in the morning, the admiral fired a gun, for us to keep on our courſe, and at nine we were about ſix leagues from Bocmeo. At eleven, we doubled Cape Peſcado, and a little before twelve, the bay of Algiers opened upon us, where we ſaw our men of war and miſſing ſhips lying at anchor. At one we could diſtinguiſh the town with a ſpying-glaſs. Soon after, the Algerines fired ſome ſhot from the town and caſtles, and hoiſted ſeveral red flags. Came to an anchor in twenty-five fathom water. The reſt of the fleet came up ſoon, and formed a moſt beautiful and formidable ſhew; but I muſt confeſs,

confeſs, that the fortifications of Algiers, and the dangerous appearance of the coaſt, were to the full as tremendous. We were in the belief, that we had ſeen a conſiderable camp on the eaſt of the river Inrac, and about nine at night we were confirmed in our opinion, by the lighting up of many fires; which in leſs than a quarter of an hour ran along, and ſet the whole ridge of hills in a blaze. The dead calm which then reigned, and the ſweet harmony of two clarinets, that were playing aboard a neighbouring ſhip, made me paſs a moſt delicious hour, and forget that all thoſe charms were ſoon to be changed into horrors. Till midnight we heard a continual firing of muſkets, which we were told was the Mooriſh method of paſſing the parole. I now learned that the men of war had come up the preceding evening; that our generals, diſguiſed in ſailors jackets, had reconnoitred the coaſt, and on their return had held a council of war.

2d. At

2d

At ſeven, the general ſent for the captains of the tranſports, to withdraw a ſealed paper they had received at Carthagena, which they were not to open, unleſs driven off by ſtreſs of weather. At five in the evening he gave out the order for landing next morning; but the ſea running rather high about eight, the expedition was put off. Our commanding officers had orders, not to ſend for cartridges till next day. They are to be delivered out at the rate of ſixty for each ſoldier; which, with twenty-two he received at Barcelona, a pick-ax, a knapſack for proviſions, and a tin box for vinegar and water, beſides his arms, will prove an intolerable burthen at this hot ſeaſon of the year.

3d.

All this day it blew a freſh gale from the E. N. E. which ruffled the ſea ſo much, as to prevent our landing the following night, as the general had propoſed. We diſcovered ſome new camps of Moors, one in particular

to the eaſtward of Algiers, which could neither annoy us, nor ſuccour thoſe we intended to attack; but we inferred from it, they were in no want of troops, ſince they had poſts on every ſide.

4th.

At noon we had notice given us, that our four companies were to paſs on board another veſſel, but which it was to be we were not informed till three; when we were told that five galliots were to take in fifty men each, and the ſurplus to be paſſed on board other ſhips; the captains of which were ordered to ſend their boats for them immediately. The cartridges not being delivered occaſioned a delay of two hours, ſpent in great confuſion. This affair being at length ſettled, we went on board the galliots, where we ſoon had a lively ſenſe of the miſery that awaited us. The orders of the day were, that the officers and ſoldiers ſhould carry four days proviſions; and that at eight at night

night they ſhould put off, in order to be able to land next morning on the beach of the gulf of the *Badwoman*, which is five leagues weſt of Algiers. Our generals had ſo often boaſted of the plenty that was to follow us aſhore, that we longed with the utmoſt impatience for the order for landing, as we looked upon it as the only thing that could put an end to our ſufferings, which hourly increaſed on board the galliots, whither we had carried nothing but a little bad biſcuit, ſome cheeſe, and wine. Moſt wretched food! beſides the horrid inconvenience of not having room to lie down, or even to get up from the bench we firſt ſat down upon. A dead calm all night. The breeze failed, and our landing was once more deferred, by which means both officers and men paſſed a cruel night.

5th.

Received orders to comply with thoſe given out on the 2d, for the mode of diſem-

barking, now no longer to be attempted at the gulf of the *Badwoman*; where we ſhould indeed have been in the greateſt danger of periſhing. The very name denotes the dangers we ſhould have had to encounter. All day a ſmart gale from the eaſt, and another demur; and a ſecond moſt fatiguing night for the ſoldiers.

6th.

The plan being now changed, we were ordered, at eight, to paſs into the galliot that was to be placed on the left wing, with an hundred men of the Walloon guards on board. By ſome ſtrange arrangement or other, our hundred was made up of two half companies, inſtead of one whole one. At ten, ſaw ſome men of war working out of the line of battle, to get near the ſhore. The ſlowneſs of their motion was, no doubt, regulated by the deſire they had of attacking three forts on the coaſt, which it was deemed neceſſary to ſilence, before we could approach

proach the land; but for what reaſon had this been deferred for ſo many days?

We had received orders to land ſo long ago as the 2d, which would have been put in execution but for the weather, that proved unfavourable, although no ſuch precautions had been taken, nor even any floats prepared for the artillery. Indeed ſince that time they had been at work patching up ſome rafts.

At noon, the leſſer of the two Tuſcan frigates bore down within half a cannon-ſhot of a fort that fired upon her. After having examined it, ſhe tacked about, and came along-ſide of her commodore. At half paſt three, the *Saint Joſeph* ſteered towards the land, and drove within reach of three batteries that began to cannonade her; ſhe returned the fire, but theirs growing very briſk, the *Oriente* was ſent to take off the ſhot of a fort that annoyed her very much on her ſtarboard quarter. This engagement

laſted till eight, without much harm done on either ſide. The *Saint Joſeph* had four men killed, and ſome wounded, among whom was the captain ſlightly bruiſed by a ſplinter: ſome of the cannon of the fort were diſmounted. The galliots towed away the two ſhips which were becalmed. During this action, the Tuſcan frigate ſailed in again cloſe under the ſhore to cannonade ſome ſtraggling parties of Moors, and a fort at ſome diſtance on the left. A Spaniſh man of war and a frigate had already attacked this fort, but had prudently placed themſelves out of the reach of all miſchief; their caution was exemplary, and his Catholic Majeſty may ſafely entruſt ſuch doughty captains with the command of his ſhips, being well aſſured they will bring them back to his ports whole and untouched. At ſeven, we deſcried three Algerine barks and about twelve ſhallops, with heavy cannon, bearing down upon the Saint Joſeph.

The

The half-galley of D. Ant. Barcelò got under ſail in an inſtant to give them chace, and was followed by five of our galliots. The chace laſted till half after eight, when the enemy retired under the cannon of Algiers. The galliot I was in was one of thoſe ſent out to tow a bombketch up to the admiral's ſhip; but the breeze was ſo ſtrong, that we could not row againſt it, and were obliged to give up the point, and come along-ſide of the admiral to wait for our orders.

7th.

At four, ſaw ſeveral ſhallops full of troops going and coming under the ſtern of the admiral. The major of the Walloon guards, whom I ſaw upon deck, called out to me, that the affair was put off to the next day, and that he would take care to have boats for our hundred men. The poor ſoldiers were now quite caſt down with the wretchedneſs of their ſituation; and it muſt be acknowledged, that to leave them four

days and as many nights on a bench, expoſed to the violent heats and unwholeſome damps of the coaſt of Africa, and to give them nothing to eat but bad bread and cheeſe, was but a ſorry preparation for an enterprize that required ſtrength of body and vigour of mind. Their officers were not much better off: the maſter of our bark did every thing in his power to alleviate our diſtreſſes; but this kind of veſſel is ſo exceedingly inconvenient, that we were obliged to lie on the floor; and his cookery ſo nauſeous, that, even in our miſerable condition, we never could get any thing down but a little ſoup.

At nine I went on board the ſhip where General O Reilly was, and learned that the attack had been deferred, becauſe many detachments had not been punctual to their hour. On this account, he ordered all the barks with the grenadiers and battalions deſtined for the firſt embarkation, to be

along-ſide

along-ſide of the admiral preciſely at eight in the evening, in order to ſet off at day-break, when the ſignal was to be given. The bombketches were put in readineſs, and the galliots had orders to range themſelves behind them exactly at ten. Our commanders ſeemed to intend bombarding Algiers, but the deſign was not put in execution, nor have I learnt the reaſon. Till ten, the boats kept rowing up to the rendezvous, whilſt the reſt of the fleet drew near the batteries they were to cannonade to cover our landing. Our inaction this whole day had given the Moors time to repair the damage done the foregoing one, and to put their forts in proper order. The boats our major promiſed us did not yet appear, ſo our maſter told us we ſhould have his, which, however, could only land part of us at a time.

8th.

At half paſt three, the men of war began the

the attack, with ſufficient prudence not to be under any apprehenſions of the enemy's balls reaching them. The two Tuſcan frigates, and the chebec commanded by Barcelò, by drawing too near the land, deſtroyed the beautiful uniformity of the line formed afar by our men of war and frigates; whoſe fire was perfectly well kept up, but unfortunately of no manner of ſervice, on account of their vaſt diſtance from the enemy. At half after four, the admiral hung out the ſignal for going aſhore. Seven galliots advanced to clear the beach; they were followed by ſeven diviſions of boats, each diviſion carrying a brigade of ſoldiers, which was to form itſelf into a line of battle ſix deep, as ſoon as landed; but the boats were thrown into confuſion, as they had not been properly ſeparated and diſpoſed before they left the place of rendezvous. This diſorder, which might have occaſioned our total overthrow, would have been prevented, had

we

we been provided with boats proper for ſuch an operation. Luckily for us, we met with no obſtacles, the leaſt of which would have been fatal to us; and we landed about eight thouſand men on the ſhore eaſt of Algiers: the boats left us immediately, and went back to fetch the ſecond diviſion, which did not arrive till an hour after, and then only part of the troops could get on ſhore.

The grenadiers of the army drew up in front, and advanced; but they had not marched an hundred yards, before many of their men, and almoſt all their officers were killed or wounded. Thoſe next them moved forward to ſupport them, without having time to form their ranks, a neceſſary conſequence of the manner in which they had been put into the boats and diſembarked. Some companies never could get together, having landed in different places, and by parcels. The light infantry was by this time cut to pieces. The unevenneſs of the ground

we

we occupied, rendered every ſand-heap a ſmall breaſtwork, from behind which the Africans fired upon us by platoons, as they kept retiring towards the foot of the hills, about ſix hundred paces from the ſea, where they hid themſelves among the woods and gardens.

The general now ordered the left wing to advance. It was juſt ſix o'clock, and his ſcheme was to march the left wing to the brow of the hill, (the right reſting on the ſea ſhore) and then to form a column, and advance about a league farther, to the attack of the caſtle of Charles the fifth, which commands the whole town. The ſtorming of this fort would have enſured the conqueſt of Algiers. Whilſt our left wing marched on with an intrepidity ſcarce to be expected in ſo dangerous a poſition, ſome battalions of the center being rather before the reſt, drew up in battle array, and with the Spaniſh guards faced to the right, that they might defend

defend us from the cavalry of the bey of Maſcara. This body of horſe was ſoon diſperſed by their fire, and that of the chebec of Ant. Barceló. But the bey of Conſtantina, who commanded a large detachment of cavalry on our left, ſeized this opportunity to drive a herd of camels againſt the head of the Walloon guards. By this unexpected aſſault, he was in hopes of drawing off their attention, whilſt he diſpatched a body of fifteen thouſand horſe to cut off their communication with the ſea, from which we were now pretty far diſtant. Our corps de reſerve wheeling off to the left, drew up to fill the ſpace between the ſea and the column of Walloons, who were forming their lines to repel the enemies that attacked them from behind the camels; but the greateſt ſteadineſs would have availed us little, nor could we have avoided being broken and ſlaughtered to a man, as our formation was too weak to reſiſt the impetuoſity of

of ſuch a body of horſe, had not Mr. Acton, the Tuſcan commander, cut his cables, and let his ſhips drive in to ſhore juſt as the enemy was coming on us full gallop. The inceſſant fire of his great guns, loaded with grape-ſhot, not only ſtopt them in their career, but obliged them to retire with great loſs.

Being delivered from this danger, we made our retreat towards the ſea-ſide, in ſuch diſorder as muſt enſue from a want of proper commanders, abandoning to the fury of the barbarians our unhappy fellow-ſoldiers, that were unable to keep up with us.

Our general had been buſy for the laſt two hours, throwing up an entrenchment with faſcines, earth-bags, and chevaux de frize. We continued the work, and, to cover our front and flanks, placed a few eight and twelve pounders, that had been of great ſervice to us all the morning, in our different operations. We remained thus the beſt part

of the day, pretty ſecure from all attacks of the Mooriſh cavalry, but by no means ſheltered from the balls of their carabines, which, carrying at leaſt one third farther than our firelocks, killed upwards of four hundred of our men, in this kind of camp. Here I ſaw our general on horſeback going about to encourage the ſoldiers; who, ſtretched out on the burning ſands, ſeemed heedleſs of the dangers around, and only anxious to procure a little reſt to their weary limbs.

By one o'clock, the Moors had finiſhed a battery on the right of our camp; and we were ſo pinched for room, and huddled together, that every ſhot took place. General O Reilly, having called for a return of the killed and wounded, aſſembled a council of war, in which it was decided, that at four we ſhould reimbark, as the enemy was raiſing another battery in front, which we muſt paſs under if we perſiſted in the undertaking.

The

The Algerines, for want of experience in theſe matters, ſuffered us to accompliſh our ends undiſturbed; and about three in the morning the laſt diviſion of the army reimbarked, leaving behind them fourteen field pieces, two howitzers, ſome cheſts of ammunition, and the materials of our encampment, which the enemy broke into the moment the grenadiers of the rear guard puſhed off from the ſhore. We left on the field of battle one thouſand three hundred men, and brought off three thouſand deſperately wounded.

There being unfortunately hoſpitals only for four hundred men, the boats that had landed the Walloons were taken up for the reception of the wounded; this occaſioned the greateſt diſorder imaginable in our battalions, who came off as well as they could, in the firſt boats or tartans they could meet with. They remained in this confuſion above four-and-twenty hours, employed,

as

as well as any other regiments, in getting together their disjointed companies.

The Moors, as ſoon as they had burſt into our camp, cut off the heads of all our ſlain, and carried them off in bags, to demand the premium offered by the dey, for every chriſtian head; they afterwards heaped up the corſes upon the faſcines of the entrenchment, and ſet fire to the pile, which we ſaw burning for two days and two nights.

10th, and 11th.

All hurry; no water to be had, though there were ſhip-loads of it in the fleet.

12th.

At ſix, a. m. ſignal for weighing anchor. Soon after moſt of the fleet ſailed out of the bay.

15th.

At ſeven, a. m. came to an anchor in Alicant road.

31ſt.

The Walloon guards were ordered aſhore,

and quartered at Sanjuan.

Auguſt 10th.

We reimbarked, and

20th.

Landed at Barcelona.

LETTER VI.

Barcelona, November 11, 1775.

WE ſhall poſtpone our departure from this city a few days longer, to give the roads time to dry. There has been of late a very uncommon run of bad weather; it has thundered and lightened, with many ſhowers, for ſeveral days together.

Our time has not hung heavy upon our hands, for all our acquaintance vie with each other in loading us with civilities. The intendant has ſhewn us every poſſible mark of politeneſs, and rendered eaſy to us the acceſs

acceſs to the arſenal, magazines, &c. which in this military town they are very chary of ſhewing to ſtrangers.

Yeſterday we took advantage of a gleam of ſunſhine, to accompany the conſul to his villa in the *playa*. The moiſt warmth of the day brought out ſuch ſwarms of inſects as almoſt devoured us; I am afraid the great quantity of vermin muſt make the ſummers in this delightful country very uncomfortable. However, it muſt be allowed to be a very fine climate, for, in ſpite of all the foulneſs of the ſky, the air has always been mild and balmy. This plain abounds with gardens and orchards of oranges and other rich fruits. Few ſpots of the globe can ſurpaſs it in fertility, but they tell us wonders of the environs of Valencia and Granada.

In the afternoon the weather was heavenly, a prelude, I hope, to a total change for the better; we employed it in riding up to

Saria, a convent of capuchin friars on the hills. The city and port of Barcelona appear finely from hence, collected into a moſt perfect landſcape. The garden, on the ſlope of the hill, is truly romantic; the walks are ſhaded and ſheltered by ſweet-ſcented evergreens; ſtreams of clear water run down on every ſide in all the wildneſs of nature, or ſpout through the eyes of a little Magdalen, or the *ſtigmata* of a Saint Francis. As the Romans had many villas on theſe eminences, we may preſume that theſe limpid rills were then wont to guſh out of the breaſts of the Graces, or trickle from the quiver of the God of Love. Don't be ſurpriſed, that in November I ſpeak feelingly of theſe walks being ſhady; I can aſſure you we found the rays of the ſun very powerful, and reliſhed much the ſhade of the bowers, and the coolneſs ariſing from the running water.

Our return to town was by a hollow way

way, under banks of Indian figs* and aloes, when the butterflies were as briſk as in the middle of ſpring. The women in the little hamlets were buſy with their bobbins making black lace, ſome of which, of the coarſer kind, is ſpun out of the leaf of the aloe†; it is curious, but of little uſe, for it grows mucilaginous with waſhing.

We paſſed by the convent of Jeſus, belonging to the cordeliers, or grey friars. The duke of Berwick razed it to the ground in 1714, to puniſh thoſe fathers for their zeal in the revolt of Catalonia. Their preſent habitation is ſmall. They have a fine ſpring of water, and an extenſive garden ſurrounded with a wall of lemon-trees; adjoining is the Campoſanto, where thoſe that died in the laſt plague were buried. It now ſerves as a flower-garden, and contains ſome curious plants; among the reſt the *aroma*,

* *Cactus Opuntia.* † Called by the Spaniards *Pita.*

a ſpecies of *mimoſa* or ſpunge-tree, bearing a round yellow flower with a faint muſky ſmell, to which they attribute many odd qualities. If you chew the ſeed, and breathe it out into a room, it will immediately fill it with an overcoming ſtench, and turn all white paint black.

Our evening ended with a ball, where we had for the firſt time the pleaſure of ſeeing the Fandango danced. It is odd and entertaining enough, when they execute with preciſion and agility all the various footings, wheelings of the arms, and crackings of the fingers; but it exceeds in wantonneſs all the dances I ever beheld. Such motions, ſuch writhings of the body and poſitions of the limbs, as no modeſt eye can look upon without a bluſh! A good Fandango lady will ſtand five minutes in one ſpot, wriggling like a worm that has juſt been cut in two.

If the day proves clear, we ſhall go to-morrow up the mountain to the caſtle.

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LETTER VII.

Barcelona, November 12, 1775.

I AM this moment returned from the fortreſs of Montjuich, where the fineneſs of the day and the beauty of the proſpect afforded me much real ſatisfaction; but it fell greatly ſhort of what I felt on finding a letter from you on my table. I have not met with the book you mention, nor indeed ever heard of Mr. T*** till now. By your account, he has not been in this part of Spain, therefore my letters as yet convey ſomething new to you; perhaps, even in thoſe provinces where he has travelled, the difference of our diſpoſitions, ſtudies, and purſuits, may ſtrike out a ſufficient fund of variety for my future correſpondence, to make it entertaining to you, though you have read his tour. I am ſure

I ſhall be no plagiariſt; for it is highly improbable the book ſhould fall in my way for ſome time to come.

Montjuich, a name corrupted either from *Mons Jovis* or *Mons Judaicus*, is a mountain that ſtands ſingle, on the ſouth-weſt point of Barcelona. This eminence is happily placed for the city, as it intercepts and diſſipates the putrid exhalations pumped up by the ſun from the ponds near the Llobregat, which are ſometimes ſo ſtrong as to affect with great violence the centinels on duty. The extent of its baſis is very great. Large crops of wheat are reaped on the north and eaſt ſides, and all bought up at an high price for ſeed-corn, the quality being particularly ſound. A good deal of ſtrong wine is made on the ſouth-eaſt angle; but it is ſaid to be medicated with lime, and mahogany chips, to give it ſpirit and colour. The face of the mountain towards the ſea is already by nature, or ſoon will be made by art,

art, an inſurmountable precipice. The road up to the top is very ſteep; about half way, is the ancient burial-place of the Jews, where many large ſtones, with Hebrew inſcriptions, are ſtill lying ſcattered about the field.

Every part of the old caſtle is deſtroyed, and large works in the modern manner built upon its foundations, on the crown of the hill. From hence you command a view over the coaſt, plain, and harbour; not a houſe in Barcelona but lies expoſed to your ſight. They are ſloping off the glacis at an incredible expence, ſo that no approaches can be made under ſhelter, as every part is open, and liable to be raked by the cannon of the batteries. All the walls are of ſtone, and multiplied to an extravagant number. Spain cannot afford men to garriſon ſuch overgrown fortreſſes.

The main body of the place is bomb proof, very neatly finiſhed; two ſtone ſtaircaſes, with iron railing fit for a palace, lead down

down to the caſemates, or vaulted quarters, for the ſoldiers, which are near four hundred yards long. One of the principal baſtions is ſcooped out into a ciſtern capable of containing ſeventy thouſand cubic feet of water, of which only a ſmall quantity is let off at a time into a draw-well, to prevent any traitor from poiſoning the ſtock of water. Above the quarters is a grand terrace round a court, with turrets at each angle. On the center of the ſouth line ſtands the tower of ſignals; if one ſhip appears, a baſket is hung out; if two or more, it is raiſed higher, and if a Spaniſh man of war they hoiſt a flag.

This caſtle has already coſt immenſe ſums in the ſpace of fifteen years, and in all probability will not be finiſhed in as many more, though above three hundred workmen are employed at the works. Each new engineer alters the plan and counteracts the ſcheme of his predeceſſor, which occaſions ſuch a

delay

delay and waſte of treaſure as is ſcarce to be credited.

Beſides the inconvenience of requiring ſo large a garriſon, the ſituation appears to me too elevated to annoy an enemy encamped in the plain.

LETTER VIII.

Barcelona, November 17, 1775.

I Expected to have been by this time in the kingdom of Valencia; but the badneſs of the mountain-road having determined us to take the new one, along the coaſt, we laſt Wedneſday hired mules for Montſerrat, which is not in the line of that lower route. This has retarded our departure for ſome days.

For about five or ſix miles the road is finiſhed with a magnificence equal to the beſt in France, but after that, it relapſes into

its original ſtate; however, though rough for carriages, it is very ſoft and pleaſant for riding. The country up the Llobregat is well cultivated, but ſubject to frequent inundations, that make cruel havock. As you approach the mountain, the number of vineyards diminiſhes, that of olive-grounds increaſes.

At Martorel, a large town, where much black lace is manufactured, is a very high bridge with Gothic arches, built in 1768, as we are informed by the inſcription, out of the ruins of a decayed one, that had exiſted 1985 years from its erection, by Hannibal, in the 535th year of Rome. At the north end is a triumphal arch or gateway, ſaid to have been raiſed by that general in honour of his father Hamilcar. It is almoſt entire, well proportioned and ſimple, without any kind of ornament, except a rim or two of hewn ſtone. The large ſtone caſing is almoſt all fallen off.

After

After dinner we continued our journey through Eſpalungera, a long village full of cloth and lace manufacturers; and about three arrived at the foot of the mountain of Montſerrat*, one of the moſt ſingular in the world, for ſituation, ſhape and compoſition. It ſtands ſingle, towering over an hilly country, like a pile of grotto work or Gothic ſpires. Its height is about three thouſand three hundred feet, above the level of the ſea.

We aſcended by the ſteepeſt road, as that for carriages winds quite round, and requires half a day's travelling. After two hours tedious ride from eaſt to weſt, up a narrow path cut out of the ſide of gullies and precipices, we reached the higheſt part of the road, and turned round the eaſtermoſt

* Monte ſerrado means a mountain ſawed; and the arms of the abbey are, the Virgin Mary ſitting at the foot of a rock half cut through by a ſaw.

point

point of the mountain, near the deſerted hermitage of Saint Michael. Here we came in ſight of the convent, placed in a nook of the mountain; it ſeems as if vaſt torrents of water, or ſome violent convulſion of nature, had ſplit the eaſtern face of Montſerrat, and formed in the cleft a ſufficient platform to build the monaſtery upon. The Llobregat roars at the bottom, and perpendicular walls of rock, of prodigious height, riſe from the water edge near halfway up the mountain. Upon theſe maſſes of white ſtone reſts the ſmall piece of level ground which the monks inhabit. Cloſe behind the abbey, and in ſome parts impending over it, huge cliffs ſhoot up in a ſemicircle to a ſtupendous elevation; their ſummits are ſplit into ſharp cones, pillars, pipes, and other odd ſhapes, blanched and bare; but the interſtices are filled up with foreſts of evergreen and deciduous trees and plants. Fifteen hermitages are placed among the woods;

woods; nay, ſome of them on the very pinnacles of the rocks, and in cavities hewn out of the loftieſt of theſe pyramids. The proſpect is not only aſtoniſhing, but abſolutely unnatural. Theſe rocks are compoſed of limeſtones of different colours, glued together by a ſand, and a yellow calcareous earth. In ſome parts they conſiſt of freeſtone and white quartz, mixed with ſome touchſtone. There may perhaps be reaſon to ſuſpect fire to have been a principal agent in the formation of this inſulated mountain.

Having brought a letter for the abbot, whom we found a polite, ſenſible eccleſiaſtic, a native of Eſtremadura, we were lodged and entertained in the convent. I cannot ſay much in favour of the cookery; it coſt us ſome wry faces to get down the ſaffron ſoup and ſpiced ragouts. After dinner a plate of caraways, and a ſalver of wine, was handed about, which brought to my mind the

the treat Juſtice Shallow offers Sir John Falſtaff in his orchard.

This is one of the forty-five religious houſes of the Spaniſh congregation of the order of Saint Benedict; their general chapter is held every fourth year at Valladolid, where the deputies chooſe abbots and other dignitaries for the enſuing Quadrennium. In this monaſtery, they elect for abbot a Catalonian and a Caſtillian alternately. Their poſſeſſions are great, conſiſting of nine villages lying to the ſouth of the mountain; but the king has lately curtailed their income about ſix thouſand livres a year, by appropriating to his own uſe the beſt houſe in each village, ſome of which, with their tythes, are worth 200 dollars per annum. Their original foundation, in 866, gave them nothing but the mountain; and to donations and œconomy they owe the great increaſe of their landed property. They are bound to feed and harbour, for three days, all pilgrims that come up to pay their homage

homage to the Virgin; the allowance is a luncheon of bread in the morning, as much more, with broth, at noon, and bread again at night. About three years ago, the king propoſed to them to aboliſh this obligation of hoſpitality, on condition that the convent ſhould ſubſcribe a fixed ſum towards the eſtabliſhment of a poorhouſe in Barcelona. The principals of the abbey were inclined to accept of the propoſal, but the mob of monks oppoſed it vehemently; and, ſuch a ſcheme being very contrary to the intereſts of the miraculous image, ſhe reſented it highly, and, according to her old cuſtom, vaniſhed in anger from the altar. Soon after, ſhe was diſcovered in the cave where ſhe was originally found, nor would ſhe ſtir, till the intended innovation was overruled. It was thought expedient to wink at this juggling, not to alarm the common people, who are not ſufficiently enlightened to ſee through ſuch groſs impoſitions.

The number of profeſſed monks is 76, of lay-brothers 28, and of ſinging-boys 25, beſides phyſician, ſurgeon, and ſervants.

Having breakfaſted very early, a German monk waited upon us to ſhew us the church. It is gloomy, and the gilding much ſullied with the ſmoke of eighty-five lamps of ſilver, of various forms and ſizes, that hang round the cornice of the ſanctuary. Funds have been bequeathed by different devotees for furniſhing them with oil.

The choir above ſtairs is decorated with the life of Chriſt in good wooden carving. A gallery runs on each ſide of the chancel, for the convenience of the monks. A large iron grate divides the church from the chapel of the Virgin, where the image ſtands, in a nich over the altar, before which burn four tapers in large ſilver candleſticks, the preſent of the duke of Medina Celi. In the ſacriſty, and paſſages leading to it, are preſſes and cupboards full of relicks and ornaments, of gold,

gold, ſilver, and precious ſtones; they pointed out to us, as the moſt remarkable, two crowns for the Virgin and her Son, of ineſtimable value, ſome large diamond rings, an excellent cameo of Meduſa's head, the Roman emperors in alabaſter, the ſword of Saint Ignatius, and the cheſt that contains the aſhes of a famous brother, John Guarin, of whom they relate the ſame ſtory as that given in the ſpectator of a Turkiſh ſanton and the ſultan's daughter. They differ however in the following circumſtance—The Catalonian anchoret repents of his crime, and lives ſeven years on all fours like a wild beaſt. The earl of Barcelona, whoſe daughter John had raviſhed and murdered, catches the ſavage in his hunting toils, and brings him as a ſhew to the city; when behold! the earl's ſon, only a month old, ſpeaks aloud, and bids John ariſe, for his ſins are forgiven. The eaſy prince pardons him alſo, and all of them go in queſt of the body of the

Princeſs. To their great aſtoniſhment, they meet her reſtored to life by the Virgin Mary, and as beautiful and young as ever. It is not ſaid that ſhe recovered her virginity; that is a miracle never once attempted by any ſaint in the calendar; however, ſhe liked the mountain ſo well, that ſhe there founded a monaſtery, in which ſhe ended her days as a nun.

Immenſe is the quantity of votive offerings to this miraculous ſtatue; and, as nothing can be rejected or otherwiſe diſpoſed of, the ſhelves are crowded with moſt whimſical *Ex votos*, viz. ſilver legs, fingers, breaſts, ear-rings, watches, two-wheeled chaiſes, boats, carts, and ſuch-like trumpery.

From the ſacriſty we went up to the *Camarines*, ſmall rooms behind the high altar, hung with paintings, ſeveral of which are very good. A ſtrong ſilver-plated door being thrown open, we were bid to lean forward, and kiſs the hand of *Nueſtra Senora*.

It

It is half worn away by the eager kiſſes of its votaries, but we could not aſcertain whether it be marble or ſilver, as it is painted black. The face of the mother is regularly handſome but the colour of a negro-woman.

Having ſeen every place about the convent, where they are now building a new wing, and blaſting a great deal of the rock to enlarge the gardens, we ſet out for the hermitages, and took the ſhort way, up a crevice between two huge maſſes of rock, where in rainy weather the waters daſh down in furious torrents. We counted ſix hundred holes or ſteps, ſo ſteep and perpendicular, that from below we did not diſcern the leaſt track. A hand-rail, and a few ſeats to take breath upon, enabled us to perform this ſcalade. Soon after, we arrived, through a wilderneſs of evergreens, at the narrow platform where the firſt hermit dwells. His cells, kitchen, chapel, and gardens, are ad-

mirably neat and romantic, built upon various patches of level on the tops of precipices. The view from it is wild, and in ſuch a fine clear morning moſt delightful. The hermit ſeemed a chearful, ſimple old man, in whoſe mind forty years retirement had obliterated all worldly ideas. The hermits are all clad in brown habits, and wear long beards; their way of life is uncomfortable, and their reſpective limits very much confined. They riſe at two every morning, ring out their bell, and pray till it is time to go to maſs at the hermitage, called the *Pariſh*; it is always ſaid at break of day: ſome of them have above two hours walk down to it. The convent allows them bread, wine, ſalt, oil, one pair of ſhoes, and one pair of ſtockings a year, with twenty-five reals a month for other neceſſaries. A couple of men are kept to aſſiſt them in their labour, each in their turn. A mule carries up their proviſions twice a week, and is occaſionally driven to Barcelona for

for ſalt-fiſh, and other things, which they buy by clubbing together. They get ſome helps from the convent, in return for flowers, greens, &c. which they ſend down as preſents. They never eat meat, or converſe with each other: their noviceſhip is very ſevere, for they muſt undergo ſix months ſervice in the infirmary of the abbey, one year among the novices, and ſix years further trial, before they are ſuffered to go up to an hermitage; which they cannot obtain but by the unanimous conſent of the whole chapter. They make every vow of the monks, and, over and above, one of never quitting the mountain; but none of them are allowed to enter into orders. Their firſt habitation is always the moſt remote from the convent, and they deſcend according as vacancies happen in the lower cells.

Having left a ſmall preſent in the chapel-window, we continued our walk: wherever the winding paths are level nothing can be

more agreeable than to ſaunter through the cloſe woods and ſweet wilderneſſes that fill up the ſpaces between the rocks. It is impoſſible to give you an adequate idea of the ſublime views and uncouth appearance of the different parts of the mountain; a painter or a botaniſt might wander here many days with pleaſure and profit. There are few evergreens in Europe that may not be found here, beſides a great variety of deciduous plants. The apothecary of the houſe has a liſt of four hundred and thirty-ſeven ſpecies of plants, and forty of trees. The greateſt hardſhip here is a ſcarcity of good water. Except one ſpring at the pariſh, and another at the convent, they have no other than ciſtern-water, and that bad enough; this in ſummer is a terrible inconvenience, and gives the lye to the florid deſcriptions I have read of the purling ſtreams and beautiful caſcades tumbling down on every ſide from the broken rocks.

The

The want of water is ſo great, that neither wolf, bear, nor other wild beaſt, is ever ſeen on the mountain.

The ſecond hermitage we came to, ſtands on a point of the rock, over a precipice that deſcends almoſt to the very bed of the river; my head was near turning with looking down. The proſpect is inimitably grand, extending over the northern and eaſtern parts of the province, which are very hilly and bare, bounded by the mountains of Rouſſillon. The true Pyreneans appear only through ſome breaks in that chain. Manreſa, where Inigo de Loyola made his firſt ſpiritual retreat, is the principal town in the view. In a clear day they aſſured us they could ſee Majorca, which is one hundred and eighty-one miles diſtant. Upon the round rock, that hangs over the hermit's cell was formerly a caſtle, with its ciſterns and drawbridge, where ſome banditti harboured. From this ſtrong hold they made excurſions

curſions to pillage the neigbouring vallies. By rolling down ſtones, they kept the monks in perpetual alarm, and obliged them to ſend up whatever proviſions were wanted in the garriſon. At laſt, a few miquelets climbed up the rock from tree to tree, like ſo many ſquirels, ſurprized the fort, and deſtroyed this neſt of robbers. In commemoration of this event the hermitage is dedicated to Saint Dimas, a ſaint, I preſume, you never heard of in your life. You muſt know he is the good thief in the goſpel.

At la Trinidad, the next cell we walked to, the monks by turns go up to paſs a few days in ſummer by way of recreation. The hermit has many rooms, and is allowed a boy to wait upon him. He gave us a glaſs of good Sitges wine, and a pinch of admirable ſnuff, made from tobacco raiſed in his own garden. The officers of the cuſtoms have extended their tyranny even

to

to theſe ſolitudes, and ſent orders that no more tobacco be ſuffered to grow.

Having ſcrambled up to one or two more hermitages, we found our curioſity ſatisfied, as, except in point of extenſiveneſs of proſpect, they varied very little from thoſe we had already ſeen; and therefore we turned down another path, which led us to the dwelling of the vicar, a monk who during four years takes upon him the direction of the hermits.

Lower down we arrived at Santa Cecilia, the pariſh church, where every morning the ſilent inhabitants of this *Thebais* meet to hear maſs, and perform divine ſervice, and twice a week to confeſs and communicate.

About eleven, we got down to the abbey for dinner; and, having received the cuſtomary donation of bleſſed croſſes and holy medals, mounted our mules and came to lie at Martorel. We reached Barcelona early this

this morning, and have been ever ſince making ready for our departure.

LETTER IX.

Barcelona, November 18, 1775.

ALL our affairs are ſettled for beginning our journey to Valencia tomorrow afternoon. We have agreed with a maſter muleteer, to furniſh us with mules at the rate of fifteen reales de vellon a day for each mule, clear of all other expences whatever. If we part with him at Valencia, he is to be paid for his return, eight days; if at Alicant, ten; at Cadiz, thirty; at Madrid, fifteen; and at Liſbon, thirty. We have alſo hired a miquelet, compleatly accoutred, to attend us. You ſee we are fitted out in good earneſt for a long journey, which I hope will afford us ſome pleaſant hours, to compenſate for the trouble and fatigue

fatigue that we foreſee muſt frequently fall to our ſhare. I believe you are not ſorry to find I am on the point of leaving Catalonia, which muſt by this time be a ſubject my frequent letters have rendered rather tireſome to you; however, I entreat your indulgence one letter more, while I endeavour to bring together the remarks I have made on the character of this people, and all the material information my friends have furniſhed me with.

Catalonia is almoſt throughout extremely mountainous. The nature of the country appears to have great influence on that of the inhabitants, who are a hardy, active, induſtrious race, of a middle ſize, brown complexion, and ſtrong features; their limbs well knit together, and by education and practice inured to the greateſt fatigues; there are few lame or diſtorted perſons, or beggars, to be met with among them. Their *Mocos* or mule-boys are ſtout walkers; ſome

of

of them have been known to go from Barcelona to Madrid, and back again, in nine days, which by the high road is ſix hundred miles.

The loſs of all their immunities, the ignominious prohibition of every weapon, even a knife, and an enormous load of taxes have not been able to ſtifle their independent ſpirit, which breaks out upon the leaſt ſtretch of arbitrary power; but within theſe few years, many of their ancient privileges have been gradually reſtored; and this is at preſent one of the moſt flouriſhing provinces of Spain. Their taxation is ſtill very high. All trade is aſſeſſed according to the buſineſs you are ſuppoſed to tranſact in the courſe of the year, without regard to your loſs or gain. One mode of collecting the revenue is ſomewhat ſingular;—the intendant (who manages all the finances, and beſides numberleſs emoluments and ſecret profits, receives one third of all ſeizures of contraband

goods) has a certain number of clerks or apprentices, with a ſtipend for each allowed by the king. Theſe young men are ſent out into the villages to gather the taxes; an operation which they ſpin out to the utmoſt, as their profits, and thoſe of their maſter, are encreaſed by every delay, the communities being obliged to find them food, lodging, and two peſos a day. When the peaſantry of a place proves refractory or dilatory in its payment, an order is given by the treaſurer to an officer, who goes with his ſoldiers to the ſpot, to receive his own and his regiment's pay, and live at diſcretion upon the poor wretches until full ſatisfaction be made.

Amongſt other reſtrictions, the uſe of ſlouched hats, white ſhoes, and large brown cloaks, is forbidden. 'Till of late, they durſt not carry any kind of knife; but in each public houſe there was one chained to the table, for the uſe of all comers. The good

good order maintained by the police, and the vigilance of the thieftakers, ſupply the place of defenſive weapons, robberies and murders being ſeldom heard of; you may walk the ſtreets of Barcelona at all hours unarmed, without the leaſt apprehenſion, provided you have a light; without it you are liable to be carried to priſon by the patrol.

The miñones, or thieftakers, are men of truſt and conſideration, and of approved courage; their dreſs is that of the miquelets or mountaineers, who ſo cruelly harraſſed the French armies in the wars at the beginning of our century. They wear their hair in a net; a broad ſilver-laced hat, ſqueezed flat like thoſe of the Engliſh ſailors, hung on one ſide of their head; an handkerchief looſely tied round the neck; a ſhort ſtriped waiſtcoat, and over it a red jacket, with large ſilver buttons like bells dangling from it; a blue ſkirt, bound with yellow

yellow tape, rolled ſeveral times round their waiſt, in which they carry their knife, handkerchief, &c. Over this jacket they wear two croſs belts, one for an ammunition-pouch, the other for their broad ſword and piſtols; on the left ſhoulder hangs a blue great coat embroidered with white thread; their breeches are blue and white ſtriped; their ſtockings, rolled below their knee, and gartered with an enormous buckle, and bunch of black ribbons, reach only down to the ankle, where they tie ſeveral rounds of blue fillet very tight, to keep on their packthread ſandals, that ſeem ſcarce to cover their toes.

The common dreſs of a Catalonian ſailor or muleteer is brown, and the diſtinctive mark by which they are known in Spain, is a red woollen cap, falling forwards, like that of the ancient Phrygians. The middling ſort of people and artificers wear hats and

dark cloaths, with an half-wide coat careleſsly toſſed over the ſhoulders.

The dreſs of the women is a black ſilk petticoat over a little hoop, ſhoes without heels, bare ſhoulders, and a black veil ſtiffened out with wire, ſo as to arch out on each ſide of the head, ſomething reſembling the hooded ſerpent.

The Catalonians are excellent for light infantry, on the forlorn hope, or for a *coup de main*; but though brave and indefatigable, they are averſe to the ſtrictneſs of regular diſcipline, unleſs it be in their own national regiments. They cannot brook the thoughts of being menial ſervants in their own country, but will rather trudge it all over with a pedlar's pack on their ſhoulders, or run about upon errands, than be the head domeſtic in a Catalonian family. Far from home they make excellent ſervants, and moſt of the principal houſes of Madrid have Catalonians at the head of their affairs.

They

They are the general muleteers and caleſſieros of Spain; you meet with them in every part of the kingdom: their honeſty, ſteadineſs, and ſobriety, entitle them to the confidence of travellers, and their thirſt after lucre makes them bear with any hardſhips. With good words, you will always find them docile, but they cannot bear hard uſage or opprobrious language.

Thoſe that remain at home for the labours of the field, are exceedingly induſtrious. Their corn-harveſt is in May or early in June; but, as thoſe crops are liable to frequent burſtings and mildews, they have turned their attention more to the vine, which they plant even upon the ſummits of their moſt rugged mountains. In many places, they carry up earth to fix the young ſet in; and in others, have been known to let one another down from the brow of the rock by ropes, rather than ſuffer a good patch of ſoil to remain uſeleſs.

Their vintages are commonly very plentiful. This autumn, there was ſuch a ſuperabundance of grapes in the valley of Talarn, in the neighbourhood of Pallas, that whole vineyards were left untouched for want of veſſels to make or hold the wine in; notice was paſted upon the church-doors, that any one was at liberty to take away what quantity he pleaſed, on paying a ſmall acknowledgement to the proprietors. The beſt red wine of Catalonia is made at Mataro, north of Barcelona, and the beſt white at Sitges, between that city and Tarragona.

The ſcarcity of corn is ſometimes very great, the principality not producing above five months proviſion. Without the importation from America, Sicily, and the north of Europe, it would run the riſk of being famiſhed. From four hundred thouſand to ſix hundred thouſand quarters of wheat are annually imported. Canada alone ſent this year about eighty thouſand quarters.

There

There are public ovens, where the bakers are bound by contract to bake every day into bread one thouſand buſhels of flour, or more, at a ſtated price, and, in caſe the other bakers ſhould refuſe to work, they are under the obligation of furniſhing the city with bread.

The number of the inhabitants of Barcelona is made to amount to one hundred and fifty thouſand ſouls, and thoſe of Barceloneta to ten thouſand; but, although trade and population have increaſed ſurprizingly in the courſe of a few years, I doubt there is ſome exaggeration in this reckoning.

The great export-commerce conſiſts in wine, brandies, ſalt, and oil, which are moſtly taken in by foreign ſhips at the little ports and roads along the coaſt, and not brought to be ſhipped off at the capital.

There are mines of lead, iron, and coal, in the mountains, but they are ill wrought, and turn to poor account. The manufac-

tures are of more importance. Barcelona ſupplies Spain with moſt of the cloathing and arms for the troops. This branch of buſineſs is carried on with much intelligence; they can equip a battalion of ſix hundred men completely in a week.

A great trade is driven in ſilk handkerchiefs, ſtockings, &c. in woollens of various qualities; in ſilk and thread lace; in fire-arms. The gun-barrels of Barcelona are much eſteemed, and coſt from four to twenty guineas, but about five is the real value; all above is paid for fancy and ornament: they are made out of the old ſhoes of mules.* Several manufactures of printed linens are eſtabliſhed here, but have not yet arrived at any great elegance of deſign or livelineſs of colour.

* The beſt Spaniſh barrels are made at Madrid; the ſecond in goodneſs come from Biſcay; thoſe of Barcelona rank only in the third place.

The

The imports are, beſides corn, about eighty thouſand hundred-weight of Newfoundland cod, which pays three peſettas per hundred-weight duty, and ſells upon an average at a guinea; beans from Holland, for the poor people, and an inferior ſort from Africa, for the mules; ſalted conger eel from Cornwall and Britany, ſold at forty or fifty ſhillings per quintal; this is an unwholeſome, luſcious food, which they cook up with garlick and ſpices: Engliſh bale goods, and many foreign articles of neceſſity or luxury. Houſe-rent and living are dear; proviſions but indifferent: the fiſh is flabby and inſipid; the meat poor; but the vegetables are excellent, eſpecially brocoli and cauliflower. I believe their meat and fiſh are much better in ſummer than at this ſeaſon of the year.

The devotion of the Catalonians ſeems to be pretty much upon a par with that of their neighbours in the ſouthern provinces

of France, and, I am told, much leſs ardent than we ſhall find it as we advance into Spain; but they ſtill abound with ſtrange practices of religion and local worſhip. One very odd idea of theirs is, that on the firſt of November, the eve of All Souls, they run about from houſe to houſe to eat cheſnuts, believing that for every cheſnut they ſwallow, with proper faith and unction, they ſhall deliver a ſoul out of purgatory.

The influx of foreigners, increaſe of commerce, and protection granted to the liberal arts, begin to open the underſtanding of this people, who have made great ſtrides of late towards ſenſe and philoſophy.

There are now but one or two churches at moſt, in each city, that are allowed the privilege of protecting offenders, and murderers are excluded from the benefit of the ſanctuary. The proceedings of the Inquiſition are grown very mild. If any perſon leads a ſcandalous life, or allows his tongue

tongue unwarrantable liberties, he is ſummoned by the Holy Office, and privately admoniſhed; in caſe of non-amendment he is committed to priſon. Once a year you muſt anſwer to that tribunal for the orthodoxy of your family, and of every ſervant you have, or they muſt quit the country; but the foreign proteſtant houſes are paſſed over unnoticed. Avoid talking on the ſubject of religion, and with a little diſcretion you may live here in what manner you pleaſe.

Every Jew that lands in Spain muſt declare himſelf to be ſuch at the Inquiſition; which immediately appoints a familiar to attend him all the time he ſtays aſhore, to whom he pays a piſtole a day. Were he to neglect giving this information, he would be liable to be ſeized. Yet I have been aſſured by perſons of undoubted credit, that a Jew may travel incognito from Perpignan to Liſbon, and ſleep every night at the houſe

of

of a Jew, being recommended from one to another; and that you may take it for granted, that wherever you ſee a houſe remarkably decked out with images, relics, and lamps, and the owner noted for being the moſt enthuſiaſtic devotee of the pariſh, there it is ten to one but the family are Iſraelites at heart.

If a ſtranger is deſirous of becoming acquainted with Spain, the manners and diſpoſition of its inhabitants, he muſt proceed further; for I am told this province bears ſo little reſemblance to the reſt of the kingdom, that he will derive no real knowledge on that ſcore from travelling in Catalonia. Here it is not uncommon to hear them talk of a journey into Spain, as they would of one into France; and their language is not underſtood by the Spaniards, being a dialect of the ancient Limoſine tongue, a kind of Gaſcon.

I cannot cloſe this ſketch of the character

of the modern Catalans more properly, than with the epitaph of their countrymen who ſerved under Sertorius, and after the murder of that great man, diſdaining to obey another leader, ſacrificed themſelves to his manes. It is taken from the annals of Catalonia.

* *Hic multæ quæ ſe manibus*
Q. Sertorii Turmæ et Terræ
Mortalium omnium Parenti
devovere dum eo ſublato
ſupereſſe tæderet et fortiter
pugnando invicem cecidere
Morte ad præſens optata jacent.
Valete Poſteri.

* Here lie the bones of many companies of ſoldiers, who devoted themſelves to the manes of Q. Sertorius, and to the common mother Earth, as loathing all thoughts of ſurviving him. Fighting bravely with each other, they fell, and met with the death which they then wiſhed for. Farewell Poſterity.

LETTER X.

Reus, November 24, 1775.

WE left Barcelona on Sunday the 19th inſtant. Our firſt day's journey was very ſhort; the road good, but made upon too expenſive a plan to be continued far. The bridge over the Llobregat is grand, but unluckily ſo placed as never to be ſeen by travellers in an oblique direction.

We ſtopped at Cipreret, a neat houſe in a wild mountainous country, with a few pines ſcattered about, ſeldom enough to form a grove, much leſs a wood. We here for the firſt time ſaw a true Spaniſh kitchen, viz. an hearth raiſed above the level of the floor under a wide funnel, where a circle of muleteers were huddled together over a few cinders.

Next morning we paſſed a broad glen or hollow,

hollow, over which they intended to convey the high road in a ſtrait line, by means of a bridge of three rows of arches one above the other. Had they turned a little to the left by a gradual ſlope, the deſcent had been trifling, and a ſingle arch ſufficient for the paſſage of the water. This great work has failed, and ſeems abandoned. I ſhould ſuſpect they built here for the diverſion of future antiquaries, not for the uſe of the preſent generation, which feels all the weight of the expence, without reaping any benefit from ſuch ill-calculated undertakings. In the preſent ſtate of things the paſs is very dangerous, and further on the road grows worſe, in a large foreſt of pines, where the rocks and gullies render it next to impoſſible for a carriage to get through without damage. On account of the great number of bridges neceſſary among theſe broken hills, and of the obſtinacy with which the engineers (whoſe profits

increaſe

increaſe by delays and difficulties) perſiſt in carrying the road ſtrait through rocks and torrents, the work advances ſo ſlowly, that before a ſecond mile be finiſhed, the firſt is ruined for want of repairs.

The country at the foot of the mountains is fertile and populous. About Villa Franca de Panades the ſoil is remarkably light. The huſbandmen ſhovel up the ſtubble, weeds, and tops of furrows, into ſmall heaps, which they burn, then ſpread them out upon the ground, and work them in with a plough, which is little more than a great knife faſtened to a ſingle ſtick, that juſt ſcratches the ſurface. In this country all the corn is trod out of the ſheaf by means of horſes and mules driven backwards and forwards over it on a ſtone or ſtucco area.*

In

* In many parts of Spain the grain is ſeparated from the ſtraw by means of horſes that draw a plank ſtuck full

In the evening we paſſed by torch-light under a Roman arch, which I returned next morning to examine, our inn not being more than a mile beyond it. This arch is almoſt entire, elegant in its proportions, and ſimple in its ornaments; the gateway lofty; the entablature is ſupported on each ſide by four fluted Corinthian pilaſters, All I could read of the inſcription was EX TEST; which Flores, in his Eſpana ſagrada, makes out to be part of

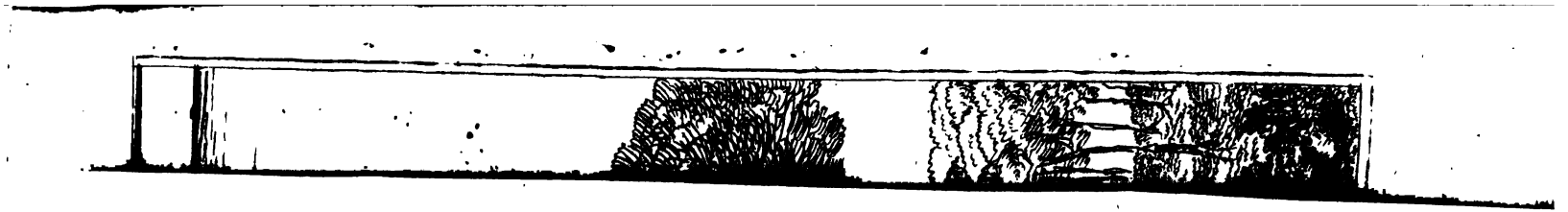
EX TESTAMENTO L. LICINII. L. F. SERGII. SURAE CONSECRATUM.

This Licinius was thrice conſul under Trajan, and was famous for his extraordinary wealth. No reaſonable conjecture has been made why he ordered by his will this monument

ſull of nails and flints, upon which the driver ſtands. In Biſcay the flail is in uſe.

to be erected, or what was the uſe of it when built. Some think it was the entrance of the Campus Tarraconenſis, and that a wall ran from the ſea, which is about half a mile diſtant to the ſouth-eaſt, through the olive-grounds quite up to the hills. There appear ſome remnants of a wall in that direction, but I won't pretend to ſay they are of ſo ancient a date.

The next day was the moſt delightful of our whole journey. The ſun ſhone out in all his ſplendor; the ſea was ſmooth and calm; the proſpect was inceſſantly varying as we moved on, ſometimes along the rich level on the ſhore, where the buſhy heads and gloſſy leaves of the locuſt trees, contraſted with the pale green of the olive-woods, made it appear quite a ſummer ſcene; ſometimes over gentle eminences, from which we commanded views of numberleſs bays and promontories, crowned with towers and antique fortifications. The little river Gaya diſtributes



butes its waters in ſtone channels to all parts of the valley, and gives vigour to its productions, which otherwiſe would be parched up by the drought. Here the tender olive-ſets are nurſed up in long baſkets, till they get out of the reach of goats and other enemies. As we deſcended the hill of Bara to the beach, Tarragona preſented itſelf to our view, like a ruined fortreſs, on a round point projecting into the ſea; and a little further on we turned off the road to the right, into a wood of pines and ſhrubs, to viſit a monument that tradition has named the tomb of the Scipios. They were the father and uncle of Scipio Africanus, both killed in Spain.

This building is ſmall, being about nineteen feet ſquare and twenty-eight high. In the front, facing the ſea, are two ſtatues of warriors in a mournful poſture, roughly cut out of the ſtones of the ſepulchre, and much worn away by the ſea air. The

 inſcription

inſcription is ſo much defaced, that it is hard to make any thing of it: what remains is as follows:

ORN...TE...EAQVE....L..O...VNVS...VER..BVS-
TVS...I..S..NEGL.VI...VA..FL..BVS..SIBI..
PERPETVO REMANERE.

I think it has been erected by ſome prieſt, for himſelf and family, as the fragments of the laſt line may be interpreted in that manner. Some take the firſt word of the firſt line to have been Cornelius, a name belonging to the Scipios. The top of the monument, which probably ended in a pyramidal form, is fallen off *.

From the heavy ſands of the ſea-ſhore, where a great many fiſhermen were hauling in their nets, we aſcended the naked rock of Tarragona. It produces nothing but

* The tomb of Theron, at Girgenti in Sicily, reſembles this in form.

the dwarf palm or palmeto. This plant grows among the ſtones to the height of one or two feet: the leaves are ſtiff and ſharp, ſpread out like fingers, or the ſticks of a fan, and very much reſembling the leaves of the date palm. This alſo produces fruit, and the inſipid pith of its root is a favourite eating of the peaſants. The leaves make good brooms and ropes, and are a great fattener of cattle.

The ancient Tarraco is now contracted to a very trifling city, that covers only a ſmall portion of the Roman incloſure, and is an ill-built, dirty, depopulated place. Many antiquities have been found, and are ſtill to be ſeen in the town, and almoſt all round the walls. A few veſtiges remain of the palace of Auguſtus, and of the great circus; an arch or two of the ampitheatre, and ſome ſteps cut in the ſolid rock, ſtill exiſt, impending over the ſea. About

three miles from the city, is the Puente de Ferriera, an ancient aqueduct, which we did not go to ſee, not having heard of it till we had paſſed too far on to turn back. Father Flores has given a plate of it. The cathedral, dedicated to Saint Thecla, is ugly, but the new chapel of that tutelar ſaint is beautiful. The inſide is caſed with yellow and brown marbles, dug up in the very center of the town, and ornamented with white foliages and baſs-reliefs. The architecture is accounted heavy, but I confeſs I did not think that fault very glaring. The whole together has a very pleaſing effect.

In Queen Anne's war, the Engliſh were in poſſeſſion of this poſt, and intended to keep and fortify it, by bringing the river Francolis quite round it. For this purpoſe they threw up vaſt outworks and redoubts, of which the ruins are yet very viſible. Having ſecured Minorca and Gibraltar, they renounced

renounced the project of fixing a garriſon in Tarragona.

From this city we deſcended into the Campo Tarragones, a plain of about nine miles diameter, one of the moſt fruitful ſpots in Europe: there is not an uncultivated part in the whole extent. The abundance and excellence of its productions have induced all the foreign houſes ſettled in Barcelona to eſtabliſh agents and factors at Reus, the principal town, pretty near the center of the plain.

Here we have again been loaded with civilities by our friends, and detained ſome days in feaſts and amuſements. Indeed the crazy vehicle our ſervants travel in, contributed much toward the facility with which we yielded to their entreaties; for about an hundred yards before we reached this place, both its ſhafts ſnapped in two, ſo that very little, except the hind wheels and ſome braces, now remains of the original car-

riage that left Paſcal's coach-houſe, in the Rue Guenegaud, at Paris.

It has blown for three days a moſt bitter north wind; the froſt is pinching and the ice thick, but no kind of vegetation ſeems affected by it, and the ſun ſhines out burning hot every day.

Reus increaſes daily in ſize and population; the number of its inhabitants has within theſe fifteen years riſen above two thirds, and now amounts to twenty thouſand ſouls. The ſuburbs are already twice as large as the old town. They have begun to build a very pretty theatre, and have engaged a company of comedians.

Wines and brandies are the ſtaple commodities of Reus: of the former, the beſt for drinking are produced on the hills belonging to the Carthuſians; thoſe of the plain are fitteſt for burning. The annual exports are about twenty thouſand pipes of brandy, all very pale, but afterwards, by mixtures

mixtures in Guernſey and Holland, brought to the proper colour for our market. There are four degrees of proof or ſtrength —common, oil, Holland, and ſpirit. Brandy of common proof froths in the glaſs in pouring out, and remains ſo. Oil proof is when oil ſinks in the brandy. Five pipes of wine make one of ſtrong brandy, and four make one of weak. The king's duty is ten peſettas a pipe on the high proofs, and twelve on the low: the town dues come to three ſols, and both duties are paid by the exporter. This branch of trade employs about one thouſand ſtills in the Campo, of which number the town contains an hundred and fifty. It is all carried in carts, at half a crown a pipe, down to *Salo*, an open but ſafe road five miles off. Here it is left on the beach till it pleaſes the Catalonian ſailors to float it off to the ſhips: as they are paid by the year, they only work when they chooſe, and in fair pleaſant wea-

ther. Nuts are likewiſe an article of exportation, upwards of ſixty thouſand buſhels from the woods at the foot of the weſt mountains having been ſhipped off laſt year. Every thing here wears the face of buſineſs, but it is greatly at the expence of the inland villages, many of which are left almoſt deſtitute of inhabitants.

LETTER XI.

Nules, November 29, 1775.

YOU will not find upon the common maps the name of the place I date this from, though it is a conſiderable town, incloſed with walls and towers *alla moriſca*, with two handſome ſuburbs. This is all I can tell you of it, as we are juſt arrived by moon-light. I am now melting with heat, and ſitting cloſe to the window for air, but I fear the twanging of a wretched guitar

guitar will ſoon drive me away. How wonderfully fortunate we have been in the weather! not a drop of rain on the road from Perpignan hither, and we are to reach Valencia tomorrow.

Laſt Saturday we took an affectionate leave of our friends, and left Reus loaded with proviſions of all ſorts. The road through the plain hollow and bad, the view confined on every ſide by groves of locuſt and olive trees, till we entered the deſart near the ſea-ſhore, at a ruined tower called the *Caſa yerma*. In the afternoon we came through a rocky paſs under the fort of Balaguer, lately built to command the defile and the coaſt. The evening journey lay among bleak uncomfortable hills, covered with low ſhrubs, where nothing but the proſpect of the ſea, and watch-towers placed as beacons along the ſhore, afforded the leaſt variety; the road moſt abominably rough and trying for carriages. The approach of night, and the

the danger of venturing in ſuch broken ways in the dark, obliged us to ſtop at the Venta del Platero, a hovel that *beggars all deſcription*; ſo ſuperlatively wretched, that I thought an exact drawing of its outward appearance would be a real curioſity. We were lodged in part of a ground-floor, the remainder of which was occupied by the mules and pigs; the ſervants ſlept in the carriages. A pool of water behind the houſe, and above the level of our floor, made our apartment ſo damp, that the next morning our cloaths might have been wrung. Thanks to the wholeſomeneſs of the climate, we felt no bad effects from it. Several companies of fiſhermen, that hawk their fiſh about theſe ſcattered cottages, kept all night a perpetual knocking at the gate of our court, and brought to my mind very lively ideas of the enchanted caſtles of Don Quixote.

As ſoon as it was light we left our inn, and

and found the waſte grow more and more barren. The ſteepneſs and roughneſs of the deſcents made the road exceſſively jolting and dangerous; the chaiſes cracked and groaned, and we either rode on horſeback, or walked, all the way. Torrents that ruſh from the adjoining ridge of mountains, after every heavy ſhower, have ſwept away all bridges and cauſeways, and waſhed the road to the very rock. We paſſed through Parillo, a ſmall village, which is the uſual baiting-place, and ſeems, by the ruins near it, to have been formerly a place of greater conſequence than it is at preſent.

In a few hours we emerged from this deſart, which is at leaſt ten leagues long. In ſome places it produces locuſt and olive trees, which, when the underwood is cleared away, and the earth moved about the roots, become productive of good fruit. A little turn of the road to the weſt brought us in ſight of the mouth of the Ebro, which appears

appears to waſte itſelf before it reaches the ſea, by running through various channels, in a tract of flat lands containing near one hundred thouſand acres. This land is very capable of improvement, and the miniſtry have actually before them a plan for draining theſe grounds, and properly diſtributing the waſte water for the purpoſes of cultivation. There are two good harbours at the mouth of the river, which is navigable for veſſels of fifty tons, up as far as Tortoſa, and for ſmall craft much higher, into the kingdom of Arragon. The waters of the Ebro, though muddy, are conſtantly drunk by the inhabitants; the ſlime they leave after great floods is eſteemed as beneficial to the lands they overflow as thoſe of the Nile are to Egypt. The rich narrow vale along the banks is laid out in corn-fields and mulberry plantations. An amphitheatre of bleak gloomy mountains ſhuts up the valley to the weſt, where the river makes its way through

through a narrow breach in the vaſt chain of rocks. Juſt before we entered Tortoſa, we met the Biſhop of that ſee, clad in the plain ſimple manner of the inferior clergy of the province. His lank black hair was cut cloſe to his ears, and covered by a great hat, ſqueezed up on each ſide into the form of a boat. The order of biſhops in this kingdom leads a very exemplary life, much retired from the world, expending their great revenues in feeding the poor, building and endowing churches, convents, and hoſpitals, and allowing very ſcantily for their own expences. Their charity, however laudable as to the intention, is certainly moſt prejudicial to the public welfare, as it encourages beggary and idleneſs; for who will work in a country where he is ſure of a good dinner every day at the gates of a monaſtery or palace, beſides the chance of occaſional alms; and where the ſoftneſs of the climate renders cloaths and lodging

objects

objects of luxury rather than of prime neceſſity? Perhaps it would be better for Spain, were its prelates as extravagant as thoſe of France, as their wealth would then be divided among the induſtrious and honeſt, and not laviſhed to ſupport the exiſtence of the idle, and often of the profligate. In ſpite of ſo good an example, the inferior clergy, and above all the monks, (one or two orders excepted) are notorious for the looſeneſs of their morals. The biſhopric of Tortoſa is worth about thirty thouſand dollars a year.

A little further on we came to a liquorice-work, carried on by an Engliſhman. The liquorice plant grows in great plenty on all the low grounds near the river. He employs above an hundred hands in gathering it, and about fifteen at conſtant work in the mills. He pays a certain ſum to the proprietors of thoſe lands; yet ſuch is their envy, that this ſeaſon they would not ſuffer him

him to pluck a ſingle ſtick, though the loſs falls upon themſelves, and the very extraction of the root brings the ground almoſt to a ſtate of cultivation. This conſpiracy obliged him to ſend up into Arragon for liquorice, at a great additional expence. Much of it alſo is found about Villanova, and other places along the coaſt. Four hundred tons of root make fifty of cake, which in England ſells at about three pounds fifteen ſhillings per hundred weight: this year he expects to export about that quantity.

Tortoſa is an ugly town on the declivity of a hill, north of the Ebro, over which there is a bridge of boats. Its commerce in ſilk and corn is but at a low ebb. We purchaſed of ſome nuns the moſt delicate ſilk gloves I ever beheld, made of what they call the flower of ſilk.

We next traverſed the rich vale of Garena, where the olive-trees grow to a great

great ſize, their luxuriant branches not being ſo cloſely pollarded as in France. Here the peaſants wear the Valencian dreſs, which differs totally from that of Catalonia; a monſtrous ſlouched hat, cropt hair without a net, a ſhort brown jacket, white waiſtcoat and trowſers, ſtockings gartered below the knee, and packthread ſandals.

At the paſſage of the Cenia, a pretty brook in winter, but dry in ſummer, we entered the kingdom of Valencia. After croſſing a large tract of heath, we came to the ſea-ſhore, which is beautifully planted to the water-edge with olive, mulberry, fig, and locuſt trees. We found a rich red ſoil, and vineyards neatly trimmed in rows, without ſtakes, in the diſtrict of Benicarlo, a ſmall place entirely ſupported by the trade. Eight thouſand pipes of a very ſtrong, ſweet, red wine, bought in the country at the rate of five guineas per pipe, are annually ſhipped in this road for Holland, Germany,

Germany, and Bourdeaux, where they are mixed with the ſecond-rate claret, to give it colour and body. The wine for Bourdeaux is conveyed along the coaſt to Cette, on board Spaniſh barks, which are exempt from all duties on exportation. By reaſon of their apprehenſions of Mooriſh corſairs, and the chance of bad weather, they come to an anchor every night, and commonly make it a voyage of a month at leaſt. At Cette theſe wines are put upon the great canal of Languedoc, and ſmuggled into Bourdeaux as high-country wines; for foreign ones are not allowed to be entered at that port. A ſociety of mariners float all the caſks from Benicarlo to the ſhips, and, from the time of their taking charge of them, become anſwerable for all loſſes by weather or miſmanagement. A good deal of wine goes likewiſe from Vinaros, a neighbouring town to the north; but the quality of that wine is much inferior to

thoſe of Benicarlo and Peniſcola, a town and fort ſituated ſouth of Benicarlo, on a rock in the ſea, where the famous antipope, Peter de Luna, took refuge.

In this plain they ſuffer much for want of water; the vintage is frequently diminiſhed by the exceſſive heats, which dry up all the ſprings. It was once in agitation to bring a canal from the Ebro to water this country, but the project ended in ſmoke, like ſeveral others propoſed for the melioration of many parts of Spain. Wherever they can procure water from wells, by means of a wheel turned by a mule, they have fine vegetables all the year. They cut lucerne every week in ſpring, and every fortnight in winter, and mix it with the ſweet bean of the locuſt, for the provender of their mules. Proviſions are very ſcarce here, no kind of meat being killed, except kid. In ſpring, goats milk is plentiful; but the peaſants in the adjacent

moun-

mountains live moſt part of the year upon the roaſted acorns of the ever-green oak, a food which we found ſurpriſingly ſavoury and palatable, but not very nouriſhing. The gentlemen, proprietors of vineyards, reſide up in the mountain villages, in a poor ſtyle, always diſtreſſed for money, notwithſtanding the ſure and ready ſale of their wines. The ſea hereabouts is full of ſharks.

From Benicarlo we had much ſtony road, alternately ſkirting the ſhore, or climbing up wild rocky hills. Few vales ſurpaſs in beauty that of Margal, a noble plain, full of trees, villages, and towns. The ſea forms a picturesque bay before it, and the mountains run behind in a vaſt ſemicircle. The locuſt and olive trees are old and branchy, the ſoil deep, and the grounds fertile, as being well drenched with water. We dined at Caſtillon de la Llana, the largeſt and beſt built town in our route. The women are very ugly, and render

themſelves ſtill more uncomely, by frizzling their hair all round the forehead, and twiſting it on the crown of the head round a naſty braſs bodkin. Villa Real is another large town, near the Mijares, a river of a green colour, in a large plain.

The moment we entered this petty kingdom of Valencia, we began to feel a ſenſible change in the climate: the days are troubleſomely hot, the nights ſoft and mild, like our fine ſummer evenings. Early and late in the day I walk an hour or two, to enjoy the ſweetneſs of the morning and evening breeze, and contemplate at leiſure the enchanting proſpects along the calm Mediterranean. The numberleſs creeks and bays, the bold promontories, with each its ſlender tower, of various ſhapes and dimenſions, the green woody vales, with rocks impending over them, are ſcenes that can ſeldom be met with, and never outdone in any country, and ſuch as no deſcription

ſcription of mine can do juſtice to. But, as all human pleaſure is allayed with ſome mixture of pain and diſtreſs, theſe charming coaſts are not without their calamities; till lately, they were cruelly infeſted by the Barbary rovers, who frequently cut barks out of their roads, and carried off whole families from the ſmall villages. At preſent Barcelò keeps ſo ſharp a look-out, that their appearance is leſs frequent in theſe ſeas. The ſcarcity of water is another misfortune, and ſeverely felt almoſt every ſummer. Of the innumerable beds of rivers and torrents that we have croſſed between Barcelona and Nules, ſix only have any water in them, viz. the Llobregat, Gaya, Francolis, Ebro, Cenia, and Mijares: two of theſe are dry during the hot weather. Hereabouts the little canals from the hills ſupply the lands with a greater plenty of water.

All theſe nights paſt we have heard the people ſinging doleful ditties under our

windows, to the ſound of a guitar, which they ſtrike with their nails, without any notion of air, but merely as a kind of an accompaniment, ſometimes high, ſometimes low, but very coarſe and monotonous. I can compare their muſic to nothing ſo well as to the beating of a frying-pan, to call down a ſwarm of bees.

LETTER XII.

Valencia, November 30, 1775.

THIS morning, like many of the foregoing ones, was delicious: the ſun roſe glorioufly out of the ſea, and the air all around was perfumed with the effluvia of the aloe, as its rays ſucked up the dew from the leaves.

From an eminence we had a noble view of the valley of Almenara, a kind of land bay,

bay, ſurrounded by lofty mountains, and adorned with ſix pretty towns, riſing out of the boſom of a foreſt of dark and light greens, varied in a multitude of tints. The long range of turrets upon the hill of Murviedro (once the too faithful Saguntum) juts out towards the ſea, from the chain of mountains that runs parallel with the coaſt, and divides the vale of Almenara from that of Valencia.

We halted at Murviedro, to view the ruins of ſo celebrated a city, and to take drawings of its moſt remarkable remains. The preſent town is very conſiderable, and ſeems to ſtand upon the ſame ground as the ancient Roman city, but in all probability the Saguntum which was deſtroyed by Hannibal was built upon the ſummit of the hill. That the Romans alſo had a fortreſs on the top, is clear, from the large ſtones and regular maſonry, upon

which the Saracens afterwards erected their caſtle.

Half way up the rock are the ruins of the theatre, in ſufficient preſervation to give a tolerable idea of its ſize and diſtribution. It is an exact ſemicircle, about eighty-two yards diameter from outſide to outſide; the length of the orcheſtra, or inner diameter, twenty-four: the ſeats for the audience, the ſtaircaſes, and paſſages of communication, the vomitoria, and arched porticoes, are ſtill eaſy to trace. The back part reſts againſt the hill, and ſome of the galleries are cut out of the rock. Two walls going off at an angle ſerve to turn off the rain-water that waſhes down from the cliff behind. As the ſpectators faced the north and eaſt, and were ſheltered from the weſt and ſouth, nothing could be more agreeable in this climate than ſuch a place of entertainment; open to every pleaſant and ſalubrious breeze, and defended from all winds

that

that might bring with them heat or noxious vapours. It is computed that nine thouſand perſons might aſſiſt without inconvenience at the exhibitions in this theatre. I paſſed ſome time in taking an oblique drawing of the preſent appearance of the ruins; but, in ſpite of all my attention, I found it a very difficult taſk, the heaps of rubbiſh, broken porticoes, and vaults, and remnants of walls, creating ſuch a perplexity, that my eye could ſcarcely diſtinguiſh the proper form and ſituation of each object. The ſilence that reigns in this auguſt ruin, which anciently reſounded with the applauſes of proconſuls, and Roman citizens, is now broken only by the *ſeguidillas* of a few rope-makers, who have patched up a ſtraw ſhed againſt the ſtage, and ſpin out their work acroſs the *proſcenium*, regardleſs of the ſurrounding ſcenery*.

From

* In the Latin Letters of Em. Marti, dean of Alicant,

From the theatre we climbed up to the ſummit of the mountain, which is about half a mile in length, and not a tenth part as wide; quite a narrow ridge, covered with

cant, written about the year 1720, is a long and learned diſſertation on this theatre. He gives the following meaſures:—Perimeter of the ſemicircle, 564 palmos; diameter, 330; diameter of the orcheſtra, 94; height from the orcheſtra to the top of the higheſt wall remaining, 144½; breadth of the upper portico, 15½; height, 12¾; diſtance of the pulpitum from the orcheſtra, 12; height of the pulpitum, 6½; diſtance from the orcheſtra to the ſcena, 28; breadth of the proſcenium, 12; breadth of the pulpitum, 16½. The palmo he uſes contains about nine Engliſh inches. He adds, that great part of this theatre is ſtill entire; and that we ſhould ſee it in a much more perfect ſtate, if the barbarous hands of the Morviedreſe had ſpared it as much as time has done; for they have purpoſely deſtroyed this ancient monument, by wrenching off all the caſing ſtones for the purpoſes of building convents. There is no doubt

with ruins and Mooriſh bulwarks. A few unintereſting inſcriptions, two mutilated ſtatues, the veſtiges of the floor of a temple, and ſome Roman arches thrown over a large ciſtern, are all the antiquities we found. One of the inſcriptions is placed topſy-turvy over a gate. The fortifications divide the hill into ſeveral courts, with double and triple walls, erected upon huge maſſes of rock, laid in regular courſes, by the Romans. The characteriſtics of the Mooriſh military architecture are—A wall built by means of ſquare forms of wood, into which a mortar, compoſed of pebbles mixed with a ſtrong cement, is run, and left a certain time to harden; then the boards are taken away,

doubt but they intended to demoliſh the whole, if the obſtinate hardneſs of the cement had not wearied them out. Marti extorted from the magiſtrates a public decree, inflictive of ſevere penalties on all ſuch as ſhould injure it in any manner whatſoever.

but

but the marks remain, and give the wall an appearance of regular maſonry; battlements perpendicularly placed on the wall, not projecting over, nor with borders round, as in the Norman and Gothic caſtles, where the hollows behind the battlements ſerved to throw ſtones and combuſtibles through, as the enemy approached to ſcale them. A gateway turned in an arch, neither pointed like what we call Gothic, nor ſemicircular like the Grecian; but one, the parts of which reſting upon the impoſts, come much farther in towards each other, and form the figure of a horſeſhoe. Sometimes, but very ſeldom, the Moors employed ſtones of a large ſize, and more regular cut; and ſome few of their arches may be found that are ſharp like the Gothic; but I ſuſpect them to be of the latter times of the Mooriſh empire in Spain.

What was wanting in intereſting antiquities in the caſtle, was amply made up

to

to us in proſpect, which was ſo ſurpriſingly fine, that I dare hardly attempt to ſpecify its beauties, leſt you ſhould think me too eaſily enraptured, or too unequal to the taſk of imparting to others the ſenſations it raiſed in me. This laſt accuſation I plead guilty to, for no pen can convey an adequate idea of this view, and few painters ever poſſeſſed that richneſs of touch, and clearneſs of manner, ſuch a ſubject would require. The vale of Almenara, on the north, is ſo delightful, that from any other ſtation it would have engroſſed all our attention; but we ſoon neglected its beauties, and, gliding rapidly over the immenſe volume of ſea ſtretched out before us to the eaſtward, where the ſun beams played in full force, we fixed our eyes on the almoſt boundleſs plain of Valencia, that lay to the ſouth. It is four leagues in breadth from the ſea to the hills, in the wideſt part, and in length five times that extent, loſing itſelf

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in a ridge of diſtant mountains. The yellow green of the mulberry plantations, and the paler hue of the olive-trees, regularly planted in fields of bright green corn; that regularity now and then broken by large plots of dark-coloured locuſt-trees; villages and convents, thick ſcattered over this great expanſe, with numberleſs gay ſlender ſteeples; the city of Valencia, about twelve miles off, with all its ſpires: theſe objects, united, form the moſt inimitable landſcape it is poſſible to conceive. The day was ſo clear, the air ſo pure, as to add infinitely to the charms of the proſpect. Hannibal is a great favourite of mine, but I cannot forgive him for having dealt ſo hardly by ſo ſweet a place: had he come upon this hill in ſuch a day as this, the ſoftneſs of the air, and beauty of the view, would have melted the obduracy of his heart, and opened it to pity and forgiveneſs.

From

From hence to Valencia is one perfect garden, ſo thick of trees, that there is no ſeeing at any diſtance on either ſide. Villages and monaſteries every hundred yards, and ſuch crowds of people on the road, as I ſcarce ever ſaw but in the neighbourhood of London. All the grounds are divided into ſmall compartments by water-channels, the work of the Moors, who underſtood the art of watering land in the utmoſt perfection. The ruinous ſtate theſe drains are now in, proves the indolence and inferiority of the preſent proprietors; what little ſkill they ſtill ſhew in agriculture is nothing but the traditional remains of the inſtructions left by their maſters in huſbandry, the Arabians. Our pleaſurable ideas were a little ruffled by the ſight of ſome hundreds of women in the villages, ſitting in the ſun louſing each other, or their huſbands and children. When a young woman condeſcends to ſeek for lice

in a man's head, it is ſuppoſed that the laſt favours have been granted by the fair one, or at leaſt that he may have them for aſking.

Valencia is ſituated in ſo dead and woody a flat, that we were in the ſuburbs before we thought ourſelves near it, and, having made half the round of the walls, came to an inn on the Alicant road, as it was late, and we did not chooſe to be detained at the gates by the cuſtom-houſe officers.

LETTER XIII.

Valencia, December 3, 1775.

OUR firſt morning here paſſed very ſtrangely, in a viſit to the old intendant of the province, to whom we brought a letter of recommendation from his *confrere*

frere of Catalonia. The old uſurer, whoſe figure reſembles that of the bandy-legged apothecary in Hogarth's *Marriage à la mode*, received us very ungraciouſly, took our letter and flung it on the table, without ſaying a word to us, or even offering us a ſeat. Having waited ſome time, we began to look at each other and laugh. Upon this the intendant looked up, and aſked me if we were not Catalonians? No, replied I, we are Engliſh gentlemen upon our travels. This anſwer produced a wonderful effect. Oh, oh, you come from a better country: Can I be of any ſervice to you? Bring theſe gentlemen chairs. Do you chooſe to take any refreſhment? ſaid he, pulling off his hat with great reverence, and making us a moſt profound bow. We aſked him for the only thing we ſtood in need of, a protection againſt the people of the cuſtom-houſes, who, though they do not meddle with your baggage, peſter you at every

gate for ſomething to drink, or buy tobacco with. The intendant's character is very little reſpected, nor indeed does it deſerve the love or eſteem of the Valencians, if the traits they relate be true. Many are the ſtories they tell of his avarice and hardneſs of heart; but one will ſuffice to ſet him in his proper light. Not long ago he was confined to his bed by a ſevere fit of illneſs, and poſitive orders were given, that he ſhould not be diſturbed by applications, petitions, or any thing appertaining to his employment. It ſo happened that a tradeſman, who had been taken up for ſmuggling, and kept in priſon for ſome weeks, was diſcovered to be perfectly innocent of the crime laid to his charge. One of the magiſtrates thought, that for ſo juſt a cauſe as that of reſtoring an honeſt man to his liberty, and to his diſtreſſed and indigent family, whoſe very exiſtence depended upon his induſtry, he might venture to break through the in-

junction

junction of the intendant, and accordingly procured admittance, and preſented the proper paper requiſite to be ſigned, before the jailor could deliver up his priſoner. As ſoon as the old rogue underſtood the purport of the viſit, he flew into a moſt violent rage, and obſtinately refuſed to ſign. Another officer, ſeeing the door open, took that opportunity of handing up an order for the commitment of a fellow that had been detected in illicit practices. The intendant no ſooner read it, than he called for a pen, and ſet his hand to it with great pleaſure, at the ſame time perſiſting in his refuſal to comply with the firſt requeſt.

We ſhall leave Valencia to-morrow, being heartily tired of our quarters. The climate is mild and pleaſant, but there is ſomething faintiſh and enervating in the air. Every thing we eat is inſipid, and void of ſubſtance; the greens, wine, and meat, ſeem the artificial forced productions of continual,

waterings and hot-beds. It puts me in mind of the *Iſle frivole* of the Abbé Coyer, where things were ſo feeble and unſubſtantial, that they were little better than the ſhadows of what they are in other countries. Here a man may labour for an hour at a piece of mutton, and, when he has tired his jaws, find he has been only chewing the *idea* of a dinner. The meat, as ſoon as cut into, yields abundance of gravy, and may be ſaid to bleed a ſecond time to death, for nothing remains but a mere withered *caput mortuum*, as our ſervants know by woful experience. Vegetables, with the fineſt outward ſhew imaginable, taſte of nothing but water. This waſhy quality ſeems alſo to infect the bodies and minds of the Valencians: they are largely built, and perſonable men, but flabby and inanimate. We have ſeen no women out at work in the fields; but this may proceed from their conſtant employment within doors, as much

as

as from any remnants of the Mooriſh jealouſy, though the Valencians ſtill retain much of the features and manners of their old Saracen maſters. To this day the farmers won't allow their wives to ſit at table, but make them ſtand at their elbow and wait upon them. The Caſtillians and Catalonians hold the Valencians in ſovereign contempt, and ſtigmatize them with many opprobrious appellations, dictated, as we muſt in charity ſuppoſe, by the rancour of national antipathy. The inhabitants of this province are ſaid to have more of the filth, and ſullen, unpoliſhed manners of the old Spaniards, and to have adopted leſs of foreign improvements in civilization, than moſt other parts of Spain. They ſtrut about all day in *redicillas*, or nets, monſtrous hats, and dark brown cloaks, which give the crowd in the ſtreets, the appearance of a funeral proceſſion. Scarce any ſociety is kept up amongſt them, though the ſalubrity

of the climate, and reaſons of œconomy, induce ſeveral very conſiderable families to make this city the place of their abode. In ſome ſtrange way or other they ſpend very large incomes, without doing themſelves the leaſt credit. Their chief expence lies in ſervants, mules, and equipages; low, obſcure amours often conſume the beſt part of their fortunes; and they live in ſo pitiful a manner, that moſt part of them ſend out to the wine-vault for a pint of wine to their meals.

This city is large, and almoſt circular; its lofty walls have towers remaining in one quarter; the reſt have been demoliſhed: a fine broad road goes quite round: the two ſuburbs are conſiderable. Several large, clumſy bridges croſs the bed where the river ſhould run; but either from drought, or from the many bleedings it undergoes above, for the purpoſe of watering the fields, there is ſcarce water enough in the

Guadaviar

Guadaviar to waſh a handkerchief; but in rainy ſeaſons the floods are very tremendous. The captain-general reſides in the ſuburbs, in an uncouth Gothic palace, at the entrance of the *Alameda*, a long double avenue of poplars, cypreſſes, and palms, where, on great feſtivals, the nobility take the air in their coaches. About a mile below is the *Grao*, or port of Valencia, which, properly ſpeaking, is only an open road, the mole having been long ago ſwept away by ſome violent ſtorm. The duſty highway from the city hither is the faſhionable drive; and, for the accommodation of ſuch as have no carriages of their own, ſeveral ſingle-horſe chairs wait at all hours at the gates. This vehicle is very uneaſy, and open to all weathers; but the horſes are excellent, and run along like lightning. The driver ſits ſideways at your feet, and all the way keeps chattering to the horſe, and patting him on the buttock. Having

occaſion one day for a coach to carry us about, the ſtable-boy of our inn offered his ſervices, and in a quarter of an hour brought to the door a coach and four fine mules, with two poſtillions and a lacquey, all in flaming liveries: we found out they belonged to a counteſs, who, like the reſt of the nobility, allows her coachman to let out her equipage when ſhe has no occaſion for it: it coſt us about nine ſhillings, which no doubt was the perquiſite of the ſervants.

The ſtreets of Valencia are crooked and narrow; not being paved, they are full of duſt in dry weather, and in wet knee-deep in mud. The reaſon alleged for this ſcandalous neglect is, that by theſe means a greater quantity of manure is produced, which, in a plain ſo full of gardens, is of ineſtimable value. Various and over-powering are the ſtinks that riſe up in every corner; in which reſpect, as well as in many others, this country reſembles Lombardy.

The

The houſes are filthy, ill-built, and ruinous; moſt of the churches tawdry, and loaded with barbarous ornaments both without and within: the moſt agreeable architecture I met with, is in the church of the *Eſcuelas pias*, and of *nueſtra Señora de los Deſamparados*, both rotundas. In the multitude of ſacred edifices, ſome may be found that excel in particular parts; as, one may pleaſe the eye by the juſt proportions of its dimenſions, another ſtrike by the richneſs of its marbles and paintings; but in all, the judicious obſerver will be diſguſted with loads of garlands, pyramids, broken pediments, and monſtrous cornices; a taſte too gothic and trifling for any thing but the front of a mountebank's booth, or a puppet ſhew in a fair. Some churches have domes, but the greater part tall ſlender turrets, painted and bedecked with all ſorts of pilaſters and whimſical devices: every thing is gilt and bedaubed with incredible profuſion; the Spaniards underſtand the gilder's

buſineſs

buſineſs perfectly, and the purity of their gold, with the dryneſs of the climate, preſerves their work for years in its primitive luſtre. The convent of the Franciſcan friars has ſomething very grand and pleaſing in its double court, which is divided by a light wing, upon an open portico, with fountains playing in each diviſion.

The cathedral is a large gothic pile; its archbiſhopric one of the beſt in Spain, ſaid to bring in about forty thouſand pounds ſterling a year, paid in caſh into the hands of two receivers. The revenues of Toledo are much greater, but alſo more troubleſome to collect, and more precarious, as being paid in kind, and requiring a great number of bailiffs and ſervants. The preſent archbiſhop of Valencia, as well as the laſt one, is the ſon of a peaſant; the ruling paſſion of both has been convent building: the late prelate built and endowed a magnificent habitation for the Franciſcans, the

champions

champions of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary; the preſent archbiſhop, whoſe ſcholaſtic tenets are diametrically oppoſed to thoſe of his predeceſſor, has done as much for the fathers of the *Eſcuelas pias.*

Prieſts, nuns, and friars, of every dreſs and denomination, ſwarm in this city, where ſome convents have more than an hundred monks, all richly provided for.

Among the profane buildings, many of which are prettily ſet off with painted architecture, after the Italian manner, the palaces of *Doſaguas* and *Jura real* deſerve the moſt notice; the former for its ſtatues and freſco paintings, the latter for the elegant ſimplicity of its front.

The *Lonja*, or exchange, is a very noble gothic hall, built about the latter end of the fifteenth century, with all the beauty and richneſs that ſtyle is ſuſceptible of.

The cuſtom-houſe, where the intendant and

and other officers of the revenue are lodged, is a new large edifice in a great ſquare, a very clumſy maſs of brick and ſtone.

This kingdom and city were conquered by the Moors under Abdallah Ciz, and loſt by them in 1094, when the famous Cid Ruy dias de Vivar, taking advantage of the confuſion and civil war that raged in Valencia after the murder of Sultan Hiaya, made himſelf maſter of the city by ſtorm, at the head of a choſen band of valiant knights. This was the laſt exploit of that hero, ſo long the terror of the muſſulmen. A few years after his death, the king of Caſtille, finding it too far diſtant from his other dominions to be conveniently ſuccoured in caſe of a ſudden attack, thought proper to withdraw his troops, and ſuffer the Moors to repoſſeſs themſelves of it. It was again taken from them by James the Firſt, king of Arragon, in the year 1238, and for ever united to that crown, the fate

of which it has ever ſince followed through all its various revolutions. In the beginning of the reign of Charles the Fifth, this province was diſtracted by civil commotions and ſtruggles between the nobility and commons.

Since the laſt conqueſt, Valencia has been much enlarged; for the gate through which the Cid made his triumphal entry, is now very near the center of the town.

The number of inhabitants is computed at one hundred thouſand; but, to ſpeak more exactly, according to the laſt authentic enumeration, made in 1768, which allows four perſons to each *vecino*, at twenty thouſand vecinos, or fathers of families; which makes the number to be eighty thouſand inhabitants. The population of the whole kingdom of Valencia amounts to one hundred and ſeventy-nine thouſand two hundred and twenty-one vecinos, or ſeven hundred and ſixteen thouſand eight hundred

and

of rice, at ten peſos a load, make one million four hundred thouſand peſos.

The vintage of 1767 produced four million three hundred and nine thouſand meaſures of wine, which, at three reals a meaſure, come to about eight hundred and ſixty-one thouſand one hundred and thirty-three peſos.

There is alſo much cotton made in this province, from the cotton-plant, which riſes to the height of three feet at moſt, and very much reſembles the raſpberry buſh. They make in good years four hundred and fifty thouſand arrobas, worth one million three hundred and fifty thouſand peſos, and in middling years two hundred and eighty-five thouſand ſix hundred arrobas.

Notwithſtanding all this abundance, nothing can be more wretched than the Valencian peaſantry, who can with difficulty procure food to keep their families from ſtarving.

We

We were laſt night at the play, which gave us no very reſpectable opinion of the taſte and politeneſs of a Valencian audience. The houſe was low, dark, and dirty; the actors execrable; and the pit full of men in cloaks and night-caps, driving ſuch puffs of tobacco out of their *cigarros*, as filled the whole room with ſmoke, and at laſt forced us to make a precipitate retreat. We there met with our old acquaintance the duke of C. P. who a few months ago came poſt from France, to embark for the expedition againſt Algiers. When he arrived at Valencia, he found the fleet was ſailed, and an order ſent for him to remain in exile here. The derangement of his finances, and ſome amorous connections, have procured him this order from court. His fate is truly ludicrous, but he did not drop the leaſt hint to us of this unkind return for his patriotic ſpirit, and eagerneſs to ſerve the king.

LETTER XIV.

Alicant, December 8, 1775.

WE ſet out early on Monday morning, without regretting in the leaſt the rich gardens or brilliant ſky of Valencia, which would be an admirable laſt retreat for our conſumptive countrymen, were the approach by ſea or land leſs difficult.

We travelled that day in a plain, as fertile as nature and frequent waterings can render it. At ſome miles diſtance from the city the ſoil is a red, ſandy loam near the Albufera, a lake about four leagues long, which is very ſhallow, and communicates with the ſea only as often as the ſluices are opened to let in a ſupply of water in dry ſeaſons, or to give vent to the overcharge of water brought down in winter by the land

land floods. On the edge of it are ſalt-pans. It ſupplies the city with fiſh and water-fowl. Once or twice in a ſeaſon all the ſhooters in the country aſſemble upon it in boats, and make prodigious havock among the flocks of birds, that almoſt cover the ſurface of the pond. Sometimes they meet with flamingos here.

Before we arrived at Alzira, a large town in an iſland of the Xucar, a deep, muddy river, we croſſed a large tract of land aſtoniſhingly fruitful. The peas and beans in the fields were very high, and in full blow. The huſbandmen uſe in their tillage a ſhovel plough, with which they turn the ſoil from the roots of the olive-trees, that they may benefit by the moiſture of the ſeaſon. We were ſtopped ſeveral times by long droves of mules, carrying corn to Valencia; their conductors, moſt ſavage looking fellows, all clad in leather; their broad belts were

faſtened round their waiſt with ſeven buckles.

In the afternoon, at the entrance of a more mountainous country, we came to the rice-grounds, now in ſtubble. The proceſs of that tillage is as follows:—In winter they plough out a piece of land, and ſow it with beans that come into bloſſom about March, when they plough them in for manure; water is then let in upon the ground about four inches deep. It next undergoes a third ploughing, after which the rice is ſown. In fifteen days it comes up about five inches out of the earth, and is pulled up, tied in bundles near a foot diameter, and carried to another well-prepared field, covered with water to the depth of four inches. Here each planter ſets the plants of his bundle in the mud, in rows at about a foot diſtance one from another Every ſtem ought to produce from ten to twenty-four fold, and grow ſo cloſe, that the ears may touch. When ripe,

ripe, it is gathered in ſheaves, and put into a water-mill, where the lower grinding-ſtone is covered with cork; by which means the chaff is ſeparated from the grain without bruiſing, The rice of Valencia is yellower than that of the Levant, but much wholeſomer, and will keep longer without growing muſty.

We entered the highlands, and came to lie at Xativa, which was a ſtrong fortreſs, till deſtroyed by Philip the Fifth, who ordered it to be rebuilt by the name of San Felipe. The monſter Rodrigo Borgia, pope by the name of Alexander the Sixth, was a native of this town. The farmers hereabouts have a very ſturdy, good-looking breed of horſes.

Our route from San Felipe lay up long winding vales, between ridges of high bleak mountains. On the right hand ſtands the caſtle of Monteſa, head of the military order of Monteſa, inſtituted in 1317, by

James the Second, king of Arragon, after he had driven the Moors as far back as the territories of Granada. All the poſſeſſions of the knight-templars in the province were beſtowed upon the new order, into which none but natives of Valencia were to be admitted. They wear a plain red croſs. The commanderies belonging to the foundation are thirteen in number; and their yearly income, according to the king's books, where they are very low rated, amounts to four hundred and four thouſand one hundred and twelve reals de vellon. In 1748, an earthquake overthrew the caſtle, and all the adjacent buildings; burying under the ruins the greateſt part of the chaplains, ſervitors, &c. belonging to the congregation. The remainder were removed to Valencia, where a new church is building for their uſe.

We did nothing the whole day but aſcend through olive plantations, pine foreſts, and

and bare chalky hills, up the courſe of a little brook, till we came to its ſource, which breaks out in the middle of a town on the confines of Caſtille. Hitherto, the olives I have ſeen are all of the ſmaller ſort.

Next morning the froſt was very ſmart on the high bare hills, where there is much corn-land, but no trees; the farm-houſes are ſcattered about pretty much as they are in the uninclоſed parts of England.

Juſt as we were going into Villena, a little, round, ſquat figure, in a brown montero cap, jacket, and breeches, with a yellow waiſtcoat, caught my eye. It is not poſſible to paint a better Sancho Pança; and we were actually in a corner of the country of that 'ſquire, which makes me conclude Cervantes drew the picture from real life, in ſome of his journies through La Mancha. All the inhabitants of the town wear the ſame dreſs, which is neat enough. The caſtle of Villena is large, well ſituated, and

has been ſtrong. I never ſaw a country ſo full of ruined towers, as theſe ſkirts of Valencia and Caſtille; not a village without its rocca perched upon ſome almoſt inacceſſible cliff; none more ſingular than that of *Sax.* The hills here are broken, the landſcape bleak; but about Elda the plan is improved to the beſt advantage. We paſſed by a ſtring of ponds and caves, where the inhabitants of that town keep their proviſion of ice, for the ſummer's conſumption. As there was a thin coat of ice on the ſurface of the water, they were very buſy carrying it off with the greateſt expedition, leſt a ſudden thaw ſhould deprive them of it.

Before we came into the plain of Montfort, we had a vile piece of road, through a broken range of marly hills. We now found the ſtyle of ſalutation quite altered. Hitherto the peaſants were wont to accoſt us as they paſſed, with a *Dios guarde V. M.*

" God

" God keep your worſhip ;" but here they begin, twenty yards before they come up to you, and bawl out as loud as they can, *Ave Maria puriſſima* ; to which you are expected to anſwer, either *Sin pecado concebida*, or *Deo gratias.*

Late in the evening, we paſſed a large encampment of carriers of ſalt-fiſh. Their carts formed an outer circle, and their oxen a ſmaller one, round a roaring fire, where ſome of the men were cooking, others working at their tackle, but the greater part ſtretched out faſt aſleep. The moon ſhone very bright, and all was ſoft and ſtill ; I quite envied the pleaſant ſenſations of thoſe fellows.

Our road this morning was bad, the country abominable, a white clay in powder, and not a ſtick of wood. In rainy years the crops of corn are extremely plentiful. Though it was a bitter cold day, the clouds of duſt almoſt ſtifled us.

We

We got in here very early, and took up our lodgings at an inn, which hangs over the ſea; the waves beat gently againſt the walls under our windows, and the whole road and harbour lie beautifully ſtretched out before us. Unfortunately, the warmth and ſtillneſs of the ſituation tempt the boatmen to make uſe of this part of the beach as a neceſſary, and we cannot venture to lean out, and feaſt our eyes with the fine proſpect of the ſea, without ſuffering exceedingly in another ſenſe. The landlord endeavours to comfort us, by aſſuring us that to-morrow's ſun will dry all up.

I begin to have my apprehenſions, that my letters, inſtead of acquiring life and ſpirit from our progreſs in this kingdom, have, on the contrary, betrayed of late a great propenſity towards ſtupidity. Heaven forbid, the enfeebling air of Valencia ſhould have ſettled upon my pen! I muſt ſhake

ſhake it off, and ſtrive to afford you better entertainment.

LETTER XV.

Alicant, December 11, 1775.

WE have been received with the uſual politeneſs by the Britiſh ſubjects reſiding here, whoſe hoſpitality knows no bounds, when any of their wandering countrymen appear to lay claim to it. The factory, which conſiſts of five houſes, lives in a ſtyle of elegance we did not expect to meet with any where out of a capital: every circumſtance attending our reception here, is beyond meaſure agreeable. After ſo warm an acknowledgment of our obligations to the inhabitants, you will naturally ſuppoſe I ſhall launch out in praiſe of the town, and varniſh over every defect; but there

there you will find yourſelf miſtaken. I confeſs it has neither buildings nor ſtreets to recommend it to notice; though the houſes in general are ſolidly built with flat roofs, covered with cement; their walls are plaſtered, and every thing as white as the ſoil of the adjacent country; which fatigues the eye moſt cruelly in ſun-ſhiny weather, that is, almoſt every day in the year. Then the duſt flies about in whirlwinds; if it rains, there is no poſſibility of making one's way through the ſtreets without boots, the *Callemayor* being the only paved ſtreet in the whole town. In the hot months, this place is a very furnace, its form being the beſt calculated in the world for intercepting the rays of the ſun, and collecting them as in one focus; the mountain behind ſhuts out the winds, that, blowing from the cool quarters, might refreſh the atmoſphere; but I believe the ſea-breeze muſt occaſionally contribute to the cooling of the air. In

ſuch

ſuch mild winter weather as we have felt here, it is impoſſible not to be delighted with the climate, and the beauties of ſituation that the port of Alicant affords. It ſtands on the middle of a narrow neck of land, that runs out into the ſea a conſiderable way, and almoſt comes round in a ſemi-circular form; in the centre of which ſhips ride with as much ſafety as in a harbour; a rocky mountain riſes directly behind the town; on its ſummit is the caſtle, now fortified after the modern method, and extended far beyond the limits of the old fortreſs, great part of which was blown up, with a fragment of the rock, in the war with the allies, in the reign of our queen Anne. The Engliſh garriſon refuſed to capitulate, though the French gave them notice of the mine being ready to be ſprung. A well that communicated with the mine gave it ſome vent, and prevented the reſt of the mountain from being ſhivered to

pieces

pieces by the explosion; however, most of the officers were blown up, and the remainder of the troops so stunned by the shock, as to be many hours deprived of all power of motion.

Behind the castle-hill, is a plain some leagues in circumference, called *Las huèrtas*, the gardens of Alicant lying along the seashore, surrounded on three sides by very lofty mountains. It is a very beautiful vale, thickly studded with villages, villas, farms, and plantations of all kinds of fruit-trees; but in the hot part of the year the air is very unwholesome, and few or none escape agues or fevers. Here the fine Alicant and Tent wines are made. Only two, of the great number of proprietors of vineyards, make a practice of keeping their wine to a proper age. As the value is enhanced many-fold by keeping, the high price they get for their wines amply repays them for the time they are out of their money.

ney. Of the common ſorts, about five thouſand tun may be the amount, moſt of which is deſtined for the Bourdeaux merchants.

Water is the great agent, the primum mobile of all productions in this country; every thing languiſhes, and ſoon is parched up, without an ample ſupply of it; abundance of rain ſecures both a plentiful harveſt and a copious vintage. Wherever a ſpring breaks out, the king's people ſeize upon it, and allot to each landholder a proper hour for letting the water upon his grounds. It is of ſo much conſequence, that the value of a guinea has been paid for an hour extraordinary.

The Engliſh factory imports all ſorts of bale goods, corn, and Newfoundland cod. The articles of exportation are wine and barilla. This laſt grows in great quantities along the coaſt, eſpecially near Carthagena: as I ſhall, in all probability, get bet-

ter intelligence there about it, in its vegetable ſtate, I ſhall defer entering into any detail at preſent on that head. The merchants here, as they employ agents to tranſact the buſineſs for them, are very little informed of the qualities or peculiarities of the ſeveral ſorts of barilla they ſhip off. It is brought hither in boats, duty free; afterwards it is packed with ruſh-mats, in lumps of about ſix hundred weight, which ought to be worth about three or four dollars per hundred; but, as this year has been favourable to the crops, it does not fetch above two and a half.

We have been all the morning in great uneaſineſs about Sir T. G.'s valet-de-chambre, who, till within this hour, was not to be found in any of the places he uſually frequents. His appearance has quieted our apprehenſions; and it ſeems he has been, from ſun-riſe till dinner-time, locked up in the ſacriſty of the great church, curling

ing and frizzling the flaxen periwig of the ſtatue of the Virgin, which is to-morrow to be carried in ſolemn proceſſion through the city.

There is a ſorry kind of an Italian opera here; bad as it is, there is a ſomething in Italian muſic, however ill executed, incomparably ſoft and grateful to ears like ours, ſo long fatigued with French ſqualling, and the drone of Spaniſh *ſeguidillas*. We were upon the point of being deprived of this amuſement, by the wiſdom of the clergy, who attributed the want of rain to the influence of that ungodly entertainment; luckily for the poor ſtrollers, and for us, there fell a ſmart ſhower juſt as the orders were ready to be iſſued out againſt any further performance, and as it continued to rain all next day, the church thought no more of the opera.

From Alicant is ſeen, at nine miles diſtance ſouth, the iſland of S. Polo, where the

Conde de Aranda ſettled a colony of Genoeſe and others, who formerly inhabited an iſland on the African coaſt. The regency of Tunis deſtroyed their ſettlement, and carried them all into ſlavery; from which they were redeemed by Spain, and, with the allowance of a piſtreen a day, ſent to form a new town on this barren iſland. As it yields no productions of any kind, they are obliged to be ſupplied from the main land with every neceſſary of life; ſo that ſhould the adminiſtrators neglect to lay in a ſufficient ſtock for their ſuſtenance, in caſe of tempeſtuous weather they muſt inevitably periſh with hunger and thirſt. Even as matters now ſtand, from their ſcanty allowance and perpetual confinement, I believe they think themſelves no great gainers by being reſcued from their ſlavery.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Carthagena, December 15, 1775.

TO continue the journal of our peregrinations:—We left Alicant on the 12th, and brought away with us ſome bottles of choice Tent for you. We hope, on our return, to preſent you with a complete collection of the beſt wines in Spain; travelling with ſuch a waggon-load of things, a few bottles more or leſs are not felt: we are obliged to carry, not only our beds, but bread, wine, meat, oil, and ſalt, from one great town to another; for we ſeldom meet with any thing in the inns but the bare walls, and perhaps a few eggs, which are ſold at an unconſcionable price. If we chance to find a few unbroken chairs, we eſteem ourſelves uncommonly fortunate;

yet it is aſtoniſhing how dear travelling is in this country. As much is aſked for giving you houſe-room, and for the *ruydo de la caſa*, or the noiſe you make, as would purchaſe a good ſupper and lodgings in the beſt inns, in moſt other parts of Europe. As our health is excellent, and conſequently our ſpirits good, we are eaſily reconciled to theſe kinds of hardſhips. Indeed we no longer look upon them in that light; the mildneſs of the climate obviates all inconveniences that might accrue from a total want of glaſs, or even paper, in the windows; or of a door or ſhutter that can be faſtened cloſe enough to keep wind or rain out.

As ſoon as we arrive at one of theſe barns, called Ventas, our firſt care is to ſet up our beds. The kitchen is generally at one end; the mules ſtand in the back part, and our apartment is a partition run up againſt the wall to the ſtreet, with a hole

or

or two for light, defended by three or four very uſeleſs iron bars, for a pigmy could not ſqueeze through the window.

Next, our cook takes his ſtand at the hearth, to warm our broth, which we carry, ready made, in a kettle behind our chaiſe; and if he can procure fuel and elbow-room, toſſes up a haſh, or ſome ſuch campaign diſh. Sometimes we are lucky enough to have an opportunity of ſetting our ſpit, or broiling a chop upon our gridiron; but theſe are luxuries we are not to expect above once or twice in the courſe of a week.

While our repaſt is preparing, we read, draw, or write, by the light of a long braſs lamp. Our ſupper diſpatched, and a bottle of wine placed between us, we enjoy an hour's merry chat, to give the ſervants time to ſup, and then we retire to bed, where we lie very ſnug till the dawn of day calls us up, to our uſual taſk of

four or five leagues before dinner, and about three in the afternoon. The continual tinkling of the bells of the mules was very irkſome to us at firſt, but we are now ſo well accuſtomed to theſe chimes, that I believe we ſhall not be able to go to ſleep without them, when we return to France.

We ſtopped at Elche, a large town belonging to the duke of Arcos, built on the ſkirts of a wood, or rather foreſt, of palm-trees, where the dates hanging on all ſides in cluſters of an orange colour, and the men ſwinging on baſs ropes to gather them, formed a very curious and agreeable ſcene. The palms are old and lofty; their number is ſaid to exceed two hundred thouſand. Many of the trees have their branches bound up to a point, and covered with mats to prevent the ſun and wind from getting to them. In proceſs of time the branches become quite white, and are then cut off, and ſent by ſhip-loads from Alicant

to Genoa, and other parts of Italy, for the grand proceſſions of Palm-Sunday; an uncommon ſpecies of traffic, which is alſo carried on with Madrid, where every houſe has its bleſt palm-branch.

The country round this town is very cheerful, and ſo are the environs of Orihuela. They are indebted for their fertility to the abundance and proper diſtribution of water. In dry years, every field that has not ſome ſpring or aqueduct, to furniſh it with repeated rigations, is ſure to fail in its crop. There is a Spaniſh proverb in favour of the laſt-mentioned city; *Si llove, aytrigo en Orihuela, y ſi no llove aytrigo in Orihuela:* "If it rains, there is plenty of wheat in Orihuela, and if it does not rain, there is ſtill plenty of wheat in Orihuela." Indeed we found its bread excellent, and it has the reputation of producing the beſt corn in Spain*. It is a biſhop's ſee, pretty large,

* It is alſo noted for boxes made out of olive-tree roots.

and well enough built, at the foot of a ridge of bare rocks, near the head of a very fruitful *vega* or vale. Near it are avenues of Peru-pepper-tree, or *Schinus molle*, loaded with bunches of a handſome roſe-coloured fruit; the people of the country call it *Tiravientos*, probably from ſome wind-expelling quality. From hence we proceeded along the ſkirts of the rocks, up into the celebrated vale of Murcia, far ſuperior, in the variety and richneſs of its culture, to any plain we had hitherto travelled through. Although we were then in the heart of winter, its general appearance was a bright green, the colour of the young corn, flax, lucerne, pulſe, and orange-groves. As this vale is not too extenſive, but moſt agreeably bounded on both ſides by mountains, the inſipid ſameneſs that cloys the eye in moſt flat countries, however well cultivated, is not perceptible here.

The city of Murcia is neither large nor hand-

handſome. The *Segura*, a muddy river, which divides it into two unequal parts, though it contributes nothing to the embelliſhment of the town, claims the merit of creating, by means of its waters, the ſurpriſing fertility of the plain. Hundreds of ſmall drains convey them to the incloſures; and, in ſpite of the effects of the ſcorching rays of the ſun, preſerve the vegetable ſyſtem freſh and ſucculent.

The walks about the place are trifling; the ſtreets ſo full of black ſtagnated water, as to be almoſt unpaſſable. The only thing we found worth ſeeing was the cathedral, a large maſſive pile.

Round one part of it is a chain, cut in ſtone, with a great deal of truth and eaſe. The ſteeple, though unfiniſhed, is lofty, and intended, I preſume, to exhibit ſpecimens of every one of the five orders of architecture. You may ride up to the top by a paſſage that goes gradually winding round the

the tower. From it we had a full view of the town and country; but at this ſeaſon of the year, the landſcape was not decked out in all its beauty, and the bare brown mountains appear too near to pleaſe. The names and banners of the Jews, that have been burnt in this town by the inquiſition, are ſtuck up in the church like ſo many trophies won in the day of victory from ſome mighty foe.

From Murcia we ſtruck directly acroſs the vale, into the chain of mountains on the ſouth ſide of the town, and the rugged bed of a torrent was all the road we found. You cannot conceive a more ſhocking one. The naked clayey cliffs that hemmed us in on each ſide were very unpleaſant.

As ſoon as we emerged from this ditch, and ſurmounted a very greaſy, marly height, we found before us a plain, almoſt without bounds, and abſolutely without a tree. A ridge of mountains ſeparates it from the ſea-

ſea-ſhore. Our muleteers pointed out to us the break in it, where the iſland of Eſcombrera cloſes in the harbour of Carthagena. A cluſter of iſlands to the left appear as if they had been ſtruck off the mountain by ſome furious earthquake, and tumbled headlong into the ſea. Moſt of the plain is ſown with barilla.

We dined at the door of a moſt pitiful *venta*, where we found only one man, ſent out by the magiſtrates of Carthagena to wait upon travellers, as the inn-keeper and all his family had been lately carried to priſon, on account of a woman, who had been murdered and thrown into a pond behind his houſe, in which tranſaction they were ſuſpected of being, at leaſt, acceſſaries.

We arrived early at Carthagena; for the ſtory of the murder had operated powerfully on the minds of our muleteers, who drove very faſt over the plain, to get in before night. We are lodged at the Golden

Golden Eagle, kept by a Frenchman, the beſt cook, in the beſt inn we have met with in Spain.

LETTER XVII.

Carthagena, December 17, 1775.

I AM in a very bad diſpoſition for writing, for we are juſt returned from the arſenal, where every feeling of our humanity has been put to the torture. Heaven forbid I ſhould communicate to you any part of the diſagreeable ſenſations the ſight of ſo many of my fellow creatures in miſery has excited in my ſoul! But I ſhall dwell upon the ſubject no longer than will be neceſſary to inform you of the plain matter of fact. A letter from Barcelona procured us an order from the governor for ſeeing the docks and magazines of this port, one

one of the moſt conſiderable of the Spaniſh dominions.

This arſenal is a ſpacious ſquare, ſouth-weſt of the town, under the mountains; forty pieces of cannon defend its approach from the ſea; but on the land-ſide it is without defence. We only ſaw one ſeventy-gun ſhip on the ſtocks, and a rotten hulk heaved down to be repaired, which ſcarce ſeemed worth the time and expence beſtowed upon it. Mr. Turner, an Engliſhman, is the head builder. The timber for ſhip-building lies in ponds, behind a long range of magazines for ſtores, oppoſite which the men of war are moored in a wet dock, each before the door of its own magazine. We were told that every one of theſe ſtore-houſes contained all things requiſite for the complete equipment of a ſhip of war; but, from the ſlight ſurvey I took in walking through, I dare venture to affirm,

affirm, that there is not at preſent, in the whole yard, a ſufficient quantity of every article to fit out a frigate. The new ropery, and the forges where they put freſh touch-holes into old cannon, are eſtabliſhed upon an extenſive plan, but there is little activity in either.

The government of this yard is now in the hands of the officers of the navy, having been lately taken out of thoſe of the civil intendants. Upon the whole, the making of theſe docks, and their actual management, have been, and ſtill are, conducted after the moſt prodigal manner; and either from the vaſt demands of the late expedition, or from neglect in the adminiſtrators, there is now ſo inconſiderable an aſſortment of arms and ſtores, that, were it not for its celebrity, it would ſcarce deſerve a minute's attention from a curious traveller. Yet the Spaniards are very jealous, and appear uneaſy when ſtrangers viſit

viſit it; perhaps from a conſciouſneſs of there being nothing in it. There was no perſuading them that we travelled merely for pleaſure, with no ſiniſter views.

The ſhips are heaved down in a dry dock, which, by reaſon of the back water, and the ſprings that ooze through the marſhy ſoil, would never be clear of water, were it not for ſeveral fire-engines continually going, and for the great pump, which is plied without intermiſſion by Spaniſh criminals and Barbary ſlaves. Of the former they have eight hundred; of the latter ſix hundred: moſt of theſe wretches are kept at it ſixteen hours out of the twenty-four, by four hours at a time; ſome work only twelve, and moſt of the Moors only eight hours. It is the hardeſt labour in the world: ten men are ſet to each pump, to the amount of above an hundred, in the room above ground, and as many in a kind of dungeon below. In ſummer-time

ſcarce

ſcarce a day paſſes without ſome of them dropping down dead at their work; and even at this cool ſeaſon of the year, we have met every day ſome of them carrying to the hoſpital. The deſpair that ſeizes them is ſo outrageous, that if they can get within reach of a weapon, there are many inſtances of their having plunged it into their own breaſt, or that of ſome perſon near them, which anſwers the ſame purpoſe, a ſpeedy deliverance from all their woes by death. As we were looking at them, a dirty little keeper ſtruck a fine tall Moor over the head, for leaving his pump to beg of us. The Muſſulman darted a look of indignation at his tyrant, and reſumed his taſk, without ſaying a word, or ſhrinking from the blow.

On our leaving this houſe of ſorrow, we met ſeveral ſtrings of galley-ſlaves, going to relieve thoſe at work, or to fetch their

proviſions.

proviſions. The Moors had an M on the ſackcloth that covers them, and the whole gang were lively pictures of malady and deſpair. The king allows them a piſtreen a day, but I am afraid they are defrauded of their allowance; for we ſaw them making their dinner upon black bread, and horſe-beans boiled in ſalt-water. We are returned quite melancholy from this ſcene of woe. The only reflection that diminiſhes our compaſſion, is the atrociouſneſs of the crimes that have brought the Chriſtians to the chain; none are here that have not deſerved death in fifty ſhapes. One boy, of fifteen years old, is here for the murder of his father and mother; and either murder, ſacrilege, or ſome ſuch enormous and horrible offences, have been perpetrated by almoſt all thoſe condemned for life to this puniſhment. The ſeverity exerciſed over the Mooriſh captives, is not ſo eaſily reconciled to the principles of human-

ity, and the meek doctrine of Chriſtianity. Retaliation does not ſeem a ſufficient plea.

Since I wrote the foregoing part of my letter, we have been upon a more agreeable party, which has helped to diſſipate the gloomy impreſſions of the morning. The governor gave us leave to take a boat and row round the harbour. Some gentlemen of our acquaintance were ſo obliging as to accompany us, and explain the ſituation and intent of each particular place and fortification.

The port of Carthagena is the completeſt I ever ſaw, formed by the hand of Nature in the figure of a heart. The iſland of Eſcombrera blocks up the entrance, and ſhelters it from the violence of wind and waves. High, bare mountains riſe very ſteep, from the water-edge, on the eaſt and weſt. On the north, a narrow, low ridge of hills, on which the city ſtands, ſhuts out the view of the inland country. We

firſt

firſt rowed by the arſenal, and under the mountains on the right hand, the deepeſt and ſafeſt poſition in the whole bay, where a large fleet may lie in the utmoſt ſecurity, out of the ſight of all ſhips that may be at ſea, or even in the narrow part of the entrance of the harbour. There are at preſent two frigates and four chebecs in port. As we came along-ſide of the St. Joſeph, the commodore, ſhe fired a gun, which our ſteerſman informed us was the ſignal for weighing anchor and getting under ſail, orders being come from court for them to leave Carthagena this day. As we were deſirous of learning a little of the method and ſkill of the Spaniſh ſeamen, we deſired our maſter (who, from having been long employed in the ſervice of the Engliſh merchants, has contracted the habit of looking upon himſelf as an Engliſhman) to lie upon his oars and remain along-ſide, that we might have the pleaſure of ſeeing

the men of war move out. The old ſailor laughed heartily at our requeſt, and, after reminding us that we were not at Portſmouth, nor theſe ſhips Engliſh men of war, bade his men row away, as he was very certain none of the veſſels would be ready to depart for three days at leaſt, and that the gun was fired merely in compliance with the letter of the orders.

On our approach to the mouth of the harbour, we got out of the calm, ſtill water we had hitherto glided upon, and began to be toſſed about with great violence. The day grew cold, and the ſky looking lowering towards the ſea, we ſtruck directly acroſs the paſſage, in order to return to the town by the eaſt ſide of the bay. This entrance is much wider than I had any idea of; the forts on the rocks, on each promontory, ſeem to be too far diſtant from the middle to do any damage to an enemy that might think it neceſſary to puſh through; but

but without a ſkilful pilot, I doubt a ſtranger would pay dear for his temerity; for directly in the center of the haven, in a line between the mouth and the mole-gate, lies a ledge of rocks, only five feet under water, without any breakers, or rippling near it.

The eaſt ſide of this port is much ſhallower than the weſt ſide, and the anchorage is looſe and ſandy. Veſſels have been frequently forced from their anchors, and daſhed to pieces againſt the rocks, by the ſtorms from the ſouth-weſt. However, with good cables, I was aſſured there is no great danger to be apprehended. In any other part of the harbour, the waters are perfectly dormant, never ruffled by wind or tides. There is ſo little agitation in them, that, during the ſtay of the many hundreds of veſſels deſtined for the Algerine expedition, they became abſolutely putrid and infectious, from the filth thrown out of the ſhips. Juſt as we landed on the pitiful

platform called the mole, we had an opportunity of knowing the exact ſpot where the rocks lie. An Engliſh merchantman coming in at a great rate before the wind, but unfortunately without a pilot, ſtruck upon the ledge, and was not got off without ſome damage.

We are now going to the play, where we are not to expect any ſcenes, as it is a working-day; and the actors come out from behind a bit of red curtain hung acroſs the ſtage, and never move far from it, as a file of prompters are drawn up behind, whoſe ſhadows and motions are not unlike that kind of entertainment called *Italian ſhades*. Though there are three regiments here in garriſon, beſides engineers and naval officers, you can ſcarce imagine any thing ſo dull as this town. Except the wretched comedy, and the coffee-houſe, there is not the leaſt life or amuſement going forward. This city is large, but has very

very few good ſtreets, and ſtill fewer grand or remarkable buildings. The hoſpital is a large ſquare houſe, round two courts, three ſtories high towards the ſea, and only one towards the land: the architecture, and method of laying out the plan, are good; but the ſtone is of ſo ſoft and friable a contexture, that the ſea air has corroded it, and made it crumble away more than half: there is no probability of any care being taken to repair the injury.

Farther eaſt, at the foot of the ſummer-evening walk, is a ſmall church, erected in honour of St. James, the patron of Spain, who is piouſly believed to have landed here, when he came from Paleſtine to convert this country to Chriſtianity.

LETTER XVIII.

Carthagena, December 18, 1775.

I HAVE been buſy all the morning walking about the fields near the town, in ſearch of ſpecimens of the various plants, that produce the falſe and true barilla; but the ſeaſon of the year is unfavourable to my reſearches, and I have only been able to meet with two ſorts. Mr. James Macdonnel, a young gentleman lately ſettled in buſineſs here, has been ſo obliging as to furniſh me with ſome notes on that head, which contain the reſult of many obſervations made on theſe plants in their vegetable ſtate, and on the different modes of cultivating and preparing them for ſale. The following pages convey the ſubſtance of his memorandums.

There are four plants, which in the early part of their growth bear ſo ſtrong a reſemblance

ſemblance to each other, as would deceive any but the farmers, and very nice obſervers. Theſe four are, *barilla*, *gazul* (or, as ſome call it, *algazul*) *ſoza*, and *ſalicornia* or *ſalicor*. They are all burnt to aſhes, but are applied to different uſes, as being poſſeſſed of different qualities. Some of the roguiſh farmers mix more or leſs of the three laſt with the firſt; and it requires a complete knowledge of the colour, taſte, and ſmell of the aſhes, to be able to detect their knavery.

The firſt, Barilla, is ſown afreſh every year. The greateſt height it grows to above ground is four inches: each root puſhes out a vaſt number of little ſtalks, which again are ſubdivided into ſmaller ſprigs, reſembling ſamphire, and all together form a large, ſpreading, tufted buſh. The colour is bright green; as the plant advances towards maturity, this colour dies away, till it comes to a dull green tinged with brown.

The

The ſecond, Gazul, bears the greateſt affinity to barilla, both in quality and appearance; the principal difference conſiſts in its growing on a ſtill drier, ſalter earth, conſequently it is impregnated with a ſtronger ſalt. It does not riſe above two inches out of the ground, ſpreading out into little tufts. Its ſprigs are much flatter, and more pulpy, than thoſe of barilla, and are ſtill more like ſamphire. It is ſown but once in three, four, or five years, according to the ſoil.

The third, Soza, when of the ſame ſize, has the ſame appearance as gazul, but in time grows much larger, as its natural ſoil is a ſtrong ſalt-marſh; where it is to be found in large tufts of ſprigs, treble the ſize of barilla, and of a bright green colour, which it retains to the laſt.

The fourth, Salicor, has a ſtalk of a green colour, inclining to red, which laſt becomes by degrees the colour of the whole plant.

From

From the beginning it grows upright, and much reſembles a buſh of young roſemary. Its natural ſoil is that on the declivities of hills, near ſalt-marſhes, or on the edges of the ſmall drains or channels cut by the huſbandmen for the purpoſe of watering the fields: before it has acquired its full growth, it is very like the barilla of thoſe ſeaſons in which the ground has been dunged before ſowing. In thoſe years of manuring, barilla, contrary to its nature, comes up with a tinge of red; and when burnt, falls far ſhort of its wonted goodneſs, being bitter, more impregnated with ſalts than it ſhould be, emitting a diſagreeable ſcent if held near the noſe, and raiſing a bliſter if applied for a few minutes to the tongue. The other three ſpecies always have that effect. Barilla contains leſs ſalts than the others; when burnt, it runs into a maſs reſembling a ſpungy ſtone, with a faint caſt of blue.

Algazul, after burning, comes as near barilla

barilla in its outward appearance, as it does while growing in its vegetable form; but if broken, the inſide is of a much deeper and more gloſſy blue. Soza and ſalicor are darker, and almoſt black within, of a heavier conſiſtence, with very little or no ſign of ſpungineſs.

All theſe aſhes contain a ſtrong alkali; but barilla the beſt and pureſt, though not in the greateſt quantity. Upon this principle, it is the fitteſt for making glaſs, and bleaching linen; the others are uſed in making ſoap: each of them would whiten linen, but all, except barilla, would burn it. A good crop of barilla impoveriſhes the land to ſuch a degree, that it cannot bear good barilla a ſecond ſeaſon, being quite exhauſted. To avoid this inconvenience, the richer farmers lay manure upon the ground, and let it lie fallow for a ſeaſon; at the end of which, it is ſown afreſh without danger, as the weeds that have

ſprung

ſprung up in the year of reſt, have carried off all the pernicious effects of the dung. A proper ſucceſſion of crops is thus ſecured by manuring and fallowing different parts of the farm, each in its turn. The poorer tribe of cultivators cannot purſue the ſame method, for want of capital, and are therefore under the neceſſity of ſowing their lands immediately after manuring, which yields them a profit juſt ſufficient to afford a preſent ſcanty maintenance, though the quality and price of their barilla be but trifling.

The method uſed in making barilla, is the ſame as that we follow in the north of England, in burning kelp. The plant, as ſoon as ripe, is plucked up and laid in heaps, then ſet on fire; the ſalt juices run out below, into a hole made in the ground, where they conſolidate into a black vitrified lump, which is left about a fortnight to cool. An acre may give about a tun. I

was

was told, that there is a ſpecies of *Scarabæus*, or beetle, that burrows in the root of the barilla, and there depoſits its eggs, which foxes are ſo fond of as to dig up the plant to come at this favourite morſel. To gratify this appetite, they would in one night lay waſte a whole plantation, if the peaſants did not keep a ſtrict watch with guns to deſtroy or drive them away. Nevertheleſs, I cannot depend enough upon my information, to vouch for its authenticity.

Not far from Carthagena, is a place called Almazaron, where they gather a fine red earth called Almagra, uſed in the manufactures of Saint Ildephonſo, for poliſhing looking-glaſſes. In Seville, it is worked up with the tobacco, to give it a colour, fix its volatility, and communicate to it that ſoftneſs, which conſtitutes the principal merit of Spaniſh ſnuff.

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LETTER XIX.

Iſnallos, 7 at night, December 24, 1775.

WE are juſt arrived at this diſmal ruinous village of mud walls, after the hardeſt day's labour of our whole journey, benighted, our baggage-vehicle broken to pieces, and every bone about us aching. We have been fourteen hours on the road without unharneſſing the mules. I have walked many miles to-day, which has tired my legs; but at leaſt my ſpirits are leſs jaded than they would have been had I remained locked up in the chaiſe, through the dangerous paſſages and dreadful precipices of this day. I am happy to hear that from hence to Cadiz is almoſt all level road, and if it does not rain, not very bad; if there ſhould fall a great quantity of rain, I doubt we may come to ſtick in the clays of Andaluſia. Our cook is hard at work below

ſtairs, making us a diſh of ſomething warm to cheer our drooping hearts; with that help, a bottle of wine, and a tolerable clean room, we hope ſoon to drive away all remembrance of our diſtreſſes and fatigues.

On the 19th, we left Carthagena, and for two long days travelled up the plain, till the two ridges of mountains, that run on each ſide of it, unite at its head. The firſt part of this plain is very naked, but well cultivated; the laſt two-thirds are as complete a deſert as any in the ſands of Africa; not a buſh, tree, or houſe, to be ſeen in all the vaſt expanſe of level ground; the mountains are as bare as the low lands. The want of water, productive of a want of inhabitants, accounts for this prodigious deſolation; for the ſoil ſeems very fit for tillage. One of the days we dined at Lorca, a large town at the foot of the hills. I ſaw nothing in it to make a note of, but the dreſs of a gipſy, daughter to the innkeeper.

Her

Her hair was tied in a club, with a bunch of ſcarlet ribbons; large drops hung from her ears; and on her breaſt ſhe wore a load of relics and hallowed medals; the ſleeves of her gown were faſtened together behind by a long blue ribbon, that hung to the ground. I could not prevail upon her to explain the uſe of this laſt piece of ornament.

On the 21ſt, the ſcene changed, but did not improve upon us; the dry bed of a torrent was our highway for half the day, and ſteep barren mountains for the remainder. This proved the firſt day of diſagreeable weather we had met with on the road ſince we left France. It blew a perfect hurricane, and rained very heavily, with a ſharp biting wind.

The next morning brought us back ſunſhine and genial warmth; the road grew mountainous, and more diſguſtingly bare, except for a mile or two, while we paſſed

through an uneven country pretty well tilled, and planted with large bushy evergreen oaks, exactly in the manner of some of our English parks. We saw this day many vultures on wing, but they never came within reach of our guns. I can give you no information concerning the town of Baça, as we entered it after it was dark, and left it before break of day. It stands quite in a bottom, surrounded by high mountains over which we, next morning, found the passage both difficult and frightful. Not the least agreeable patch of country on the heights, except some poor remains of ancient forests of evergreen oaks. We dined at a venta near some mountains, where we were told of mines of gold having been wrought in days of yore, but now long lost and forgotten; the little brook that runs down from them abounds in many metallic particles, which appeared to the eye lead and copper. Much *gypsum*, or

or plaiſter-ſtone, is alſo to be found in this torrent.

Yeſterday afternoon, we had nothing but rapid aſcents and deſcents, rendered incredibly greaſy and fatiguing by the heavy rain of the foregoing night. Guadix, an epiſcopal ſee, is exactly ſituated in the ſame kind of gully as Baça; a narrow valley worn down by the river. The clay-hills, that encompaſs it on every ſide, are the moſt extraordinary in nature; they are very high, and waſhed into broken maſſes, reſembling ſpires, towers, and miſhapen rocks. Whole villages are dug in them, the windows of which appear like pigeon, or rather marten holes. The paſſage through is remarkably ſingular, winding for half a mile between two huge rugged walls of earth, without the leaſt mixture of rock or gravel.

The Cueſta yerma, which with the utmoſt difficulty we climbed up this morning, is perhaps not to be matched for badneſs on

any carriage-road in the world. All our mules yoked together were ſcarce able to wrench either of the carriages out of the narrow paſs between the rocks, or drag them up the almoſt perpendicular parts of this abominable mountain. After this happy deliverance from our well-grounded fears of paſſing the whole day, and perhaps night, in fruitleſs endeavours to extricate ourſelves, we travelled along a high level country, winding round the mountains of Granada. The wind was very loud, but the air warm and pleaſant, though the ſnow lay in view along the top of that high ridge of mountains called, from their covering of ſnow, *ſierra nevada.*

Thus, methinks, I have brought you very fairly as far as myſelf on our dreary journey; and have as yet a right to think, that neither the beauties of nature, nor thoſe of art, to be met with in this kingdom, can be deemed an equivalent for the tediouſneſs

of travelling, the badneſs of the roads, or the abominable accomodations of the inns; certain it is, that no man has as yet undertaken this tour a ſecond time for pleaſure; and, if my advice be liſtened to, no body will ever attempt it once.

Granada, December 25.

OUR baggage being put upon a cart this morning, we proceeded down a valley, and over ſome heath and foreſt land, till we came in view of the plain and city of Granada.—Beautiful beyond expreſſion even in its winter weeds, what muſt it be when decked out in all the gaudy colours of ſpring? You muſt not expect an account of it for ſome days, as I intend getting all poſſible intelligence, turning over all my books, and examining every place, before I venture to deſcribe this city, its palace, and environs.

LETTER XX.

THE Mooriſh kingdom of Granada conſiſted of thoſe parts of Spain that lie in the ſouth-eaſt corner of the peninſula, and at its moſt flouriſhing period never exceeded ſeventy leagues in length from eaſt to weſt, and twenty-five in breadth from north to ſouth. Its hiſtorians have laboured hard to prove, that it had ſeparate monarchs ſoon after the Mooriſh conqueſt of Spain; but it is more than probable that this country did not become a diſtinct ſovereignty, while the Caliphs of the Eaſt retained any authority in Europe. By degrees, the weakneſs of the other Mahometan potentates, who could afford no ſuccour againſt the common enemy; the coalition of the Chriſtian kingdoms under one or two powerful heads; and,

and, more than all, their own civil diſcords and deadly feuds, had, long before its final overthrow, reduced the kingdom of Granada to little more than the Alpuxaras mountains and the capital city.

The Granadine antiquaries, with Pedraza at their head, inſiſt that Granada was a colony of the Phœnicians, known to the Romans by the name of Illiberia. They allege, in ſupport of their ſyſtem, that the walls of the moſt ancient of its incloſures, which was afterwards called the Alcaçaba, are of a different ſort of maſonry from thoſe of the Romans and Saracens, and ſimilar to ſuch remains of antiquity as are univerſally acknowledged to be the work of the Phœnicians. The ſpot where this mode of building is moſt conſpicuous, is, the *Hetna-roman*, a tower where the ſtones are very long and narrow, laid regularly upon beds of cement of equal thickneſs with the ſtones. It is now of little conſequence to endeavour

to diſcover the founders of this city, and an analyſis of the volumes publiſhed on theſe chimerical topics, would but ill repay the time loſt in writing and reading ſuch a diſſertation.

Another argument, that has afforded much entertainment to many doctors profoundly ſkilled in etymologies, is, the meaning, date, and origin, of the name of Granada. Some writers make out the derivation by compounding the word *Nata*, which they ſet down as the name of Count Julian's daughter,* with the word *Gar*, a cave,

* It is the common opinion (though not ſufficiently warranted by authentic teſtimonies) that Rodrigo, laſt king of the Goths, raviſhed the daughter of Julian, governor of Africa. The father, enraged at ſuch an injury, made a treaty with the Saracens, whom he induced to croſs the Straits and invade Spain. Muſa, lieutenant of the Caliph Walid, ſent over Tarif with a ſmall force to try his ſtrength. There being great appearance of ſucceſs, Tarif received a conſiderable rein-

cave, where ſhe retired after the battle of Xeres: others will have it to come from the abundance of corn *(Grano)*: and ſome again from *Nata*, a goddeſs of the Aborigines: others, with an appearance of probability, aſcribe the origin of the name to the pleaſantneſs and fertility of its environs, a word very like it, in the Phœnician language, meaning *fruitful* and *agreeable*. The Romans expreſſed the ſame ſignification by the title of *municipium florentinum illiberitanum*. The Arabs called it *Roman*; the Jews *Rimmón*: and there are authors that derive it from *Granatum*, a pomegranate, brought from Africa, and firſt planted near

reinforcement, and attacked the Goths near Xeres de la frontera. The Goths were defeated, their king killed, and the Gothic empire annihilated in 712. Muſa, and his immediate ſucceſſors, completed the conqueſt of all Spain, except the mountains of Oviedo, where Pelayo afterwards formed a principality, the parent of all the other Spaniſh kingdoms.

this

this place. Many affirm it to be called ſo from the reſemblance its poſition bears to that fruit when ripe; the two hills to repreſent the burſting ſkin, and the houſes crowded into the intermediate valley, the pips. This is a very favourite opinion, and ſeems to be adopted by the nation, which gives a ſplit pomegranate for its arms, and places it upon every gate or ornamented poſt in the ſtreets and public walls.

Granada ſtands on two hills, at the foot of the *Sierra nevada*, where two ſmall rivers join their waters. One of them, the Dauro, ſometimes waſhes down gold; the other, the Xenil, virgin ſilver; but it was not poſſible for me to procure any ſpecimens of either, on account of the ſevere prohibition iſſued out by government againſt all ſearchers after mines and minerals. The ancient palace of the *Alhambra*, and the *Torre vermeja*, crown the double ſummit of the hill between the rivers; the other hill, north

of

of the Dauro, is covered with the *Albaycin* and *Alcaçaba*. The remainder of the city extends along the ſkirts of the plain in a ſemicircular form. The Vega, or plain, is eight leagues long, and four broad; a gentle ſlope of beautiful hillocks bound the horizon on all ſides, except that of the Sierra nevada, and to the north-weſt, where it is terminated by the bare top of the *Sierra Elvira*, or *Sierra de los infantes*. This mountain was ſo named from the death of the princes of Caſtille, Peter and John, who periſhed here, through exceſs of heat and thirſt, in a battle againſt the Moors, 1319.

The country about Granada was ſo alluring, the ſituation ſo ſtriking, and the ſalubrity of its air ſo univerſally celebrated, that the victorious Saracens ſoon were induced to turn their arms that way. It was taken by the forces of Tarif in 715, the ninety-fifth year of the Hegira.* As long

* The flight of Mahomet, which happened in the night between the 15th and 16th of July, in the year 622.

as

as Spain remained ſubject to the viceroys of the Caliphs of the family of the Ommiades, Granada does not appear to have undergone any great revolution, although now and then an ambitious governor might make an attempt towards independency. The firſt that brought this deſign to bear, and rendered the crown hereditary in his family, was Mehemed Alhamar, governor of Arjone, who began his reign in 1236.

Mehemed Alhamar.

1236. This firſt king became tributary to St. Ferdinand, king of Caſtille, and paid him one moiety of all his revenues, which half amounted to one hundred and ſeventy thouſand pieces of gold: he even aſſiſted that prince in his conqueſt of Seville.

1273. The ſecond king was his ſon Muley Mehemed Abdallah, who is ſaid to have begun the Alhambra.

1302. 3. *Mehemed Abenalhamar* the blind, ſon

ſon to Muley, was dethroned and murdered by his brother. Mehemed had a great paſſion for building; one of the magnificient monuments he left for the admiration of poſterity was the great moſque included in the Alhambra. The form was moſt elegant, the inſide moſaic, adorned with ingenious devices in ſculpture, ſupported upon lofty pillars with ſilver baſes and capitals. He endowed this pious foundation with revenues ariſing from the baths which he had built oppoſite to it, out of the tribute paid by the Chriſtians and Jews. He alſo purchaſed lands, and let them out for the benefit of this moſque.

1310. *Nazer aba algueiuſh* murdered his brother, and was himſelf driven into baniſhment by his ſiſter's ſon.

1315. *Iſmael ben pharagi abulgualid*, who was murdered by the alcayde of Algeziras,

geziras, from whom he had forcibly taken a very beautiful female captive.

1326. *Mehemed Abuabdallah*, his ſon, ſucceeded. This prince was murdered by his own ſervants *, and ſucceeded by his ſon.

1333. *Juſaf Abuhagiagi.* In 1340, this king, and Abi Haſſan, king of Morocco, were defeated in the famous battle of Salado, by Alphonſus the eleventh. From that day Granada declined in power, and gradually

* In a ſally which the Chriſtians made during the ſiege of Baeca, this king of Granada hurled a lance enriched with precious ſtones, at a Spaniſh ſoldier: who finding himſelf grievouſly wounded, limped away towards the town with the weapon fixed in his body. The Moors ruſhed forwards to recover the lance, but Mehemed forbade them to moleſt the poor wretch, and ſuffered him to carry away the ſpear to pay for his cure.

dwindled away. The uninterrupted ſeries of evil fortune that attended this unhappy prince, at length drew upon him the univerſal hatred of his ſubjects, one of whom ſtabbed him in the ſtreet.

1354. His ſucceſſor was *Mehemed Lago*, a younger brother of Pheragi. He was dethroned by his couſin,

Mehemed Iſmael ben Alhamar. Don Pedro, king of Caſtille, having always been intimately connected with Lago, eſpouſed the cauſe of that exiled prince with great warmth, and made ſeveral attempts to reinſtate him. Ben Alhamar, diffident of his own ſtrength, and preſſed to it by the entreaties of his counſellors, thought it ſafeſt to ſubmit, and purchaſe the friendſhip of Pedro at any rate. With this view, he demanded a ſafe conduct, and went to the court of Seville, where

where he threw himſelf at the feet of the Spaniſh monarch, with the immenſe treaſures he had brought with him as preſents. That king received him with all apparent reſpect and cordiality for a few days, but then he ordered him, and thirty of his moſt noble attendants, to be led round the city upon aſſes, and afterwards to be brought to the field of the Tablada, where, if any credit is to be given to the Spaniſh hiſtorians, Don Pedro himſelf ran the unfortunate Mehemed through with a lance. His death being made known at Granada, Lago reſumed the reins of government without oppoſition, and died quietly in 1379.

1379. His ſon, Mehemed Abouhadjad, was one of the beſt kings that ever reigned in Granada. He preferred the ſolid advantages of peace to all the

the brilliancy of military glory. Under his wife adminiſtration, the kingdom gradually recovered its vigour; commerce and huſbandry gave ſpirit and alacrity to every part of the realm, and ſpread abundance over the face of the land. His attention to the more important objects of government, did not prevent his ſhewing himſelf an earneſt promoter and protector of the fine arts. The cities of Granada and Guadix were embelliſhed with many noble ſtructures during his reign. His affection for the latter was ſo conſpicuous, that he was ſurnamed by his people, Mehemed of Guadix. He had the addreſs to maintain peace with the Caſtillians, and at his death left a flouriſhing, peaceful ſucceſſion to his ſon.

1392. Juzaf Abiabdallah, who was de-

ſtroyed by means of an envenomed ſhirt, ſent as a preſent by the Sultan of Fez.

1396. Mehemed Balba, ſecond ſon to Juzaf, ſeized upon the crown in prejudice of his elder brother, and paſſed his life in one continual round of diſaſters. His wars with Caſtille were invariably unſucceſsful. His death was alſo cauſed by a poiſoned veſt. As ſoon as he found his caſe deſperate, he diſpatched an officer to the fort of Salobrena, to kill his brother Juzaf, leſt that prince's party ſhould form any obſtacle to his ſon's ſucceeding to the crown. The Alcayde found the prince playing at cheſs with an Alfaqui or prieſt. Juzaf begged hard for two hours reſpite, which was denied him; at laſt, with great reluctance, the officer permitted him to finiſh the game. Before it

was

was ended, a meſſenger arrived with the news of the death of Mehemed, and of the unanimous election of Juzaf to the crown.

1408. Juzaf Abul Haxex. The moſt unwearied importunity, and abject ſubmiſſion, were unable to procure him a peace with the Chriſtians. The regent of Caſtille, D. Ferdinand, being inflexibly bent upon expelling the whole Saracen race out of our continent. At length, Ferdinand was elected king of Aragon, and finding ſufficient employment with the affairs of his new kingdom, gave up all thoughts of his Mooriſh conqueſts and liſtened to the propoſals of the king of Granada. A truce was agreed upon, and afterwards a peace concluded, which afforded Juzaf an opportunity of repairing his loſſes. He wound up the end of his days in

tranquillity, and employed them ſolely in gaining the affections of his people, by a ſteady purſuit of a moſt equitable plan of adminiſtration. From the time Juzaf became poſſeſſed of the royal dignity, he was never known to ſhew the leaſt ſign of reſentment againſt the grandees that had aſſiſted his brother in depriving him of his birth-right and liberty: nay more, he conferred great honours and favours upon many of them, and gave them poſts of truſt in various capacities. Some of his own party found fault with his lenity, and endeavoured to work him up to the deſtruction of thoſe noblemen; but Juzaf always made anſwer, Would you have me, by my cruelty, furniſh them with an excuſe for having preferred my brother to me? He educated the ſons of Mehemed in his palace,

palace, and treated them in every reſpect like his own children.

1423. His eldeſt ſon, Mehemed Elazari, or the left-handed, ſucceeded. He was more remarkable for the ſtrange viciſſitudes of his fortune, than for any thing great of his own atchieving: his tyranny and negligence encouraged his couſin-german,

1427. Mehemed El Zugair, or the leſſer, to take up arms againſt him, and drive him out of the kingdom. Two years after Elazari, with the aſſiſtance of the kings of Caſtille and Tunis, retook Granada, and made El Zugair priſoner, whom he put to death in the moſt cruel and ignominious manner that could be deviſed.

1429. Elazari being thus reſtored to his throne, was far from altering his method of proceeding; in conſequence of which, after many defeats in a

bloody war againſt the Chriſtians. he was a ſecond time dethroned, and the grandſon of that Mehemed who was killed at Seville, raiſed up in his ſtead.

1432. Juzaf aben Almaoalnayar gave great hopes of his proving a juſt and wiſe monarch; but his death, which happened in the ſixth month of his reign, put an end to all his projects, and Mehemed Elazari, was once more proclaimed king. The people of Granada were now become ſo well accuſtomed to a frequent change of maſters, and ſo very prone to novelty, that it was no longer poſſible for any prince to remain firm in the royal ſeat for any length of time. Accordingly Elazari, that perpetual butt of fortune, was for the third and laſt time deprived of his ſceptre, and ſhut up in a cloſe priſon by his nephew,

1445.

1445. Mehemed ben Oſmin, ſurnamed the Tame. In the beginning of his reign, he waged war againſt the Chriſtians with great ſucceſs; but, in the year 1452, his good fortune abandoned him, and he met with nothing ever after but croſſes and diſappointments. The king of Caſtille ſpirited up againſt him a competitor for the crown, Iſmael, his couſin-german; who being admitted into the capital by a party he had previouſly ſecured, ſurpriſed Mehemed, and threw him into the ſame dungeon where their common uncle had already languiſhed eight years. Thus ended theſe two princes like puppets, which, after having been made to move upon the ſtage the time allotted for repreſentation, are thrown by in a lumber room, and never thought of more.

1453. Iſmael thus found himſelf in the peaceable poſſeſſion of a crown, which had been ſo often ſhifted from head to head, and ſo mutilated and curtailed during a long ſeries of misfortunes, that any ſagacious obſerver might ſafely pronounce the period of its final diſſolution to be near at hand. The Chriſtians had ſo long laid waſte with fire and ſword the rich plain of Granada, that Iſmael found that ſource of plenty almoſt irretrievably loſt. To make up in ſome degree for this deficiency, he ordered a large tract of foreſt to be cleared, and the mountainous lands behind Granada to be levelled, and converted into arable and garden grounds. Earth was even brought from the Vega, to render the hills more fruitful. Great ſupplies of water were conveyed from the Dauro, by means of aqueducts and conduits,

to

to water thoſe eminences naturally barren and parched up by the ſun. Theſe improvements were the ſupport of the Granadines, after their implacable enemies had not only burnt their crops in the plains, but even deſtroyed their farms, cut down their fruit trees, rooted up their vines, and changed one of the moſt delightful ſpots on earth into a mere naked deſart. Upon engaging to pay an annual tribute of twelve thouſand ducats, and to deliver every year ſix hundred Chriſtian captives, or, in caſe of there being none to releaſe, an equal number of Moors (an almoſt incredible condition, which more than any thing evinces the miſerable ſtate of this kingdom), the Moors at laſt obtained a peace, or rather truce, which even did not extend to that part of the kingdom that is near Jaen.

1475.

1475. Muley Mehemed Abilhaſſan ſucceeded his father Iſmael, and was ſo imprudent as to engage in a war with Caſtille, which ended only with the ruin of the Muſſulman empire in Spain. The firſt important conqueſt of the Spaniards was Alhama, a town famous for its magnificent baths, whither the Mooriſh princes were wont frequently to retire for their health and diverſion.

In 1484, Abilhaſſan having put away his wife Ayxa, and taken to his bed Fatima, a Grecian ſlave, ſurnamed for her beauty *Zoraya*, or the morning-ſtar, the diſgraced Sultana made her eſcape from the Alhambra, and raiſed a rebellion in favour of her ſon Abouabdoulah. The old king was forced to fly for refuge to Malaga, to his brother El Zagal, who ſoon after gained great glory by a victory he obtained over the grand maſter of St. Jago. About the ſame time, the

the young king was routed and taken priſoner by the Caſtillians at Lucena, being the firſt Arabian prince led into captivity by the Chriſtians. Haſſan was reſtored; but Ferdinand of Aragon, huſband to Iſabella of Caſtille, ſet the ſon at liberty, with a view of fomenting their civil diſſentions, and thereby facilitating the conqueſt of their kingdom. El Zagal ſoon quarrelled with the old king, and drove him into exile, where he died ſoon after, in miſery and deſpair.

Abouabdoulah, or the young king, was the lawful monarch; but his uncle, who had already deſtroyed one rival, endeavoured to put the other alſo out of the way by aſſaſſination. The plot was diſcovered, the nephew's party prevailed, and El Zagal, rather than ſubmit to his own relation, from whom he had no right to expect mercy, went over, and delivered up all his poſſeſſions to Ferdinand. The Spaniſh monarch immediately

mediately ſummoned Abouabdoulah to fulfil the conditions of the treaty, upon which he had obtained his liberty. Theſe were, to deliver up Granada, as ſoon as Almeria, Guadix, and Baca, ſhould be in the hands of the Spaniards. This contingency was now come to paſs. It was not natural to ſuppoſe the Moor would ſubmit tamely to his utter ruin; therefore Ferdinand, who had foreſeen his refuſal, laid ſiege to Granada. After nine months blockade, for the completing of which he built a new town, called Santa Fé, he obliged the Mooriſh king to ſurrender. Ferdinand and Iſabel made their triumphant entry on the 2d of January 1492. Abouabdoulah, in his way to Purchena, the place appointed for his reſidence, ſtopped on the hill of Padul, to take a laſt farewell look of his beloved Granada. The ſight of his city and palace, to which he was then about to bid an eternal adieu, overcame his reſolution: he burſt into a flood of tears,

and, in the anguiſh of his ſoul, broke out into the moſt bitter exclamations againſt the hardneſs of his fate. The Sultaneſs Ayxa, his mother, upbraided him for his weakneſs, in the following terms: "Thou doſt well to weep, like a woman, over the loſs of that kingdom, which thou kneweſt not how to defend, and die for, like a man."

This prince was the laſt Moor that reigned in Spain, where their empire had ſubſiſted ſeven hundred and eighty-two years.

Such Mooriſh families as remained in Granada, after the diſſolution of the monarchy, were continually moleſted by zealous prieſts and bigotted princes. Every article of the capitulation was in its turn eluded, or openly violated, and the Moors reduced to the alternative of renouncing the religion of their anceſtors, or of abandoning their native country. The Spaniſh clergy, not at all ſatisfied with the outward ſhew of converſion in thoſe that had embraced the Chriſtian

Chriſtian religion, were eager to diſcern the ſincere from the hypocrite, and therefore ſet ſpies over them, encouraged all accuſations, and cavilled with every part of their dreſs and behaviour. Thus harraſſed, and urged to the very brink of deſpair, the Moriſcos, as they were then called, formed a grand conſpiracy, which broke out on Chriſtmas night, in the year 1568. Having placed at their head a young man, deſcended from their ancient princes, by name Ferdinand de Valar, which he changed to Mehemed Aben Humeya, they roſe in arms in moſt parts of the kingdom of Granada. The revolt began by wreaking the moſt bloody vengeance on all Chriſtians, eſpecially prieſts, that fell into their hands. Notwithſtanding conſiderable forces were ſent againſt them, and many furious battles fought between the Spaniards and the inſurgents, generally to the diſadvantage of the latter, the rebellion continued in great vigour near two years.

Aben

Aben Humeya, having betrayed an inclination to capitulate, was murdered by his own officers, and a deſperate captain, called Abenaboo, elected in his ſtead. This ſhadow of royalty ſoon paſſed away, and met with the fate of his predeceſſor. After his aſſaſſination, the Moriſcos ſubmitted, and were diſperſed all over Spain, the rabble of the two Caſtilles being ſent to occupy their lands.

In the year 1610, Philip the Third iſſued out an edict, commanding every perſon of Mooriſh extraction, without exception, to retire out of Spain: which rigorous and extraordinary order was to all appearance punctually obeyed: yet ſo late as the year 1726, the inquiſition ferreted out, and drove into baniſhment, ſome conſiderable remnants of that unfortunate race.

LETTER XXI.

DRYDEN has built the ground-work of his play, of *The conqueſt of Granada*, upon circumſtances taken out of a romantic *hiſtory of the diſſentions between the Zegris and the Abencerrages, noble Moors of Granada*, by Giles Perez. The Spaniſh ballad, tranſlated in Dr. Percy's relics of ancient poetry, is drawn from the ſame ſource. As Perez is an author read by all ranks of people in this country, his dreams are generally received as undoubted facts, conſecrated by tradition; and moſt of the tales repeated by the keepers of the palace, &c. have been learnt in his book. Indeed * Medina Conde,

* Conde, in order to favour the pretenſions of the church in a great lawſuit, forged deeds and inſcriptions, which he buried in the ground where he knew they would ſhortly

de, author of the *Paſſeos de Granada*, pretends to have found an Arabic manuſcript account of theſe times, which corroborates the teſtimony of Peres: but theſe writers are ſuch notorious impoſtors, that little credit can be given to any thing they advance:

ſhortly be dug up again. Upon their being found, he publiſhed engravings of them, and gave explanations of their unknown characters, making them out to be ſo many authentic proofs and evidences of the aſſertions of the clergy. His impoſture was detected, and he now lies in priſon, without much hope of ever recovering his liberty. I am told he is a moſt learned, ingenious man, profoundly ſkilled in the antiquities of his country. The Morocco ambaſſador, in his way through Granada, purchaſed of this man a copper bracelet of Fatima, which Medina proved by the Arabic inſcription, and many certificates, to be genuine, and found among the ruins of part of the Alhambra, with other treaſures of the laſt king, who had hid them there, in hopes of better days. This famous bracelet turned out afterwards to be the work of Medina's own hands, and made out of an old braſs candleſtick.

however, there muſt undoubtedly be ſome foundation for theſe anecdotes, and a previous knowledge of them is rather neceſſary for the perfect underſtanding of the deſcription of the Alhambra; I ſhall therefore preſume ſo far upon your patience, as to ſketch you out an abſtract of the latter part of this hiſtory.

In the days of Boabdil or Abouabdoulah, the laſt king of Granada, the Alabeces, Abencerrages, Zegris, and Gomeles, were the moſt powerful families in that city; they filled moſt of the great employments about court, and ſcarce a brilliant atchievement in war was heard of, that was not performed by the arm of ſome knight of theſe four houſes. High above the reſt towered the Abencerrages, unequalled in gallantry, magnificence, and chivalry. None among the Abencerrages more accompliſhed, more diſtinguiſhed, than Albin Hamet, who for his great wiſdom and valour ſtood deſervedly

ſervedly foremoſt in the liſt of the king's favourites. His power roſe to ſuch a pitch, that it excited the moſt violent envy in the breaſt of the Zegris and Gomeles, who determined to pull him down from this poſt of ſuperior eminence. After concerting many ſchemes for his deſtruction, none appeared to them more effectual than one propoſed by a conſummate villain of the Zegri family. He ſeized an opportunity of being alone with the king, whoſe character was as yet frank and unſuſpicious: aſſuming an air of extreme anguiſh of mind, he obſerved to the prince how very weak his conduct appeared to all wiſe men, by repoſing ſuch unbounded confidence in, and truſting his perſon with, ſuch traitors as the Abencerrages, who were well known to be laying a ſcheme for a general revolt, thereby to deprive Abouabdoulah of his life and crown. Nay more, he, and three men of honour, had ſeen the queen in wanton dalliance

with Albin Hamet Abencerrage, behind the lofty cypreſſes in the gardens of the Generaliph, from whence Hamet had returned inſolently crowned with a garland of roſes. Theſe calumnies rouſed all the furies of jealouſy in the breaſt of the credulous monarch, and the deſtruction of the whole lineage of Abencerrage was planned in the bloody junto. The principal men of the devoted family were, under ſome pretence or other, ſummoned one by one to attend the king in the court of lions. No ſooner was each unhappy victim admitted within the walls, than he was ſeized by the Zegris, led to a large alabaſter baſon in one of the adjoining halls, and there beheaded. Thirty-ſix of the nobleſt of the race had already periſhed, before the treachery was diſcovered. A page belonging to one of thoſe noblemen having found means to follow his maſter in, and to get out again unſeen, divulged the ſecret of this bloody tranſaction. The

treaſon

treaſon once known, all Granada was in an inſtant up in arms, and many deſperate combats enſued, which, by the great havock made amongſt the moſt valiant of its chieftains, brought the ſtate to the very brink of ruin. Theſe tumults being appeaſed by the wiſdom of Muſa, a baſtard brother of the king, a grand council was held, in which Abouabdoulah declared his reaſons for the puniſhment inflicted on the Abencerrages; *viz.* their conſpiracy, and the adultery of the queen. He then ſolemnly pronounced her ſentence, which was, to be burnt alive, if within thirty days ſhe did not produce four knights to defend her cauſe againſt the four accuſers. The queen's relations were upon the point of drawing their ſcimitars in the audience-chamber, and reſcuing her from the danger that threatened her; but their fury was checked by the eloquence of Muſa, who obſerved to them, they might by violence ſave the life of the Sultana, but

by no means clear her reputation in the eyes of the world; which would certainly look upon that cauſe as unjuſt, which refuſed to ſubmit to the cuſtomary trial. The queen was immediately ſhut up in the tower of Comares. Many Granadine warriors were ambitious of having the honour of expoſing their lives in her quarrel, but none were ſo happy as to prove the object of her choice. She had conceived ſo high an idea of the Chriſtians, from the valour ſhe had ſeen them diſplay in a great tournament lately held at Granada, and the treachery of the Zegris had impreſſed her with ſo deſpicable an opinion of Mooriſh honour, that ſhe was determined to reſt her defence upon the gallantry of the Spaniſh knights. In hopes of rouſing their noble ſpirit to action, ſhe diſpatched a truſty meſſenger with a letter to Don Juan de Chacon, lord of Carthagena, entreating him to eſpouſe her cauſe, and, like a true knight, bring

bring with him three brave warriors to ſtand her friends on the day appointed. Chacon returned for anſwer, that he ſet too high a price upon that honour, not to be punctual to the hour of trial. The fatal day arrived, and all Granada was buried in the deepeſt affliction, to find that their beloved queen had been ſo remiſs as not to have named one of her defenders. Muſa, Azarque, and Almoradi, the judges of the combat, preſſed her, in vain, to accept of their ſwords, or thoſe of ſeveral other warriors willing to aſſert the juſtneſs of her cauſe. The Sultana, relying on the Spaniſh faith, perſiſted in her refuſal: upon which the judges conducted her down from the Alhambra, to a ſcaffold in the great ſquare hung with black, where they ſeated themſelves on one ſide. At the ſight of this beauty in diſtreſs, the whole place reſounded with loud cries and lamentations; and it was with difficulty that the ſpectators could

be reſtrained from attacking her enemies, and reſcuing her by main force. Scarce were the judges ſeated, when twenty trumpets announced the approach of the four accuſers, who advanced armed cap-à-piè, mounted on the fineſt courſers of Andaluſia. Over their armour they wore looſe veſts, with plumes and ſaſhes of a tawny colour. On their ſhields were painted two bloody ſwords, and theſe words: *For the truth we draw them.* — All their kinſmen and adherents accompanied them to their poſt within the liſts. In vain did the crowd caſt a longing eye towards the gate through which the champions of injured innocence were to enter; none appeared from eight in the morning to two in the afternoon. The Sultana's courage began to fail her; and, when four valiant Moors preſented themſelves, to ſue for the honour of drawing their ſwords to vindicate her innocence, ſhe promiſed to truſt her life in their hands, if within two hours

hours the perſons ſhe expected ſhould not appear. At that inſtant a great noiſe was heard, and four Turkiſh horſemen came prancing into the ſquare. One of them addreſſed the judges, requeſting the favour of ſpeaking to the Queen; which being granted, he knelt down and told her aloud, that he and his companions were Turks, come to Spain with the deſign of trying their ſtrength againſt the heroes of Ferdinand's army; but that, hearing of this ſolemn trial, they had changed their reſolution, and were now arrived at Granada, to devote their firſt eſſay of arms in Spain to her ſervice, and hoped ſhe would approve of them for her champions. As he ſpoke, he let drop into her lap the letter ſhe had written to Don Juan; by the ſight of which ſhe diſcovered this feigned Turk to be no other than the lord of Carthagena, who had brought with him, as companions in this dangerous conflict, the duke of Arcos, Don Alonzo

de

de Aguilar, and Don Ferdinand de Cordova. The Queen accepted of their propoſal; and the judges having ſolemnly declared her choice, gave orders for the charge to ſound. The onſet was fierce, and the fight long doubtful. At length Don Juan overthrew Mahandin Gomel, and the duke ſlew Alihamet Zegri; Mahandon Gomel fell by the ſword of Aguilar, and the laſt of all, the arch-traitor Mahomed Zegri, diſabled by repeated wounds, and fainting with loſs of blood, ſunk at the feet of Don Ferdinand; who ſetting his knee on the infidel's breaſt, and holding his dagger to his throat, ſummoned him to confeſs the truth, or die that inſtant. "Thou need'ſt not add another wound," ſaid Mahomed, "for the laſt will prove ſufficient to rid the world of ſuch a monſter. Know then, that to revenge myſelf of the Abencerrages, I invented the lye that cauſed their deſtruction, and the perſecution of the Sultana; whom I here declare

clare free from all ſtain or reproach whatſoever, and with my dying breath implore her forgiveneſs." The judges came down to receive this depoſition of the expiring Zegri, and it was afterwards announced to the people, who expreſſed their joy by the loudeſt acclamations. The day ended in feſtivity and rejoicing. The Queen was eſcorted back in triumph to the palace, where the penitent Abouabdoulah fell at her feet, and with floods of tears endeavoured to atone for his crime, but to no purpoſe; for the Queen remained inflexible, and, retiring to the houſe of her neareſt of kin, refuſed to have any further intercourſe with him. The four knights left Granada, without diſcovering themſelves to any other perſon; and ſoon after, the numerous friends and adherents of the Abencerrages abandoned the city, and, by their receſſion into Caſtille or Africa, left Abouabdoulah deſtitute of able officers, and entirely

entirely at the mercy of his enemies, who in the courſe of a few months deprived him of his kingdom.

LETTER XXII.

WE have got acquainted with a very converſable old Spaniſh officer, of a great family and ſtill greater appetite. He has very freely imparted to us all he knows about the preſent as well as ancient ſtate of this province, and the compariſons he makes between them often draw a ſigh from us all three. His nephew is poſſeſſed of large lordſhips and eſtates in the neighbourhood; which has afforded him many opportunities of coming at good information on a ſubject we are very deſirous of inveſtigating, I mean, whether there exiſt any remains of Mooriſh families in this country, and what is the tradition concerning

cerning the manners and cuſtoms of that people before their expulſion.

Granada, while governed by its own kings, the laſt years excepted, ſeems to have enjoyed greater affluence and proſperity than ever it has done ſince it became a province of Spain. Before the conqueſt, it was one of the moſt compact, well-peopled, opulent kingdoms in the world. Its agriculture was brought to great perfection, its revenues and circulation were immenſe; the public works carried on with great magnificence, and its population not to be credited by any perſon that ſees it in its preſent condition. Nothing but the numerous ruins ſcattered over its hills can induce one to believe, that thoſe bleak, barren waſtes, which make up more than two-thirds of the province, were formerly covered with luxuriant plantations of fruit-trees, abundant harveſts, or noble foreſts. Each Moor had his allotment of as much ground as ſufficed for his habitation, the maintenance of

of his family, and the provender of his horſe, which every man was obliged to keep. Theſe ſmall freeholds formed the general appearance of the country, before the inceſſant inroads and ravages of the Chriſtians had driven the Moors to cities, mountains of difficult acceſs, or quite away to the coaſt of Barbary. The ſingle city of Granada contained eighty thouſand families, and frequently ſent out armies of thirty thouſand foot, and ten thouſand horſe. An Arabian author ſays, that the kings had a conſtant ſtock of an hundred thouſand horſes for their own uſe, and for mounting their cavalry in time of war, and more than once had muſtered two hundred thouſand ſoldiers in actual pay, for the purpoſe of making war upon the Caſtillians.

A great deal of ſilk was produced in the plain, and the hills behind the city afforded corn enough for its conſumption. The rich mines of the mountains were opened, and, though not wrought with any thing like the

ſkill

ſkill of modern miners, yielded ſuch a quantity of gold and ſilver, that both metals were more common in Granada than in any country in Europe. I cannot give you a more diſtinct idea of this people, than by a tranſlation of a paſſage in an Arabic manuſcript, in the library of the Eſcurial, intitled, "The Hiſtory of Granada, by Abi Abda-"lah ben Alkalhibi Abſaneni," written in the year of the Hegira 778, which anſwers to the year of Chriſt 1378; Mahomet Lago being then for the ſecond time king of Granada.

It begins by a deſcription of the city and its environs, nearly in the following terms:

"The city of Granada is ſurrounded "with moſt ſpacious gardens, where the "trees are ſet ſo thick as to reſemble hedges, "yet not ſo as to obſtruct the view of the "beautiful towers of the Alhambra, which "glitter like ſo many bright ſtars over the "green foreſts. The plain, ſtretching far "and wide, produces ſuch quantities of

"grain

" grain and vegetables, that no revenues,
" but thoſe of the firſt families in the king-
" dom, are equal to their annual produce.
" Each garden is calculated to bring in a
" neat income of five hundred pieces of
" gold (aurei *) out of which it pays thirty
" minæ * to the king. Beyond theſe gar-
" dens lie fields of various culture, at all
" ſeaſons of the year clad with the richeſt
" verdure, and loaded with ſome valuable
" vegetable production or other; by this
" method a perpetual ſucceſſion of crops is
" ſecured, and a great annual rent is pro-
" duced, which is ſaid to amount to twenty
" thouſand aurei. Adjoining, you may ſee
" the ſumptuous farms belonging to the
" royal demeſnes, wonderfully agreeable to
" the beholder, from the large quantity of
" plantations of trees, and the variety of

* I was not able to obtain from the interpreters of Arabic, any ſatisfactory account of the real value of theſe Granada coins, therefore have left them as I found them in Caſiri's Latin tranſlation.

" the plants. Theſe eſtates occupy an extent
" of twenty miles ſquare; for the purpoſe
" of taking care of and working them, are
" kept numbers of able-bodied huſbandmen
" and choice beaſts, both of draught and
" burden. In moſt of them are caſtles,
" mills, and moſques. Great muſt be the
" profit upon theſe royal farms, ariſing from
" conſummate ſkill in huſbandry, aſſiſted
" by the fertility of the ſoil, and the tem-
" perature of the air. Many towns, re-
" markable for the number of their inhabi-
" tants, and the excellence of their produc-
" tions, lie diſperſed round the boundaries
" of theſe crown lands. The plain contains
" alſo large tracts of meadow and paſture,
" villages and hamlets full of people, country-
" houſes and ſmall dwellings belonging to
" one perſon, or to two or three copartners.
" I have heard the names of above three
" hundred hamlets in the environs of Gra-
" nada: within ſight of the city walls may

" be reckoned fifty colleges and places of " worſhip, and above three hundred water- " mills."

He next proceeds to the character of the inhabitants.

" The Granadians are orthodox in religi- " on, of the ſect of the Molekites. They pay " implicit obedience to the mandates of their " princes; are patient of labour, and above " meaſure liberal: in perſon comely; of a " middle ſtature, with ſmall noſes, clear " complexions, and black hair: elegant in " their language, but rather prolix in diſ- " courſe: indiſſerting and diſputing, haugh- " ty and obſtinate. The greater number of " their families derive their origin from " houſes of Barbary. Their dreſs is ſtriped " Perſian or Turkiſh robes of the higheſt " prices, either fine woollens, linens, ſilks, " or cottons. In winter they wear the *Al-* " *bornos*, or African cloak; in ſummer a " looſe white wrapper. The ſoldiers of " Spaniſh

" Spaniſh extraction uſe in war a ſhort coat
" of mail, light helmet, Arabian horſe-fur-
" niture, a leathern buckler; and ſlender
" ſpear. Thoſe born in Africa bear very
" long ſtaves, which they call *Amras*, i.
" e. rope-ends. Their dwellings are but
" ſlightly built. It is very curious to aſſiſt at
" the diverſions of their feſtivals: for then
" the young people aſſemble in ſets at the
" dancing-houſes, and ſing all manner of li-
" centious ballads. The citizens of Granada
" eat the very beſt of wheaten bread, through-
" out the year; the poorer ſort, and labour-
" ers, are ſometimes, in winter time, obliged
" to put up with barley-bread, which, how-
" ever, is excellent in its kind. They have
" every ſort of fruit in abundance, eſpecially
" grapes, of which the quantity eaten is in-
" credible. The vineyards in the neighbour-
" hood bring in fourteen thouſand aurei. Im-
" menſe are the hoards of all ſpecies of dried
" fruits, ſuch as figs, raiſins, plums, &c.

" They have alſo the ſecret of preſerving " grapes ſound and juicy from one ſeaſon to " another.

" Both their gold and ſilver coin is good, " and near to purity.

" Many are the amuſements and recre- " ations of the citizens, when they retire in " autumn to their pretty villas in the ſub- " urbs. They are paſſionately fond of deck- " ing themſelves out with gems, and orna- " ments of gold and precious ſtones.

" The women are handſome, but of a " ſtature rather below the middle ſize, ſo that " it is rare to meet with a tall one among " them: they are very delicate, and proud " of encouraging a prodigious length of " hair; their teeth white as the driven ſnow, " and their whole perſon kept perfectly " ſweet, by the abundant uſe of the moſt " exquiſite perfumes; light and airy in their " gait, of a ſprightly acute wit, and ſmart " in converſation. In this age, the vanity

" of

" of the ſex has carried the art of dreſſing " themſelves out with elegance, profuſion, " and magnificence, to ſuch an exceſs, that it " can no longer be ſimply called luxury, but " is become abſolute downright madneſs."

In Granada, no houſe was without its pipe of water, and in every ſtreet were copious fountains for the public convenience, and for religious ablutions. In ſhort, they neglected no art or invention that could contribute towards rendering their lives eaſy and voluptuous. I am afraid their urbanity and refinement helped to accelerate their ruin.

You have hitherto been ſhewn the brilliant ſide of the picture; alas! how different will you find it, when conſidered from another point of view, that of its preſent ſtate! The glories of Granada have paſſed away with its old inhabitants; its ſtreets are choaked with filth; its aqueducts crumbled to duſt; its woods deſtroyed; its territory depopulated; its trade loſt; in a word, every thing,

except the church and law, in a moſt deplorable ſituation.

At the time of the expulſion of the Moors, ſuch of them as were particularly ſkilled in the ſilk-manufactures, or in the art of conveying and diſtributing water to the grounds, were ſuffered to remain in the kingdom. Beſides theſe, ſome were lucky enough to find powerful protectors, who ſcreened them from ſharing the common fate of their brethren. So late as the year 1726, the inquiſition, with the ſanction of government, ſeized upon three hundred and ſixty families, accuſed of ſecret Mahometaniſm, and confiſcated all their effects, which have been eſtimated at twelve millions of crowns: an immenſe ſum, of which no account was ever given! The anceſtors of theſe people had at their baptiſm aſſumed the ſurnames of their godfathers, by which means they had the ſame appellations as many of the beſt families in Spain; a kind of relationſhip that

that was of great ſervice to them in their misfortune, and probably ſaved their lives from the fury of the holy office. They were diſperſed into diſtant parts of Spain, where, it is ſaid, that with ſo much experience and ſkill in commerce, they ſoon grew rich again, and no doubt acquired wiſdom enough to ſecure their ſecond acquiſitions better than their firſt. They were the principal merchants and monied men of Granada; their cuſtom was to buy up for ready money all the ſilk made in the Vega, and ſometimes advance the value of it to the landholders before the ſeaſon. This raw ſilk they diſtributed to the manufacturers in the city, whom they ſupplied with caſh for their preſent maintenance, and were repaid by degrees in wrought ſilks. All theſe artificers thrived under their protection, and provided a comfortable ſubſiſtence for themſelves and their families. The proprietors of land felt the ſweets of a ready ſale for their commodities; and the

annual produce of ſilk in this province, before the year 1726, ſeldom fell ſhort of two millions ſix hundred thouſand pounds weight, whereas now it does not exceed one hundred thouſand.

The ſea-coaſt of Granada, from Marbella to Motril, afforded formerly large quantities of ſugar, which was an article of commerce to Madrid, till within theſe thirty years. What is now produced, is conſumed in the neighbourhood in ſweetmeats. From heavy duties which were laid on this branch of trade, and ſtill continue, it is almoſt loſt, there being now only three mills at work, in a declining ſtate. At Motril, and at Toros near Velez, ſugar-canes have been produced nine feet high, and of a proportionable thickneſs. The firſt plants are ſaid to have been imported from Sicily, and afterwards carried to the Weſt Indies; and the quality and grain of the Spaniſh ſugar is affirmed

firmed to be equal to any imported from thence.

A village in the mountains, up the Dauro, is to this day almoſt wholly compoſed of the deſcendants of Moors; but it is not poſſible to know whether they have retained any attachment to the cuſtoms and religion of their anceſtors, or whether they are as good Chriſtians at heart as in outward appearance. You may eaſily diſtinguiſh them from the Caſtillians who were tranſplanted hither, by their round plump faces, and ſmall bright eyes, little noſe, and projecting under-jaw. In their deportment, they are extremely humble and ſmooth-tongued; but ſo tenacious of their ready money, that it is with difficulty they can prevail upon themſelves to part with the rents and dues which they cannot well avoid paying. Theſe people, and the progeny of the Moſarabic Chriſtians, who inhabited the country before the conqueſt, are eſteemed a much better race of men,

men, both as to morals and induſtry, than the deſcendants of thoſe vagabonds of Caſtille, who conſtitute the major part of the preſent inhabitants. Many veſtiges of Mooriſh manners and cuſtoms may ſtill be traced: —when they go in ſummer to bathe, at the end of a plentiful harveſt, or on receiving a piece of good news, they are wont to ſet up the moſt hideous yells and outcries imaginable. I was aſſured, that whenever any ſailors belonging to the Malteſe ſhips ſtray up from Malaga, the populace of Granada, hearing them ſpeak Arabic, and ſeeing them dreſſed in a kind of Mooriſh habit, follow them up and down the ſtreets, and pay them extraordinary reſpect.

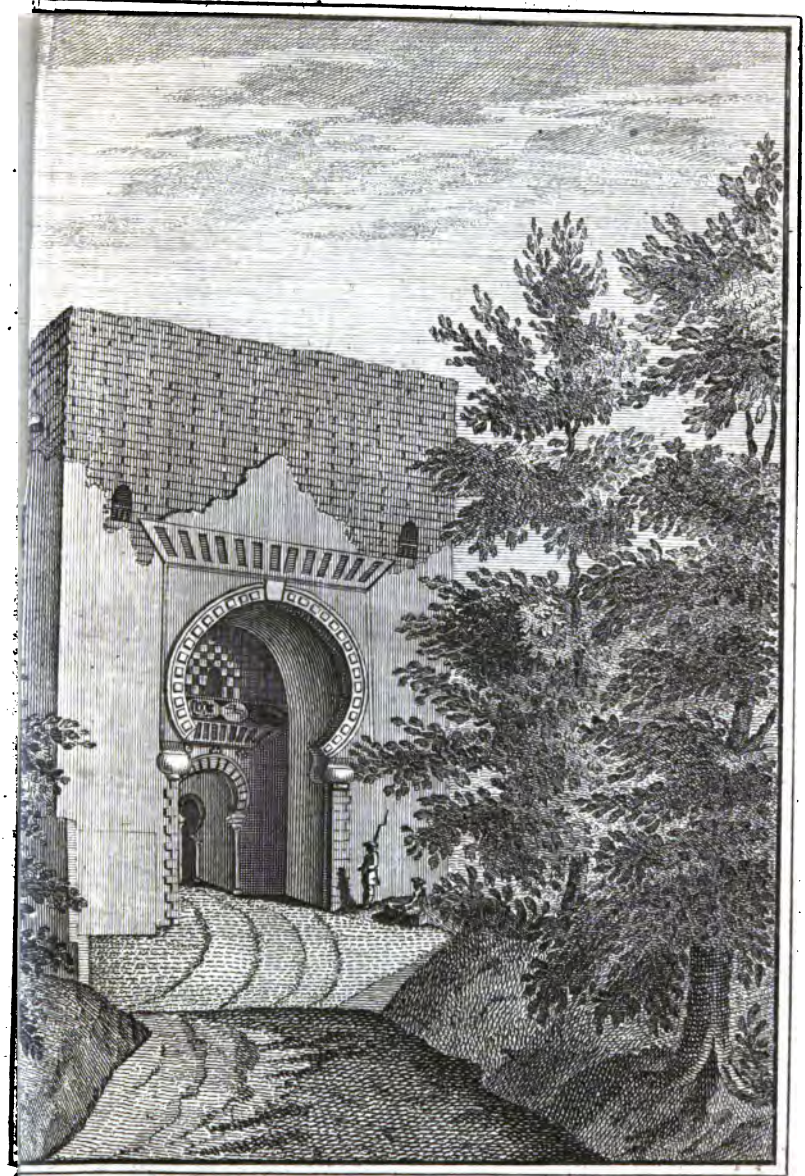
LETTER XXIII.

AFTER the tedious preamble of three long letters, it is high time to bring you to the palace of the Alhambra.

This ancient fortreſs, and reſidence of the Mahometan monarchs of Granada, derives its name from the red colour of the materials that it was originally built with, Alhambra ſignifying a red houſe. Moſt of the ſovereigns took a delight in adding new buildings to the old towers now called *Torres de la campana*, or in embelliſhing what had been joined by their predeceſſors. The pleaſantneſs of the ſituation, and purity of its air, induced the emperor Charles the fifth to begin a magnificent edifice on the ruins of the offices of the old palace, and it is thought he intended to fix his chief

abode here; but his volatile temper, continual wars, and frequent abſences from Spain, made him give up all thoughts of Granada, long before he had finiſhed the plan. It ſtands between the rivers, on a very high hill, that projects into the plain, and overlooks all the city; the road up to it is through a narrow ſtreet, called *Calle de los Gomeles*, from a great family among the Moors. This brings you through a maſſive gate, built by the emperor, into the outward incloſure of the Alhambra. You then continue to aſcend by a very ſteep avenue of elms, which ſoon increaſes to a wood, interſected in many directions by wild, neglected walks, where ſtream of clear water, finding their paſſage obſtructed by the rubbiſh of their old channels, ſpread over the whole road. A large fountain adorns the platform near the top of the hill. The water, diverted from its proper conduits, has been ſuffered to run at random

for



F. Giomignani sc.

PUERTA DEL JUICIO.

for ſuch a length of time, that it has deſtroyed moſt of the ſculpture and embelliſhments, which were in a very good taſte. Here you turn ſhort to the left, and come under the walls of the inner incloſure. Its appearance is that of an old town, exhibiting a long range of high battlemented walls, interrupted at regular diſtances by large, lofty, ſquare towers. Theſe have one or two arched windows near the top, and a precipitate ſlope from the bottom into a dry ditch. The whole is built with round, irregular pebbles, mixed with cement and gravel. Some parts are covered and ſmoothed over with a thick coat of plaſter; in other places, mortar has been laid in between the ſtones, leaving as much of them uncovered as came to the level; then the trowel has been carefully drawn round, forming about them triangles, half-moons, &c. Juſt before you, ſtands the preſent principal entrance into the caſtle, a ſquare tower built by

by the king Juzaf Abuhagiagi, in 1348, as an inſcription informs us: from its being the place where juſtice was ſummarily adminiſtered, it was ſtyled *The Gate of Judgment.* You paſs through it under ſeveral arches (each of which is more than a full ſemicircle, reſting upon a ſmall impoſt, the ends of the bow being brought towards each other in the form of a horſeſhoe). On the key-ſtone of the outward arch, is ſculptured the figure of an arm, the ſymbol of ſtrength and dominion: on that of the next arch is a key emboſſed, the armorial enſign of the Andaluſian Moors. Above it, the wall of this partition is covered with a beautiful blue and gold moſaic, in the middle of which the Chriſtians have placed an image of the Virgin Mary. As this is not a gate ever uſed for carriages, the paſſage winds through ſeveral turns, full of images, indulgences, and altars, before you get through, out into a narrow ſtreet, between

a row

a row of ſhabby barracks on the right, and on the left the caſtle wall, ſuppoſed to be built by the Phœnicians. I examined the work very narrowly, and found it conſiſted of a layer of cement one or two inches thick, upon which is placed flatwiſe a ſtone of the ſame thickneſs, chiſelled on the face into a kind of chequered deſign. This is the regular method employed from top to bottom. This lane ends in the great ſquare, or *Plaza de los Algibes*, ſo named from the ancient ciſterns, that undermine it from end to end, and are conſtantly fed by a ſupply of running water. The proſpect from the parapet-wall is wonderfully grand, over the vale of Dauro, the Albaycin, and down the Vega. On the very brow of the hill, hanging over the city, ſtand the *towers of the bell*, a group of high ſquare buildings, which now ſerve for priſons. Below them, on the ſouth-ſide, on a ſlip of terrace, is the governor's garden, a very pleaſant walk, full

full of fine orange and cypreſs trees, and myrtle hedges, but quite abandoned. The view it commands is incomparable. Two large vaſes enamelled with gold and azure foliages and characters are the only ornaments left: theſe were taken out of the vaults under the royal apartments. On the right hand of the Plaza de los Algibes, is a ſolitary gateway, formerly the entrance into ſome of the outward quadrangles thrown down by Charles the fifth, to make room for his ſuperb palace, which ſtands facing the *Torres de la campana.* This edifice is a perfect ſquare of two hundred Spaniſh feet; it has two orders of pilaſters, Doric and Ionic, upon a ruſtic baſe. The whole meaſures ſixty-two feet from the top of the upper entablement to the ground. Three of the fronts are free from all other buildings; the fourth (that to the north) is joined and connected with the ancient palace of the Mooriſh kings. It was never

finiſhed,

finiſhed, which is much to be regretted by all lovers of the fine arts, for there are few edifices more deſerving of their admiration. The architect was Alonzo Verruguete, a native of Paredes de Navas, near Valladolid. In this work he has diſcovered a moſt tranſcendent genius, grandeur of ſtyle, and elegance and chaſtity of deſign. How different from all that has been done for a century paſt in this kingdom! The doors are deſigned in a great manner; the baſs-reliefs, figures, feſtoons, medallions, &c. are of excellent invention and execution; the ornaments of the cornices, windows, and capitals are delicate, and ſuitable to the general effect. On the pedeſtals of the columns, that ſupport the entablement of the great door, are reliefs on dark marble, that for poliſh might paſs for bronze at a little diſtance; the Doric door in the ſouth ſide, called El Zanguenete, pleaſed me greatly, as there is ſomething ſimply elegant in the taſte,

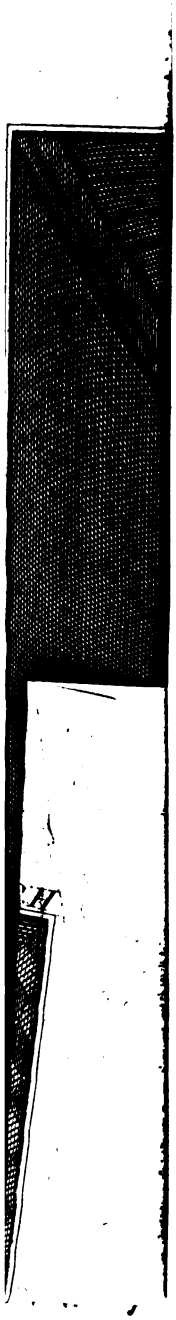
and new in the ornamental part; the pediment is filled with a ſcroll thrown with great eaſe, on which is inſcribed *plus outre*, the motto of the Emperor, which he never failed introducing into every public work he undertook. You come, through an oblong veſtibule, into the court which forms the center of the palace. It is an exact circle, of one hundred and forty-four feet diameter, round which runs a Doric colonnade, or portico, of thirty-two columns, ſupporting an upper gallery of an equal number of pillars, of the Ionic order. They are all of them of one entire block of reddiſh marble. The portico is nineteen feet wide, and ſerves as a communication with the ſtaircaſe, and the intended apartments, which are diſpoſed round the court in various forms and proportions. The roof of the gallery is crumbling away very faſt, and many of the columns are much damaged. The apartments never had any other covering than

than the ſky; and nothing but the matchleſs temperature of the climate could have ſaved this beautiful work, ſo many years, from total ruin. The magnificence, the unity of this whole pile, but, above all, the elegance of the circular court, quite tranſported me with pleaſure, on the firſt view, and I have ever ſince found my admiration increaſe in proportion to the number of my viſits.

Adjoining (to the north) ſtands a huge heap of as ugly buildings as can well be ſeen, all huddled together, ſeemingly without the leaſt intention of forming *one* habitation out of them. The walls are entirely unornamented, all gravel and pebbles, daubed over with plaſter by a very coarſe hand; yet this is the palace of the Mooriſh kings of Granada, indiſputably the moſt curious place within, that exiſts in Spain, perhaps in Europe. In many countries, you may ſee excellent modern as well as ancient architecture,

both entire and in ruins; but nothing I have met with any where elſe can convey an idea of this edifice, except you take it from the decorations of an opera, or the tales of the Genii. I therefore look upon it to ſtand alone in its kind, and conſequently think no apology neceſſary, previous to my entering upon the minute detail I intend giving you of it.

Paſſing round the corner of the Emperor's palace, you are admitted at a plain unornamented door in a corner. On my firſt viſit, I confeſs, I was ſtruck with amazement, as I ſtept over the threſhold, to find myſelf on a ſudden tranſported into a ſpecies of fairy-land. The firſt place you come to, is the court called the *communa*, or *del meſucar*, that is the *common baths*: An oblong ſquare, with a deep baſon of clear water in the middle; two flights of marble ſteps leading down to the bottom; on each ſide a parterre of flowers, and a row of orange trees. Round he court runs a periſtyle paved with



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marble;

marble; the arches bear upon very ſlight pillars, in proportions and ſtyle different from all the regular orders of architecture. The ceilings and walls are incruſtated with fret-work in ſtucco, ſo minute and intricate, that the moſt patient draughtſman would find it difficult to follow it, unleſs he made himſelf maſter of the general plan. This would facilitate the operation exceedingly, for all this work is frequently and regularly repeated at certain diſtances, and has been executed by means of ſquare moulds applied ſucceſſively, and the parts joined together with the utmoſt nicety. In every diviſion are Arabic ſentences of different lengths, moſt of them expreſſive of the following meanings: "There is no conqueror but God;" or, "Obedience and honour to our Lord Abou-"abdoulah." The ceilings are gilt or painted, and time has cauſed no diminution in the freſhneſs of their colours, though conſtantly expoſed to the air. The lower part

of the walls is moſaic, diſpoſed in fantaſtic knots and feſtoons. A work ſo new to me, ſo exquiſitely finiſhed, and ſo different from all I had ever ſeen, afforded me the moſt agreeable ſenſations, which, I aſſure you, redoubled every ſtep I took in this magic ground. The porches at the ends are more like grotto-work, than any thing elſe I can compare them to. That on the right hand opens into an octagon vault, under the Emperor's palace, and forms a perfect whiſpering-gallery, meant to be a communication between the offices of both houſes.

Oppoſite to the door of the communa through which you enter, is another, leading into the *Quarto de los leones*, or apartment of the lions, which is an oblong court, one hundred feet in length, and fifty in breadth, environed with a colonnade ſeven feet broad on the ſides, and ten at the end. Two porticos or cabinets, about fifteen feet ſquare, project into the court at the two extre-

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extre-

extremities. The ſquare is paved with coloured tiles; the colonnade with white marble. The walls are covered five feet up from the ground with blue and yellow tiles, diſpoſed chequerwiſe. Above and below is a border of ſmall eſcutcheons, enamelled blue and gold, with an Arabic motto on a bend, ſignifying, "No conqueror but God." The columns that ſupport the roof and gallery are of white marble, very ſlender, and fantaſtically adorned. They are nine feet high, including baſe and capital, and eight inches and an half diameter. They are very irregularly placed, ſometimes ſingly, at others in groups of three, but more frequently two together. The width of the horſe-ſhoe arches above them is four feet two inches for the large ones, and three for the ſmaller. The ceiling of the portico is finiſhed in a much finer and more complicated manner, than that of the *communa*, and the ſtucco laid on the walls with inimitable delicacy;

in the ceiling it is froſted and handled with aſtoniſhing art. The capitals are of various deſigns, though each deſign is repeated ſeveral times in the circumference of the court, but not the leaſt attention has been paid to placing them regularly or oppoſite to each other. You will form a much clearer idea of their ſtyle, as well as diſpoſition, from the drawings, than from the moſt elaborate deſcription I can pen. Not the ſmalleſt repreſentation of animal life can be diſcovered amidſt the varieties of foliages, groteſques, and ſtrange ornaments. About each arch is a large ſquare of arabaſques, ſurrounded with a rim of characters, that are generally quotations from the Koran. Over the pillars is another ſquare of delightful filligree work. Higher up is a wooden rim, or kind of cornice, as much enriched with carving as the ſtucco that covers the part underneath. Over this projects a roof of red tiles, the only thing that diſfigures this beautiful

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Scale of 2 English Feet.

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Scale of Castillian feet.

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beautiful

beautiful ſquare. This ugly covering is modern, put on by order of Mr. Wall, the late prime miniſter, who a few years ago gave the Alhambra a thorough repair. In Mooriſh times the building was covered with large painted and glazed tiles, of which ſome few are ſtill to be ſeen. In the center of the court are twelve ill-made lions muzzled, their fore-parts ſmooth, their hind-parts rough, which bear upon their backs an enormous baſon, out of which a leſſer riſes. While the pipes were kept in good order, a great volume of water was thrown up, that, falling down into the baſons, paſſed through the beaſts, and iſſued out of their mouths into a large reſervoir, where it communicated by channels with the jet d'eaus in the apartments. This fountain is of white marble, embelliſhed with many feſtoons, and Arabic diſtichs, thus tranſlated:

" Seeſt

" Seeſt thou not how the water flows co-
" pioufly like the Nile?"

" This reſembles a ſea waſhing over its
" ſhores, threatening ſhipwreck to the ma-
" riner."

" This water runs abundantly, to give
" drink to the lions."

" Terrible as the lion is our king in the
" day of battle."

" The Nile gives glory to the king, and
" the lofty mountains proclaim it."

" This garden is fertile in delights; God
" takes care that no noxious animal ſhall ap-
" proach it."

" The fair princeſs that walks in this gar-
" den, covered with pearls, augments its
" beauty ſo much, that thou may'ſt doubt
" whether it be a fountain that flows, or
" the tears of her admirers*."

* This paſſage is very obſcure in the Latin tranſla-tion. I have endeavoured to make ſomething of it, but it ſtill remains a forced conceit.

Paſ-

Paſſing along the colonnade, and keeping on the ſouth ſide, you come to a circular room uſed by the men as a place for drinking coffee and ſorbets in. A fountain in the middle refreſhed the apartment in ſummer. The form of this hall, the elegance of its cupola, the cheerful diſtribution of light from above, and the exquiſite manner in which the ſtucco is deſigned, painted, and finiſhed, exceed all my powers of deſcription. Every thing in it inſpires the moſt pleaſing, voluptuous ideas: yet in this ſweet retreat they pretend that Abouabdoulah aſſembled the Abencerrages, and cauſed their heads to be ſtruck off into the fountain. Our guide, with a look expreſſive of implicit faith, pointed out to us the ſtains of their blood in the white marble ſlabs; which is nothing more than the reddiſh marks of iron-water in the quarry, or perhaps the effect of being long expoſed to the air. Continuing your walk round, you are next brought

brought to a couple of rooms at the head of the court, which are ſuppoſed to have been tribunals, or audience-chambers. In the ceiling are three hiſtorical paintings, executed with much ſtrength, but great ſtiffneſs in the figures and countenances. One of them ſeems to be a cavalcade; the other the entrance of ſome princeſs; and the third a divan. When theſe were painted, and what they are meant to repreſent, I could not make out; but our *Cicerone* naturally adapted them to the hiſtory of the Sultana and her four Chriſtian knights. If they are repreſentations of that doubtful ſtory, they muſt have been painted in the Emperor's time, or a little before, for it cannot be ſuppoſed that Abouabdoulah would wiſh to perpetuate the memory of a tranſaction in which he bore ſo very weak and diſhonourable a part: And beſides, the anathema denounced by the Koran againſt all repreſentations of living creatures, renders it next

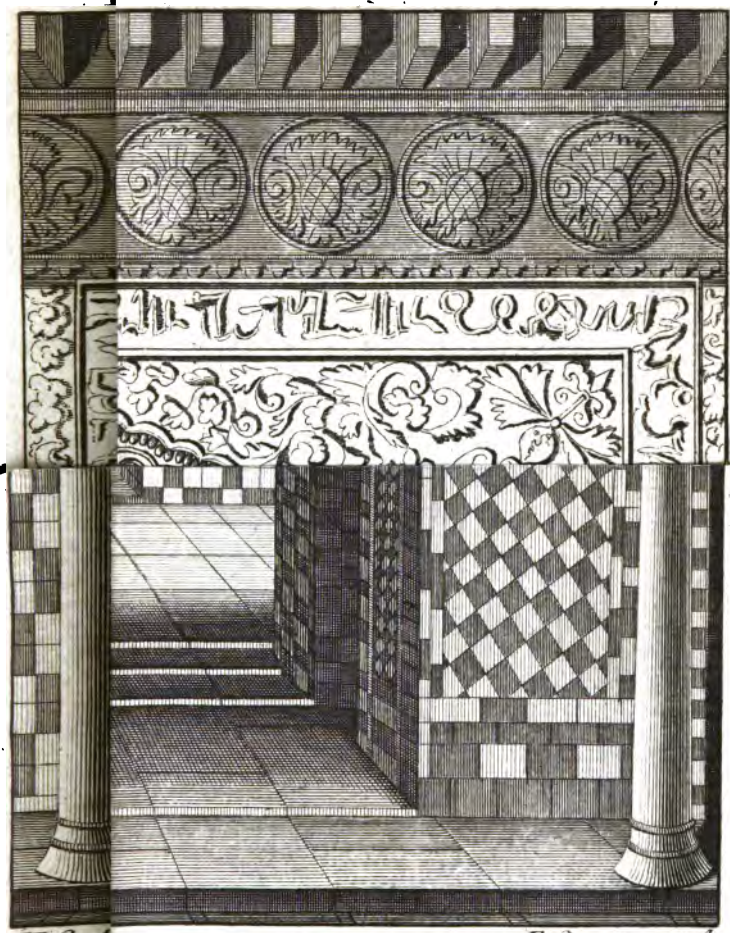
to

to impoſſible that theſe pieces ſhould have exiſted previous to the conqueſt. The lions of the great fountain may be brought as an argument againſt my laſt reaſon; and indeed they ſhew that the Granadine princes, as well as ſome of the oriental caliphs, who put their own effigy on their coin, ventured now and then to place themſelves above the letter of the law. Be this as it will, if theſe pictures really repreſent that ſubject, and their antiquity can be proved to go as far back as the reign of Ferdinand, or at leaſt the beginning of that of Charles, which I take to be no very difficult matter to make out, I ſhould have much greater reſpect for the authority of Giles Peres than many think him entitled to. It can ſcarce be ſuppoſed that the events of the reign of Abouabdoulah could be ſo totally forgotten ſo ſoon after, that a painter ſhould dare to invent a trial and combat, at which many

ſtill

ſtill living in Granada might have aſſiſted as ſpectators.

Oppoſite to the *Sala de los Abencerrages* is the entrance into the *Torre de las dos hermanas*, or the tower of the two ſiſters, ſo named from two very beautiful pieces of marble laid as flags in the pavement. This gate exceeds all the reſt in profuſion of ornaments and in beauty of proſpect, which it affords through a range of apartments, where a multitude of arches terminate in a large window open to the country. In a gleam of ſunſhine, the variety of tints and lights thrown upon this enfilade are uncommonly rich. I employed much time in making an exact drawing of it from the fountain, and hope it will help you to comprehend what I am labouring to explain by my narrative. The firſt hall is the concert-room, where the women ſate; the muſicians played above in four balconies. In the middle is a jet d'eau. The marble pavement I take to be



H. S. d. F. Giomignani sc.

ANAS in the ALHAMBRA.

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be equal to the fineſt exiſting, for the ſize of the flags, and evenneſs of the colour. The two ſiſters, which give name to the room, are ſlabs that meaſure fifteen feet by ſeven and a half, without flaw or ſtain. The walls, up to a certain height, are moſaic, and above are divided into very neat compartments of ſtucco, all of one deſign, which is alſo followed in many of the adjacent halls and galleries. The ceiling is a fretted cove. To preſerve this vaulted roof, as well as ſome of the other principal cupolas, the outward walls of the towers are raiſed ten feet above the top of the dome, and ſupport another roof over all, by which means no damage can ever be cauſed by wet weather, or exceſſive heat and cold. From this hall you paſs round the little myrtle-garden of Lindaraxa, into an additional building made to the eaſt end by Charles V. The rooms are ſmall and low: his dear motto, *Plus outre*, appears on every beam. This leads to a little tower, projecting

projecting from the line of the north wall, called *El tocador*, or the dreſſing room of the Sultana. It is a ſmall ſquare cabinet, in the middle of an open gallery, from which it receives light by a door and three windows. The look-out charming. In one corner is a large marble flag, drilled full of holes, through which the ſmoke of perfumes aſcended from furnaces below; and here, it is preſumed, the Mooriſh queen was wont to ſit to fumigate and ſweeten her perſon. The emperor cauſed this pretty little room to be painted with repreſentations of his wars, and a great variety of groteſques, which appear to be copies, or at leaſt imitations, of thoſe in the loggie of the Vatican. They have been ſhamefully abuſed by idle ſcribblers; what remains ſhews them to be the work of able artiſts. From hence you go through a long paſſage to the hall of ambaſſadors, which is magnificently decorated with innumerable varieties of moſaics, and

the

the mottos of all the kings of Granada. This long narrow antichamber opens into the *communa* on the left hand, and on the right into the great audience-hall in the tower of *Comares*, a noble apartment, thirty-ſix feet ſquare, thirty-ſix high up to the cornice, and eighteen from thence to the centre of the cupola. The walls on three ſides are fifteen feet thick, on the other nine; the lower range of windows thirteen feet high. The whole hall is inlaid with moſaic of many colours, diſpoſed in intricate knots, ſtars, and other figures. In every part are repeated certain Arabic ſentences, the principal of which are the following:

" The counſel of God and a ſpeedy in-
" creaſe, and give joy to true believers."

" Praiſe to God, and to his vicegerent
" Nazar, who gave this empire, and to our
" king Abouabdoulah, to whom be peace,
" elevation, and glory."

N. B. Nazar is an appellation of eminence,

nence, and ſuppoſed to mean the famous Emirmoumelin Jacob Almanzar.

"There is no God but God."

"Valour, ſucceſs, and duration to our "king Abulhaghagh, king of the Moors; "God guide his ſtate and elevate his "power!"

"Praiſe be to God, for I enliven this "dwelling of princes with my beauty, and "with my crown. I ſtrike firm root; I "have fountains of pureſt water, and "handſome apartments; my inhabitants "are lords of mighty puiſſance. May "God, who guides his people, protect me, "for I attend to the ſayings of the holy! "I am thus adorned by the hand and libe-"rality of Abulhaghagh, who is a bright "moon that caſts forth his light over the "face of heaven."

Theſe inſcriptions, and many others diſperſed over the palace, prove that there is very

very little of it remaining that is not the work of Abulhaghagh, or of Abouabdoulah.

Having thus completed the tour of the upper apartments, which are upon a level with the offices of the new palace, you deſcend to the lower floor, which conſiſted of bedchambers and ſummer-rooms: the backſtairs and paſſages, that facilitated the intercourſe between them, are without number. The moſt remarkable room below is the king's bedchamber, which communicated, by means of a gallery, with the upper ſtory. The beds were placed in two alcoves, upon a raiſed pavement of blue and white tiles; but as it has been repaired by Philip V. who paſſed ſome time here, I cannot ſay how it may have been in former times. A fountain played in the middle, to refreſh the apartment in hot weather. Behind the alcoves are ſmall doors that conduct you to the royal baths. Theſe conſiſt in one ſmall cloſet with marble ciſterns for waſhing chil-

dren, two rooms for grown-up perſons, and vaults for boilers and furnaces, that ſupplied the baths with water, and the ſtoves with vapours. The troughs are formed of large ſlabs of white marble; the walls are beautified with party-coloured earthern ware; light is admitted by holes in the coved cieling.

Hard by is a whiſpering gallery, and a kind of labyrinth, ſaid to have been made for the diverſion of the women and children.

One of the paſſages of communication is fenced off with a ſtrong iron grate, and called the priſon of the ſultana; but it ſeems more probable that it was put up to prevent any body from climbing up into the women's quarter.

Under the council-room is a long ſlip, called the king's ſtudy; and adjoining to it are ſeveral vaults, ſaid to be the place of burial of the royal family. In the year 1574, four ſepulchres were opened, but, as they contained

contained nothing but bones and aſhes, were immediately cloſed again.

I ſhall finiſh this deſcription of the Alhambra, by obſerving how admirably every thing was planned and calculated for rendering this palace the moſt voluptuous of all retirements; what plentiful ſupplies of water were brought to refreſh it in the hot months of ſummer; what a free circulation of air was contrived, by the judicious diſpoſition of doors and windows; what ſhady gardens of aromatic trees; what noble views over the beautiful hills and fertile plains! No wonder the Moors regretted Granada; no wonder they ſtill offer up prayers to God every Friday for the recovery of this city, which they eſteem a terreſtrial paradiſe.

LETTER XXIV.

Granada, December 30, 1775.

AFTER the Alhambra, I am afraid the reſt of the city will go down but poorly.

The Alameda, along the banks of the Xenil, is as pleaſant a walk as any in Spain, but the river has ſeldom water enough to enliven the proſpect with a reflected landſcape. The hill riſes boldly, to back the avenue, with orange-groves, cypreſs-alleys, and cluſters of houſes, grouped upon the waving line of its ſides and ſummit. This, and another drive beyond the river, are the chief places of reſort for people on foot or in coaches; and the beauty of Granada is no where more ſtriking than from theſe points of view. The more diſtant parts of the hill

hill are rather bare, and hollowed out into caverns, inhabited by a tawny, ill-favoured tribe, who have either excavated the mountain, or found it ready ſcooped out to their hands by the ancient poſſeſſors of the country. In winter, theſe grottos are ſo warm, that they ſleep in them without clothes or covering to the bed; and in ſummer they are ſo cool, as to be dangerous for ſuch perſons as come ſuddenly out of the heat of the external atmoſphere.

The environs of the town are charming even now. Every body tells us, that, in ſummer, Granada is a delicious abode, never too cold nor too hot, refreſhed by numberleſs ſtreams, and perfumed by all the ſweets wafted by the breeze from the gardens that lie ſcattered over the declivities of the neighbouring hills. Nothing can be more agreeable, in the mild ſunſhiny afternoons which we enjoy here, though at Chriſtmas, than the walks along the heights

of the Alhambra. There is always a great concourſe of people ſitting on the graſs, baſking in the ſun, and diverting themſelves, as if it were a fair. Venders of cakes, toys, and liquors, call their wares through the crowd. The women come to ſhew themſelves in their holiday finery, dreſt out in black ſilk petticoats and veils. In that habit every woman has ſomething uncommonly alluring. Here indeed the ſex is really handſome in any dreſs; their complexions are fairer, their ſkins clearer, and their cheeks glow with a brighter tinge than any faces we have met with in our journey down the coaſt. The diſtance of Granada from the ſea-ports has probably preſerved it from that general infection of the odious diſeaſe, which rages with ſuch virulence in all the trading towns. The ſurpriſing purity of its air muſt alſo greatly contribute towards the freſhneſs of their looks. In many houſes, a current of water paſſes in

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an uncovered channel through bedchambers where people ſleep, winter and ſummer, without its having the leaſt bad effect upon their health. Fruit and butchers meat remain in the Alhambra an unuſual length of time without taint or putrefaction.

The walls and gates of the town, very few parts excepted, are demoliſhed or built up, and the city is open on all ſides. Moſt of the ſtreets are narrow and dirty. To the lanes and alleys the common people retire to perform the moſt filthy of nature's functions: but they do it with much decency, having by long practice acquired great expertneſs in caſting their cloak like a net, ſo as to fall exactly round at a proper diſtance from the body. Though it is common enough to find them ſquatted down in the ſtreets, you never ſee any body make water publicly, for when preſſed, they always retire behind a door, into an entry, or to ſome ſecret corner.

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The Rambla is a very broad, long ſtreet, leading to the great walk: a lofty church, and ſome public buildings, give this ſtreet an air of grandeur not common in a Spaniſh city. Moſt of the ſmall houſes are Mooriſh built, or coarſe imitations of that manner, the modern maſons decorating their walls with uncouth copies of Saracenic moſaics. I believe there is ſcarce a houſe in Granada that has not over its door, in large red characters, the words, *Ave Maria puriſſima ſin pecado concebida*; this is the *cri de guerre* of the Franciſcan friars, who are the heads of the party that maintain the conception of the Virgin Mary to have been performed without her participating of the ſtain of original ſin. This is a favourite tenet in Spain, ſtrengthened and confirmed by the inſtitution of the new order of knighthood of Carlos Tercero, by the vows of the ancient military orders, and by the oath adminiſtered to all candi-

dates

dates for degrees. At their reception they ſwear to defend, by word and deed, the doctrine of the immaculate conception. The Dominicans are the grand antagoniſts of the Conceptioniſts.

The market-place is ſpacious, but its buildings are horridly ugly. They are Mooriſh, and from top to bottom ſeem to be nothing but rows of large windows, divided by narrow brick pilaſters. The ſhambles are a building apart, and clean enough. All meat bought in them muſt be weighed before a ſitting committee of magiſtrates, before the buyer is ſuffered to carry home his purchaſe. One of our ſervants was yeſterday hurried to jail, through ignorance of this regulation. An alguazil, coming up behind him, ſeized on his catering baſket: this abrupt mode of proceeding was repulſed by a violent blow on the chaps with a ſhoulder of mutton, which brought the Spaniard to the ground. Our hero was marching off triumphant, when

when the pride of victory getting the better of his prudence, he ſuffered himſelf to be ſurpriſed by a detachment of alguazils, who lodged him in priſon, till our banker waited upon the magiſtrates, and procured his diſcharge.

The outſides of the churches are painted in a theatrical taſte, and their inſides ſet off with a profuſion of marbles, brought from the neighbouring mountains: the dark green, from the Sierra Nevada, is the moſt valuable. Tables of an extraordinary ſize have been lately cut of that marble, for the infant Don Lewis; but as the roads have been ſince quite deſtroyed by the torrents, the future carriage of ſuch large blocks from the mountain will be attended with great expence and trouble. There are alſo many handſome brown marbles and alabaſters, diverſified with an infinite number of ſhades and tints. One whole ſtreet of artificers is employed in making little boxes, bracelets, neck-

neck-laces, and other knick-knacks, of ſuch materials, which they retail cheap enough. It is uſual in gentlemen's houſes to frame fine ſpecimens of marble, and hang them up in the apartments by way of ornament.

The cathedral, which, in point of architecture, ſtands very high in the opinion of the Granadines, is an aſſemblage of three churches. The firſt is a clumſy pariſh-church; the ſecond, a large chapel, erected by Ferdinand V. at that unfortunate æra of the arts, when all the lightneſs and beautiful caprice of the Saracenic taſte was laid aſide, to make room for an unwieldy, prepoſterous mode of building, and a few years before the magnificence, elegance, and purity of Grecian architecture came again to be underſtood, reliſhed, and copied. Both within and without, this chapel is incumbered with the weight of its own ill-proportioned ornaments. Ferdinand and Iſabella repoſe before the altar, under a large marble monument full of figures and

groteſques, in a pretty good ſtyle; which proves what a ſurpriſing revolution the arts had undergone ſince the time of building the chapel. The two catholic monarchs lie by the ſide of each other; and adjoining, on a ſimilar tomb, are ſtretched out the effigies of Philip the Fair, of Auſtria, their ſon-in-law, and of Joan their daughter, his wife. Over the great door is the emblem of the united monarchies, a bundle of arrows tied together, and clutched in the talons of a ſingle-headed eagle.

From the chapel you paſs into the main church, begun in the reign of Charles V. but not yet quite finiſhed. It has the advantage of receiving abundance of light in every part; but the architect, who has eſſayed every order of architecture both on the outſide and inſide of the church, has combined and diſpoſed them in ſo heavy and confuſed a manner, that they produce none of that grand effect which reſults from the well-

well-proportioned parts of one *whole*, when placed in perfect harmony with each other; ſuch as fills the eye with one great object, and affords the ſenſes a repoſe and ſatisfaction, undiſturbed by the irregular predominance of any of the component members. Here they have carried the extravagance of fancy to ſuch a pitch, that at one altar they have turned a ſet of twiſted columns of beautiful marble topſy-turvy, and placed the ſmaller end on the baſe: the uncouthneſs of the appearance correſponds with the abſurdity of the idea. The high altar is inſulated, after the Roman faſhion, under a very lofty dome, which would be entitled to the admiration of connoiſſeurs, had they taken leſs pains to load the arches, and the angles of the cupola, with ſtatues, pictures, and feſtoons. The area round its baſis, with the fine iron railing, and marble pavement, makes a great ſhew. I obſerved no very good paintings over any of the altars; but

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read an order, hung up in one of the iles, which thunders out the pain of the greater excommunication againſt all ſuch as walk here for their pleaſure, or converſe with women in any of the chapels. Leſt this anathema ſhould not reſtrain the idle and the amorous, the ſpiritual court has added to it a fine of four ducats for each offence.

The church of St. John of God is richly ornamented, and ſo are many others in Granada; but I ſaw none that did much credit to their architects, few of whom ſeem to have comprehended or admired the principles upon which Verruguete proceeded in building the new palace in the Alhambra.

The amphitheatre for bull-feaſts is built with ſtone, and paſſes for one of the beſt in Spain.

The court of chancery ſits in a new building, of a diſagreeable ſtyle, heavy and diſjointed. There are ſome medallions, and pillars

pillars of fine marble, in the main front. This court of judicature (of which ſpecies there is but another in the kingdom, eſtabliſhed at Valladolid) comprehends within its juriſdiction more than half Spain, extending to the very neighbourhood of Madrid. Appeals lie to it from all the audiences and lower courts, and from it to the council of Caſtille only. Before the condemnation has been ratified here, no inferior judge is authorized to execute the ſentence of death upon a criminal, under the pain of forfeiting five hundred maravedis, a ſum ſo trifling, according to the preſent value of money, that it is not likely to deter a reſolute officer of juſtice from puniſhing an offender without delay.

This tribunal draws a ſwarm of lawyers to the place, who abſorb its riches, and are the only people that live with any degree of luxury or affluence. They ſoon conſume the little wealth a farmer or tradeſman may

have ſcraped together, by involving him in ſome law-ſuit or other, out of which he cannot extricate himſelf, as long as he has a farthing left to pay his attorney with. This, and many other kinds of oppreſſion, have reduced Granada to a ſtate of great poverty and deſpondency. Commerce is very feebly carried on, without encouragement or protection; the crops of the fertile Vega diminiſh annually; population gradually decreaſes. The city does not contain more than fifty thouſand inhabitants, of which number about eighteen thouſand only are uſeful working hands; the ſurplus is made up of lawyers, clergymen, children, and beggars. There are not leſs than a thouſand ſturdy, able-bodied raſcals, that live by alms and conventual donations. We this morning ſaw a whole regiment of them drawing off in great order from the gate of the Carthuſians, where they had been to receive a luncheon of bread and a platter of porridge a-piece.

Many

Many of them afterwards adjourned to a ſhop, where ſeveral perſons were playing publicly at dice.

The play-houſe differs in ſome reſpects from thoſe we have ſeen in other parts of the kingdom: the men occupy all the ground-floor, and the women ſit very high up, in a crazy kind of gallery. The fire of the flints and ſteels was ſo quick among the men, who were all preparing to ſmoke, or ſmoking, that it looked like ſoldiers going through their exerciſe. They gave us one day a ſtrange farce, which it was impoſſible to make any thing of; it was all metamorphoſis, a continual change of clothes and character; at laſt out came a Capuchin friar, mounted on an aſs, who, after many grimaces and buffooneries, coupled the other actors in the bands of holy wedlock.

LETTER XXV.

Granada, January 1, 1776.

YESTERDAY morning we took a ſtroll behind the Alhambra, paſſing below the *Puerta de 'los ſiete ſuelos*, which was formerly the great entrance. This gate has been long blocked up, and the ſeven ſtories of vaults, from which it derived its name, filled with rubbiſh. A little farther on, the wall turns to the north-eaſt, where the towers are very high. Part of the hill, which is a ſtrong-cemented gravel, has been cut through, to make a dry ditch before them. A ſingle arch croſſes it, and conveys into the palace a copious ſupply of water. The path down this ſolitary, gloomy hollow, is rugged, and broken by the waſte waters. About the middle is a very low poſtern, through which the court paſſed, when it choſe to retire to

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the ſpring palace, which ſtands on a hill to the right.

Nearer the Dauro, the water has burſt all its conduits, and broken the gravel-bank into a tremendous precipice. Here we deſcended into the charming vale of Dauro, where we remarked the remnants of a Mooriſh bridge and tower, that appear to have ſupported a gallery of communication between the Alhambra and Albaycin. The view from the little green bank near the river, though a confined one, is unſpeakably beautiful; at the bottom, where the cathedral and other ſteeples riſe in a group, in the narrow reach, the little ſtream winds its way into the heart of the city. To the ſouth, the fine verdant ſlopes are crowned with the turrets of the Alhambra, the hanging woods and gardens of the Generaliph, and the banks of the Sierra del Sol: on the north, are the Albaycin, innumerable gardens and orchards, and

caverns full of inhabitants. We found our mules waiting for us here, and proceeded up the river, a very pleaſant ride, between villas and convents, romantically ſituated, mills and water-falls, gardens and plantations of fruit-trees, and thickets of filberts. We turned off to the ſouthward, by the ruins of a ſmall aqueduct, and came back over the mountain, on the top of which is a long ridge of ſtones, ſaid to be the remains of the ancient Illiberia. It has more the appearance of a park-wall, or line of circumvallation. On the point that overlooks the Alhambra, ſtood formerly the fort of the Sun, or Saint Helena, under which run three canals, cut in the rock, one above the other, which ſerve to convey water to the city from the mountains, ſprings, and the river. Some large reſervoirs, of Mooriſh, or perhaps more ancient origin, ſtill ſubſiſt below in perfect preſervation. The water of the largeſt is very limpid, and it

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was never known to be dry. Hiſtorians relate a very ſingular proof of the abundance of its ſprings and ſupplies, though none can be diſcerned to boil up in the baſon. When D. John of Auſtria marched a body of troops of five thouſand men into the Alpuxaras mountains, againſt the Moriſcos, at the hotteſt ſeaſon of the year, he halted at this reſervoir, to allow them time to quench their burning thirſt. They drank and waſted as much of its water as they choſe, yet there could not be perceived the leaſt diminution in the original quantity contained in the pond. We ſtopped at the Generaliph, which was the reſidence of the ſultan in April and May: it now belongs to the Conde de Campotejar, a Genoeſe nobleman, of the name of Grimaldi, deſcended in the female line from the royal family of Granada. The remains of the building are ſcarce worth looking at; for the nobleſt halls, and beſt finiſhed work,

are almoſt entirely demoliſhed. The things yet exiſting that claim attention, are the following: a double hedge of royal myrtle, above fifteen feet high; a row of cypreſſes of prodigious height and bulk—the ſervant pointed out a little receſs behind them, where the ſultana was accuſed of having committed adultery with Abencerrage; great abundance of water running through all the little courts, but the grand jetd'eaus are no longer kept in repair.

This day, being the anniverſary of the ſurrender of Granada to Ferdinand and Iſabella, was obſerved as a great feſtival, and day of rejoicing. Two or three feeble cracks from the cannon of the palace announced the feaſt to the populace, who flocked to the hill to pay their annual viſit to the Mooriſh palace, which is this day open to all comers that can pay an acknowledgment to the governor's ſervant. He accounts to his maſter for theſe perquiſites,

which in ſome years amount to five hundred pezzettas. The preſent alcalde, or governor, reſides in a ſmall corner of the palace, where the emperor had made his chapel, and from a little window ſuperintends the buſineſs, counting the heads that paſs the threſhold, and calculating the ſum they may have taxed themſelves at. He lives quite retired in his caſtle, and employs his many leiſure hours, not in profound ſpeculations or learned reſearches, but in emptying as many bottles of wine as the only arm he has left (for he has loſt one) has ſteadineſs to pour into his glaſs.

We entered the Alhambra with the crowd, and took a laſt farewell of that charming ſpot, where we have paſſed many delicious hours every day during our ſtay in Granada.

LETTER XXVI.

Antequera, January 8, 1776.

THE ſecond day of this new year, we ſet out from Granada, by the way of the Vega, in which we ſaw neither vines nor mulberry-trees, but all arable lands, which, near the city, let at about a *doblon* the fanega for the upper grounds, and in the low, well-watered parts, at a *doblon de à ocho*: ſome ſpots, that are proper for growing water-melons, run up to near ſix doblons a year. The fanega contains 31,700 ſquare feet. Copiouſneſs of water fertilizes theſe plains; but in rainy weather the roads are not paſſable. We came for dinner to the Soto de Roma, where we had already paid a viſit. This was originally a hunting ſeat for Charles V. ſince occaſionally inhabited by his ſucceſſors, and now granted for life to lieutenant-general Richard Wall, late prime

prime miniſter of Spain. It was quite in ruins when he came to live here: he has rebuilt part of it, cleaned it, and fitted up the houſe with elegant Engliſh furniture, in the ſtyle of one of our villas. The waters of four rivers meet here, and cauſe frequent inundations in winter. In ſummer the air is very unwholeſome, as the woods and ditches at that ſeaſon abound with reptiles and vermin of all ſorts. The foreſt round it contains about four thouſand acres, and was reſerved to the crown by Ferdinand the Catholic, when he divided the conquered country among his followers. Elm, poplar, and ſome oak, are the kind of trees that grow here in any quantity: they are cut down for repairs of the eſtate, and for the ſervice of the royal arſenals. Mr. Wall has drained moſt of the woods, opened pleaſant drives throughout, filled up the naked ſpots with plantations of uſeful timber trees, and thinned the old quarters with great judgment.

judgment. This is almoſt the only place in Spain where pheaſants thrive and multiply *. In the beginning of ſpring, at the end of autumn, and during the winter months, this is a very agreeable rural habitation. Mr. Wall reſides at the Soto from October to May; he then goes to Aranjuez, to attend the court for a month; after which he comes for the ſummer to the city of Granada. The king has given up to him all the revenues ariſing from theſe demeſnes, and they are laid out in improving and beautifying the place, which Mr. Wall ſeems to underſtand perfectly well. He has every thing within himſelf: his own flocks, herds, and poultry ſupply his table with meat proviſions; the woods furniſh it with game, the rivers with fiſh, and the kitchen-garden with every kind of vegetable. He is now in his eighty-third year, a man of a ſpare, neat make, active, and fond of

* This bird was introduced into Spain by the emperor Charles V.

exerciſe,

exerciſe, of a fair complexion and engaging countenance. He riſes betimes, walks ſeveral hours a day, ſuperintends his workmen, and, though he ſees but little company, takes the greateſt care to have every thing that is excellent in its kind ſerved up at his table, where his behaviour is as eaſy and cheerful as if he were only thirty years of age; not the ſmalleſt grain of miniſterial reſerve or affectation: he is free and communicative in his converſation, which he renders infinitely agreeable by ſeaſoning it with a variety of lively anecdotes of events and perſons, which ſo long a life of public employment has furniſhed him with in great abundance. He is fond of talking, but acquits himſelf ſo well of the taſk, that the moſt loquacious muſt liſten with patience and pleaſure to his diſcourſe, always heightened with mirth and good-humour. Courts and miniſters he treats with the ridicule they, for the moſt part, deſerve. A man who has paſſed ſo many

many years behind the curtain, muſt often reflect with contempt on the futile, abſurd ſprings, that ſet in motion the grand political machine. It was with the greateſt regret that we took leave of this moſt amiable ſtateſman *, and purſued our journey to Loja, a large town on the Xenil, where we got in juſt in time to eſcape a moſt terrible ſtorm of thunder and lightning, followed by a very heavy ſhower.

The next morning we ſaw all the mountains covered with ſnow. This ſtorm ſoaked ſo deep into the fat, greaſy ſoil, that it was not without very extraordinary efforts that our mules dragged us up the ſteep hills. The country between Loxa and this place is very hilly, except an extenſive plain in this neighbourhood. We paſſed through ſome very fine woods of evergreen oak.

Antequera is a large ſtraggling town, at

* Mr. Wall died in the beginning of 1778.

the

the extremity of the plain, ſituated on ſeveral hillocks in a nook of the mountains.

On the 5th inſtant we hired a guide, and ſet out on horſeback for Malaga, by the mountain road, which is a ride of about ſeven leagues, whereas it requires a couple of days to go round in a carriage. At a ſhort league from Antequera we came to the foot of the Eſcaruela, an almoſt perpendicular rocky mountain, which we aſcended by a very dangerous winding path. A fellow employed to keep the mule-track in repair, lives in a hut half way up, and ſells brandy to travellers, who very often ſtand in great need of a cordial in this cold region of the air. Having gained the ſummit, we traverſed a plain encircled by ſhaggy rocks, and then rode for ſome hours up and down a chain of high wild mountains. We then deſcended gradually to lower hills in cultivation. The vines are planted in rows, without props: the intervals are ploughed with

with oxen once a year, and the ſhoots pruned, which is almoſt all the dreſſing they require. Theſe are the outſkirts of the high-country vineyards, which produce the wine we drink in England by the name of Mountain.

We next got down to ſtill lower land, where we found the almond-trees white with bloſſoms, and the hedges full of periwinkle, myrtle, marigold, oleander, ciſtus, honeyſuckles, and many other flowers, in full blow. We dined upon ſome cold meat, at the door of a venta, in the ſhade, for the ſun was too powerful to ſit in. An itinerant beggar made no difficulty, though it was Friday, of partaking of what we could ſpare from our repaſt; and in return for our kindneſs, rolled up a little minced tobacco in a piece of white paper, put it in his mouth, to try if the roll was properly conſtructed, and then preſented it, ready lighted,

to

to my friend S. T. as the moſt polite acknowledgment he could make.

After dinner, we jogged on over hills and dales, along very narrow paths, to the playa or plain of Malaga, at which city we arrived about four o'clock; and here met our miquelet, whom we had diſpatched from Granada acroſs the mountains with a letter. He had paſſed a ſevere night in the Sierra during the great ſtorm, and was very near being impriſoned on his arrival, for being the bearer of a letter, which no body is allowed to carry in Spain, without leave from the poſt-office.

Malaga ſtands in the very corner of the plain, which is quite bare of wood, except the little that grows about the country houſes; the naked craggy mountains hang over the ſhore, and ſcarce leave room for the city. A Mooriſh caſtle, on the ſharp point of a rock, commands every part of it. This ſituation renders Malaga moſt inſufferably

hot for eight months in the year. I was aſſured it was hardly poſſible to breathe in it in ſummer. The port and road ſeem ſafe enough, but will be much improved, when the new mole is carried out its full intended length into the ſea. The ſolid manner in which it is built, by rolling large maſſes of rock into the water, to form a foundation for the wall of the pier, inſures an almoſt eternal duration to the work; but at the ſame time makes it difficult to compute the number of years it will require to complete the undertaking. The ſea has loſt ground here, on account of the ſand hurried down from the mountains by a neighbouring river, and accumulated annually along the ſhore. The Darſena, or docks where the Moors kept their gallies, are ſtill remaining on the wharf, and now ſerve as warehouſes. The ſtreets are narrow: ſome ſquares are of a good ſize; but I do not recollect any very remarkable building, except

except the cathedral, which is indeed a ſtupendous pile, begun by Philip II. while married to Mary queen of England. Their united arms are ſtill to be ſeen over the door. Two gentlemen, who ſaid they had meaſured both churches, aſſured me this cathedral was as large as that of St. Paul's in London; but I am not convinced of the exactneſs of their meaſurement. The church of Malaga may be as wide, but I cannot think it near ſo long. No doubt a Proteſtant church appears larger within than a Roman Catholic one of the ſame dimenſions, as the latter is incumbered with pictures, tapeſtry, altars, &c. The outſide of this edifice is crowded with columns and embelliſhments. The two belfreys are already of a prodigious height, and an order or two more are yet to be added. Its interior appearance is majeſtic, though the architecture is very heavy.

The biſhop's palace, in the ſame ſquare,

loaded with frivolous ornaments, is a large building, but looks inſignificant ſo near the other. Its prelate enjoys an income of £. 16,000 ſterling.

General O'Connor, an old Iriſh officer, is governor of this province, and reſides at Malaga. Brute beaſts are his delight, and all his apartments are ſtuffed with bears, dogs, cats, and monkies, to the great terror and annoyance of his viſitors.

There are about fourteen foreign houſes ſettled in trade at Malaga, who export five thouſand butts of wine a year, of which the price runs from ten to thirty pounds a butt. Till within the laſt fifteen years, the quantity ſent off was ten thouſand butts; but as no difference is made in England, in the duties, between old and new wine, the exporter grew careleſs in the quality of the wine ſent, and the demand for it fell one half. The grapes, of which the choiceſt raiſins are made (a capital

tal branch of commerce here), are half cut off the ſtem, and left four days to dry and candy in the ſun. If preſſed, they would make a rich white wine. The raiſins dried upon the coaſt of Valencia are of an inferior quality, being dipped in a lye of lees of wine and aſhes.

Yeſterday I took a long walk into the Vega, and after enjoying the ſight and perfumes of the orange-groves near every villa, was very much ſurpriſed to perceive in a farmer's yard a large buſh of yellow roſes in full beauty. This exceeded all idea I before had of the warmth of the climate, and earlineſs of its ſpring. In the evening we went to a very bad Italian opera. In the middle of a ſong all the actors and audience dropped upon their knees at the ſound of a ſacring bell, which let them know that the hoſt was paſſing by. In a few minutes the ſinger reſumed his amorous ditty.

We returned this afternoon from Malaga by the ſame road. The great variety of flowers blown ſince we had paſſed, made the mountain ride very agreeable, till we were overtaken by a ſtorm of wind and rain that has not yet abated any of its violence.

Between Malaga and Gibraltar are twelve ſugar mills, which have been wrought time out of mind. The tradition is, that the ſugar-cane was firſt brought into Spain by the Arabs.

Being now upon the point of taking leave of this eaſtern coaſt of Spain, which we have ſeldom loſt ſight of for theſe three months, it might be proper to introduce ſome general remarks upon the inhabitants and country; but I really have not preſumption enough to attempt it, as I am conſcious that the diſpoſition of a people, their habitual character, cuſtoms, and manners, are not to be learned without a long

ſtay

ſtay among them, and without becoming, in ſome ſort, a meſſmate and familiar acquaintance of theirs. With all due reſpect for the Spaniſh nation, I don't wiſh to ſacrifice the time ſuch a ſtudy would require, as I apprehend I ſhould not be very amply rewarded for my pains. The peaſantry ſeem very poor, and frugal in their diet: bread ſteeped in oil, and occaſionally ſeaſoned with vinegar, is the common food of the country-people from Barcelona to Malaga; a bunch of grapes or a ſlice of melon ſerves as a deſert.

LETTER XXVII.

Puetro Santa Maria, January 13, 1776.

ON the 9th inſtant, on leaving Antequera, we were ſtopped by a river much ſwelled by the late rain, and loſt a great

many hours in ſeeking a road to the diſtant bridge. This was a real diſaſter to us, as, by retarding us half a day, it broke the chain of our ſtages, and laid us under the diſagreeable neceſſity of ſtopping each enſuing night at a very bad inn, the good ones being placed at our dining diſtances. From Antequera to Pedrera the country is champaign and pleaſant; ſome large lakes appearing between us and the mountains, and now and then ſome foreſt-land and olive-plantations, ſerving to enliven the proſpect.

About Oſſuna, a large ſtinking town, we obſerved a great many croſſes ſet up along the road-ſide, to mark the places, as we were informed, where murders had been committed: but I very much doubt that piece of intelligence. Before we came into Spain, we had been ſo much alarmed by all we had heard of the number of banditti in the kingdom, and the danger of paſſing from one province to another, that we could

could not take too many precautions, and accordingly made ample proviſions of arms and ammunition; but having ſeldom heard any mention of robbers ſince we came into the country, our apprehenſions have inſenſibly worn off, and we walk unarmed along the roads, about the villages, and in the bye-paths, without the leaſt fear, or indeed reaſon to fear. In Catalonia and Valencia, where a regular police is eſtabliſhed for apprehending thieves and preventing robberies, travellers go without arms; further ſouth, I have obſerved that no horſeman, muleteer, or aſs-driver, is without his gun or ſabre ſlung at the pommel of his ſaddle. Whether this implies any real danger, or only an ancient cuſtom, I cannot pretend to determine. Whatever riſks a ſingle paſſenger may be ſuppoſed to run in a croſs road, and unfrequented waſte, I am very certain that a caravan like ours need be under no apprehenſions of attack.

At

At Oſſuna we found we were come to the country of large white hats, few of the men wearing any other. The environs of the town are handſome; gentle eminences covered with young corn, and large olive-yards on the declivities.

On the 11th, a beautiful park-like country, where the ſwells are covered with foreſts of pines and cork-trees, or rows of olive-trees. The intermediate vallies in paſture, full of herds of brood mares feeding at large. That afternoon we came to a flat heath of ruſhes and palmetos, where we ſaw great flights of vultures, ſtorks, and plover. We paſſed the night in a moſt infamous *poſada* at Molares; the place ſo wretched as to afford no wine. No innkeeper is allowed to ſell liquor, and the wine-houſes are generally near the inn; but in this miſerable hamlet there was no ſuch thing.

On the 12th, boundleſs heaths and arable grounds; on the former innumerable herds

of cattle; on the latter we ſaw no leſs than twenty-four ploughs at work in the ſame field, each drawn by a pair of oxen. We had now fairly entered the rich plains of Andaluſia, where we found the roads cruelly ſpoiled by the wet weather, and our wheels almoſt buried in the ſtiff clay. At Alcanterilla is a bridge of two arches, over a deep runner, guarded by an old Mooriſh tower at each end. The lower part of the bridge is Roman, as it is very eaſy to diſcern by the regular ruſtic cut of the ſtones, and the words AVGVST....PONTEM, the remains of an inſcription, between the arches. A little beyond a place called Cabecas we met the firſt travelling coach we had ſeen on the road ſince we left Barcelona.

Farm-houſes are diſperſed about this country, as they are with us in England. The harveſt is gotten in by the Galliegos, that travel from Galicia to aſſiſt thoſe provinces, where

where the inhabitants are too lazy or too few in number to gather the riches which Nature, almoſt unſolicited, throws before them with profuſion. The exceſſive badneſs of the highway obliged us to drive through the lands, which in their year of fallow run up into the thickeſt and ſtrongeſt crops of French honey-ſuckle I ever beheld. Were this province properly peopled, there would be no bounds to its produce, for the ſoil is inexhauſtible, ſo eminently rich, that through all this luxuriancy of vegetation the wheels penetrated many inches into the loam. To balance theſe advantages, it muſt be confeſſed that the crops in Andaluſia are very precarious, for if a ſudden glare of ſunſhine ſucceeds too rapidly to a morning fog, the whole country is blighted.

We paſſed by the lake of Lebrixa, a handſome piece of water, ſurrounded by ſloping grounds, and regular plantations of olive-trees.

Xeres

Xeres is a large town, with winding ſtreets, and horrible kennels of black ſtagnated water; as the wheel broke the cruſt upon them, there aroſe an almoſt ſuffocating ſtench. The hills about the town are pretty, and the views towards Cadiz very pleaſing. Some poets have placed the Elyſian fields in this neighbourhood, and pretended that the Guadalete was Lethe or the river of oblivion. If ſo, they had never ſeen the place, or it has undergone ſtrange alterations ſince their days; for this paradiſe is now an immenſe marſhy flat, through which a narrow river, much reſembling thoſe in the Lincolnſhire fens, winds its courſe to the ſea: not a ſtick of wood to be ſeen near it. We are to paſs this Lethe to-morrow, and, leſt the influence ſhould operate upon me, I think it adviſable to end my letter with aſſuring you, while I yet remember the ties and friendſhip of this upper world, that I am your's affectionately.

Cadiz,

Cadiz, January 14.

Our carriages were ſent off this morning, ſeven leagues round, by the bridge of Suaço, which joins the iſland of Leon to the main land of Spain; and we hired a bark, and fell down the Guadalete. Port St. Mary's is a long town, pleaſantly ſituated on the river ſide. The bar at the mouth of the river is often very dangerous; our maſter made a collection among us for the ſouls of ſuch as have periſhed there. The view of the bay, ſhipping, and city ſtretching into the ocean, is one of the moſt beautiful in the world. The paſſage, which is about nine miles broad, took us two hours, as the wind failed us, but it may be done in leſs than half the time.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

Cadiz, January 30, 1776.

I SCARCE hope to ſee a fair day again, for we have had nothing but rain ſince our arrival. The ſea has been very boiſterous, and ſeveral ſhips have been caſt away along the coaſt. Yeſterday two men coming to town with proviſions were ſwept off the iſthmus by a ſudden ſwell of the waves, and never heard of more.

Cadiz occupies the whole ſurface of the weſtern extremity of the iſle of Leon, which is compoſed of two large circular parts, joined together by a very narrow bank of ſand, forming all together the figure of a chain-ſhot. At the ſouth-eaſt end, the ancient bridge of Suaço, thrown over a deep channel or river, affords a communication between the iſland and the continent; a ſtrong

ſtrong line of works defends the city from all approaches along the iſthmus; and, to render them ſtill more difficult, all the gardens and little villas on the beach were in 1762 cleared away, and a dreary, ſandy glacis left in their room, ſo that now there is ſcarce a tree on the whole iſland. They expected an attack from the Engliſh during the laſt war; but it would be madneſs in an enemy to attempt it on this ſide; and a by-ſtander is apt to think an immenſe ſum of money has been laviſhed on theſe fortifications without any apparent neceſſity; the Spaniards are however warranted in their caution by the authority of hiſtory, from which we learn, that the earl of Eſſex ſtormed Cadiz in 1596, by an aſſault on the land-quarter.

Except the *Calle Ancha*, all the ſtreets are narrow, ill-paved, and inſufferably ſtinking. They are all drawn in ſtrait lines, and moſt of them interſect each other at right

right angles. The ſwarms of rats that in the nights run about the ſtreets are innumerable; whole droves of them paſs and repaſs continually, and theſe their midnight revels are extremely troubleſome to ſuch as walk late. The houſes are lofty, with each a veſtibule, which being left open till night, ſerve paſſengers to retire to: this cuſtom, which prevails throughout Spain, renders theſe places exceedingly offenſive. In the middle of the houſe is a court like a deep well, under which is generally a ciſtern, the breeding-place of gnats and moſquitos; the ground-floors are ware-houſes, the firſt ſtories compting-houſe or kitchen, and the principal apartment up two pair of ſtairs. The roofs are flat, covered with an impenetrable cement, and few are without a *mirador* or turret for the purpoſe of commanding a view of the ſea. Round the parapet-wall at top are placed rows of ſquare pillars, meant either for ornament, according to ſome

traditional mode of decoration, or to fix awnings to, that ſuch as ſit there for the benefit of the ſea-breeze may be ſheltered from the rays of the ſun; but the moſt common uſe made of them, is to faſten ropes for drying linen upon. High above all theſe pinnacles, which give Cadiz a moſt ſingular appearance, ſtands the tower of ſignals: here flags are hung out on the firſt ſight of a ſail, marking the ſize of the ſhip, the nation it belongs to, and, if a Spaniſh Indiaman, the port of the Indies it comes from. The ſhips are acquainted with the proper ſignals to be made, and theſe are repeated by the watchmen of the tower: as painted liſts are in every houſe, perſons concerned in commerce ſoon learn the marks.

The city is divided into twenty-four quarters, under the inſpection of as many commiſſioners of police, and its population is reckoned at one hundred and forty thouſand inha-

inhabitants, of which twelve thouſand are French, and at leaſt as many more Italians.

The ſquare of St. Antonio is large, and tolerably handſome, and there are a few ſmaller openings of no great note. The public walk, or Alameda, is pleaſant in the evening: it is fenced off the coach-road by a marble rail. The ſea air prevents the trees from thriving, and deſtroys all hopes of future ſhade.

From the Alameda, continuing your walk weſtwards, you come to the Campoſanto, a large eſplanade, the only airing-place for coaches; it turns round moſt part of the weſt and ſouth ſides of the iſland, but the buildings are ſtraggling and ugly; the only edifice of any ſhew is the new orphan-houſe; oppoſite to it is the fortreſs of St. Sebaſtian, built on a neck of land running out into the ſea. The round tower at the extremity is ſuppoſed to have ſaved the city in the great earthquake of 1755, from be-

ing ſwept away by the fury of the waves. The building proved ſufficiently ſolid to withſtand the ſhock, and break the immenſe volume of water that threatened deſtruction to the whole iſland. In the narrow part of the iſthmus the ſurge beat over with amazing impetuoſity, and bore down all before it; among the reſt, the grandſon of the famous tragic-poet Racine, who ſtrove in vain to eſcape, by urging his horſe to the utmoſt of his ſpeed.

On Saint Sebaſtian's feaſt, a kind of wake or fair is held in the fort; an aſtoniſhing number of people then paſſing and repaſſing, on a ſtring of wooden bridges laid from rock to rock, makes a very lively moving picture.

From hence to the wooden circus, where they exhibit the bull-feaſts, you keep turning to the left cloſe above the ſea, which on all this ſide daſhes over large ledges of rock; the ſhore ſeems here abſolutely inacceſſible.

This

This part of the walk is dirty, and infected with all manner of naſty ſmells, for here the whole filth of the town is brought, to be tumbled through a hole in the wall, into the ſea. It might puzzle an obſerver, what cauſe to aſcribe this piece of management to, whether to the great diſtance from garden or tillage grounds, which renders the carriage of the dung too expenſive; or to the lazineſs of the citizens, who are glad to rid themſelves, with the leaſt poſſible trouble, of the obligation laid upon them of removing that dirt, which they had rather were left to rot under their noſes. As water-carriage muſt be cheap, I am inclined to attribute this waſte to the latter cauſe.

On this ſhore ſtands the cathedral, a work of great expence, but carried on with ſo little vigour, that it is difficult to gueſs at the term of years it will require to bring it to perfection; I think fifty have already

elapſed ſince the firſt ſtone was laid, and the roof is not yet half finiſhed. * The vaults are executed with great ſolidity. The arches, that ſpring from the cluſtered pilaſters to ſupport the roof of the church, are very bold; the minute ſculpture beſtowed upon them ſeems ſuperfluous, as all the effect will be loſt from their great height, and from the ſhade that will be thrown upon them by the filling up of the interſtices. From the ſea, the preſent top of the church reſembles the carcaſe of ſome huge monſter caſt upon its ſide, rearing its gigantic blanched ribs high above the buildings of the city. The outward caſings are to be of white marble, the bars of the windows of bronze; but I fear the work will be coarſely done, if one may draw an inference from the ſample of a ſmall

* The funds for this building ariſe from a duty, laid upon all goods imported from the Spaniſh dominions in America.

chapel,

chapel, where the ſquares are ſo looſely jointed and ill fitted, that in a few years the facing will be quite ſpoilt. It is unfair to prejudge a piece of architecture in ſuch an imperfect ſtate, but I apprehend the ſtyle of this will be crowded and heavy.

Next, croſſing before the land-gate and barracks, a ſuperb edifice for ſtrength, convenience, and cleanlineſs, you come down to the ramparts that defend the city on the ſide of the bay. If the proſpect to the ocean is ſolemn, that towards the main land is animated in the higheſt degree; the men of war ride in the eaſtern boſom of the bay; lower down the merchantmen are ſpread far and near; and cloſe to the town an incredible number of barks, of various ſhapes and ſizes, cover the ſurface of the water, ſome moored and ſome in motion, carrying goods to and fro. The oppoſite ſhore of Spain is ſtudded with white houſes, and enlivened by the towns of Saint Mary's, Port-

real, and others, behind which, eaſtward, on a ridge of hills, ſtands Medina Sidonia, and further back riſe the mountains of Granada. Weſtward, Rota cloſes the horizon, near which was anciently the iſland and city of Tarteſſus, now covered by the ſea, but at low-water ſome part of the ruins are ſtill to be diſcerned.

In a large baſtion, jutting out into the bay, they have built the cuſtom-houſe, the firſt ſtory of which is level with the walk upon the walls. When it was reſolved to erect a building ſo neceſſary to this great emporium of trade, the marquis di Squillace gave orders that no expence ſhould be ſpared, and the moſt intelligent architects employed, in order to erect a monument, which by its taſte and magnificence might excite the admiration of poſterity; the reſult of theſe precautions proved a piece of vile architecture, compoſed of the worſt of materials.

Don't

Don't expect from me a long, ſcientific detail of the operations of commerce in this port; ſo much has been written on the ſubject by perſons verſed in theſe matters, that, as it would be impertinent to repeat their obſervations *verbatim*, ſo it would be ridiculous in me, who am not initiated in the myſteries of trade, nor long reſident in the place, to attempt to add any thing to their accounts; all I have to obſerve amounts to this, that of late years the Spaniards have entered with more ſpirit into the concerns of the flota* than they did formerly; and that there have been ſome egregious breaches of that ſo-much celebrated punctilio of honour, which, added to the immenſe profits expected from the

* The flota is a fleet of large ſhips (fourteen this year) which carry out the goods of Europe to the ports of America, and bring back the produce of Mexico, Peru, and other kingdoms of the new world.

riſk,

riſk, induces foreigners to truſt their property upon this venture, with no other ſecurity than the bare word of a Spaniſh ſupercargo. Not long ago, one of theſe, upon his landing at Vera Cruz, made a declaration before the governor, that the cargo entered and ſhipped in his name was not his own, but belonged to a French houſe. Matters turned out rather contrary to his expectations; for the governor threw him into gaol, where he ſtill remains; but I believe the French owners give up their merchandize for loſt.

The ſtir here is prodigious during the laſt months of the ſtay of the flota. The packers poſſeſs the art of preſſing goods in great perfection; but, as they pay the freight according to the cubic palms of each bale, they are apt to ſqueeze down the cloths and linens ſo very cloſe and hard, as ſometimes to render them unfit for uſe. The exportation of French luxuries in dreſs is enormous;

Lyons

Lyons furniſhes moſt of them; England ſends out bale goods; Brittany and the north, linens.

As the king exacts four per cent. on all gold and ſilver coin exported, and puniſhes very ſeverely all delinquents taken in the fact, the ſmugglers have long followed a very ſimple but ſure method of defrauding him of his duty:—A man well known in the town comes to any merchant that he thinks may want to make a remittance of dollars, and propoſes to ſend the ſum wanted on board ſuch a ſhip, at two and a half per cent. the ſmuggler to advance the money, and to be repaid upon producing the captain of the ſhip's receipt. As the officer at the gates is commonly one of the confederates, this practice has been long carried on with tolerable ſecurity; but, ſince the late coinage, the profits upon running money are ſcarce equivalent to the riſks of having the ſhip confiſcated, and all concerned in the

tranſaction ſent for life to the African preſidios.

Great intereſt is made to protract the departure of the flota beyond the day fixed for its ſailing, that all the goods expected may have time to arrive; and in this caſe, as in moſt others, money properly diſtributed ſeldom fails of producing the deſired effect.

Every commercial nation has a conſul reſident at Cadiz; thoſe of England and France are the only ones not allowed to have any concern in trade.

This ſmall, populous, and well-incloſed city has the misfortune of being under worſe regulations of police than any place in Europe. All this winter ſtreet-robberies and houſe-breakings have been frequent, and no effectual ſteps taken to prevent the diſorder. I have heard that the Conde de Xerena Bucarelli, the governor, has made a vow to ſhed no blood during his regency; this cruel clemency has given ſuch ſpirit to the

the operations of the robbers, that they have had the audaciouſneſs to paſte up an advertiſement in the ſtreets, cautioning all people whatever to avoid reſiſtance, and to ſubmit quietly to be rifled, that their plunderers may not be reduced to the diſagreeable neceſſity of employing the poniard. A very little diligence, with the aſſiſtance of ſo ſtrong a garriſon, would reſtore the public ſafety in a ſhort time; but as a burgher always accompanies the patrol, the military cannot act but under his direction; and he will never hurt or moleſt any of his countrymen or neighbours, for the ſake of preſerving the lives and property of ſtrangers: indeed, if a native be apprehended for the moſt enormous offence againſt the laws of his country, it is next to impoſſible to procure a ſentence againſt him; for, as long as he has a groat in the world to ſpend in priſon, or a friend to ſolicit in his favour, the *alcalde* or judge will never bring him to trial;

and

and when at laſt his purſe is drained, and his crimes proved againſt him, it is ten to one they can get no body to make a gallows to hang him upon. A ſoldier is ſoon diſpatched, if he falls under the ſame predicament. Burglaries have been committed, and large ſums of money carried out of compting-houſes, the thieves taken and lodged in gaol, yet the owners have not been able to recover any part of the caſh; which the gentlemen of the robe and the culprit have ſpent in carouſing together. Nay, one villain in an attempt to carry part of his prize out of the gates, in order to take ſhipping for the Indies, being ſtopt, and the money ſeized as contraband, the perſon who had been robbed could not prevail upon the governor to reſtore his property to him, notwithſtanding the cleareſt proofs of the robbery. Take notice, that in caſes of confiſcation, one half of the ſeizure goes to the informer, the other to the governor.

However,

However, this moſt glaring piece of injuſtice could not be tamely ſubmitted to, and the cauſe was laid before the council of Caſtille, where it is ſtill depending. In leſs conſiderable loſſes, the beſt way is to ſit down contented with your misfortune, and take better care for the future, as it would coſt you double the ſum loſt, were you to purſue any of the methods pointed out by the law for redreſs.

The way of life here is not very brilliant. The different nations keep much among themſelves. The French houſes follow rather a gayer plan than the others. Our countrymen ſettled here, live in a very hoſpitable, ſocial ſtyle, and are always happy to contribute every thing in their power towards rendering the place agreeable to ſuch travellers as viſit their city. Indeed this is a tribute of praiſe our gratitude will ever prompt us to pay to the Britiſh merchants eſtabliſhed beyond ſeas, having in many

parts

parts of Europe had occaſion to experience their friendly diſpoſition.

At this time of the year neither the meat nor the fiſh is excellent. The bottom of the bay being muddy, and the fiſhermen not venturing from the coaſt, the quality of the fiſh brought to market is not ſo firm and good as might be expected; at ſome ſeaſons the oyſters taken here are rank poiſon; the water of the iſland is bad, and what moſt families drink comes from Port Saint Mary.

The uſual afternoon amuſements in winter are, a ſaunter on the Alameda, and the theatres. The Spaniſh play, which exhibits but a poor ſet of actors, begins about four; the Italian opera, not much better provided, about ſeven; and the French houſe opens rather earlier, and ends ſooner, by which means the company may partake of great part of each of the entertainments in the ſame evening. The laſt-mentioned theatre is upon a very grand footing,

footing, ſupported by the voluntary ſubſcriptions of the French merchants ſettled here. As the out-goings exceed the profits, they begin to be ſick of ſo heavy a load, and it is likely their ſtage will be given up, upon the expiration of the term for which the factory entered into engagements with the actors.

LETTER XXIX.

Gibraltar, March 9, 1776.

THE end of the carnival at Cadiz differed very little from the beginning; no public balls or maſquerades being allowed; the only marks of the feſtivity of ſhrove-tide, were the pailfuls of water which the women in the balconies poured upon the men in ſlouched hats and cloaks that paſſed within their reach. There were,

diſcovery of what they really were in the beginning, or from what country they came. The received opinion ſets them down for Egyptians, and makes them out to be the deſcendants of thoſe vagabond votaries of Iſis, who appear to have exerciſed in ancient Rome pretty much the ſame profeſſion as that followed by the preſent gipſies, viz. fortune-telling, ſtrolling up and down, and pilfering. Few of them employ themſelves in works of huſbandry or handicraft; indeed the Spaniards would not work with them. Except a ſmall number that follow the trade of blackſmiths or vintners, moſt of the men are makers of little iron rings, and other trifles, rather to prevent their being laid hold of as vagrants, than really as a means of ſubſiſtence. Several of them travel about as carriers and pedlars, but none enliſt as ſoldiers or ſailors, or bind themſelves as ſervants. Though they conform to the Roman-catholic mode of wor-

ſhip,

ſhip, they are looked upon in the light of unbelievers; but I never could meet with any body that pretended to ſay what their private faith and religion might be: all the gipſies I have converſed with, aſſured me of their ſound catholiciſm; and I have ſeen the medal of Nueſtra Señora del Carmen ſewed on the ſleeves of ſeveral of their women. They ſeldom venture upon any crimes that might endanger their lives; petty larceny is the utmoſt extent of their roguery. Their men are tall, well built, and ſwarthy, with a bad ſcowling eye, and a kind of favourite lock of hair left to grow down before their ears, which rather increaſes the gloomineſs of their features: their women are nimble, and ſupple-jointed; when young, they are generally handſome, with very fine black eyes; when old, they become the worſt-favoured hags in nature. Their ears and necks are loaded with trin-

kets and baubles, and moſt of them wear a large patch on each temple. Both ſexes are remarkably expert at dancing, and ſing the wild ſeguidillas with a peculiar turn of humour or tenderneſs, according to the ſubject. The preſent king had thoughts of baniſhing the whole race out of his dominions; but I believe the project is dropt, as the gipſies are rather an uſeleſs than a miſchievous people. Their abode in the country, or their expulſion, ſeems a matter of little conſequence, for the loſs would not be ſeverely felt, except in the apparent diminution of population; as they are of little or no ſervice in the ſtate, neither cultivating its lands, forwarding its manufactures and commerce, conveying its productions to foreign parts, or fighting its battles. Perhaps they render themſelves neceſſary to the amuſement of the common people, out of whoſe ſimplicity they work themſelves a maintenance.

The

The weather being tolerably ſettled, we ſet out on horſeback for Gibraltar, about a fortnight ago, taking with us our beds and proviſions, a precaution of great conſequence in this journey. We left Cadiz in the afternoon, travelling along the ſandy iſthmus to the Iſla, a town of a ſingle ſtreet, that leads down to the bridge and redoubt of Suaço, where we got once more upon the main land. Soon after we ſtruck off the great Xeres road, into a flat marſhy country interſected by numberleſs drains and ponds for making ſalt, of which we ſaw many large heaps. This commodity is made with ſo little trouble, and ſold to ſo ſmall an advantage, that the makers don't think it worth their while to ſet up ſheds, or build magazines, but prefer running the riſk of loſing half of it by the wet. Paſſing through a great mill, acroſs many bridges and creeks, and through a very fine wood of pines, we arrived by moonlight at Chiclana, the Clap-

ham or Hampſtead of the merchants of Cadiz. It is a large well-built town upon a navigable river, that winds through the low lands into the bay. After Eaſter, all is mirth and jollity here, for it is then crowded with families that retire hither to divert themſelves, and to rub off the dull ruſt of Lent. The houſes are exact copies of thoſe of Cadiz, and the ſtreets very near as offenſive to the ſmell; but the environs are charming, and beautifully rural.

The next morning we were out very early, expecting a long laborious ride. After a troubleſome aſcent up ſome grea y hills, we paſſed through a noble pine-wood into an immenſe expanſe of heath-land ſpeckled with an incredible variety of flowers, moſt of them unknown to me in their natural uncultivated ſtate. I here ſaw a great many of the ſmall red and yellow tulip, which, I am told, is the only ſpecies indigenous in Europe, and many beautiful

kinds

kinds of the orchis, ſome repreſenting bees and flies ſo naturally as to deceive at firſt ſight.

On our right we left Conil, once famous for its tunny-fiſhery, which of late has dwindled away to nothing. We had afterwards an hilly corn country to paſs, where the peaſants, at work weeding the fields, amuſed themſelves with giving us a volley of abuſe, which to us was utterly unintelligible, but was no doubt very witty, as every ſpeech the orator of the crew made, raiſed loud peals of laughter in his companions. Their mirth was a little diſturbed by a piece of humour of our Catalans, who, ſetting their ſharp three-cornered hats up perpendicular on their heads, in imitation of horns, and ſticking out their fingers, began to whiſtle with might and main. The Andaluſians did not ſeem to reliſh the joke, and, after ſome ſilence, ſet a ſcolding at us in a very

very angry tone of voice, which laſted as long as we were within hearing.

From theſe bare heights, we deſcended into a narrow vale, which almoſt encompaſſes the mountain that the town of Vegel ſtands upon. Seven picturesque aqueducts, or rather diviſions of one, convey a fine ſupply of water from the hills to ſeven mills belonging to the Duke of Medina Sidonia. Each mill is placed at a conſiderable diſtance below the other; the ſeventh ſtands quite in the level at the bottom. Nothing can be prettier than theſe terraces, and little falls of water. Round each dwelling is a ſweet orange-grove. The hedges along the ſteep ſides of the road are thick ſet with lauruſtinus, now in flower, and many other handſome plants. The loweſt part of the valley is a delightful ſpot, full of orchards and gardens, refreſhed by innumerable ſtreams of clear water running through the meadows into a deep river, which falls into the ſea a few miles below.

We

We intended to have dined at the foot of the mountain of Vegel, but the hovel, called an inn, was ſo intolerably naſty, and the appearance of the ſky ſeemed ſo much to threaten us with a dark, rainy evening, that we determined to paſs by, and content ourſelves with eating a morſel on horſeback, as we jogged on. We croſſed the river on an ancient Roman bridge, plain and ſolid, and then mounted a very ſteep ſandy bank, on the top of which I found a ledge of mouldering rocks, full of *oſtracites* and *pectinites*, ſome in a hard natural ſtate, others ſo ſoft as to crumble to duſt under the finger. The road lay afterwards through a foreſt of cork trees, and the latter part of the day along a wet open paſture country. After being thirteen hours on horſeback, with a drizzling rain upon us half the time, we were glad to ſtop at *Los Cortijos* about eight at night. Here had formerly been a venta, but all we could find was the cabin of a retailer of to-

bacco.

bacco. This miſerable dwelling conſiſted of one room, not well enough thatched to prevent the rain from beating through, and yet too cloſe to let out the ſmoke of a few ſticks burning in the middle of the houſe. The landlord, his wife, and children, occupied one end of the habitation, and abandoned the remainder to us, who were ſeven in number, ſqueezed into the ſpace of a few feet ſquare. The ſmoke grew ſo powerful, and the company ſo ſtraitened for room, that after ſupper I retired acroſs a kind of yard, to a manger in the ſtable, where I lay down, wrapped up in my cloak, upon the ſtraw, and got a very comfortable nap till day-break, when we proceeded on our journey.

We travelled through a large tract of wet paſtures, full of herds of cattle, with here and there a wretched hut for the herdſmen. After a long dreary ride over the hills that encircle theſe plains, we entered the woodlands,

lands, where we found the roads ſo wet and ſtony, that our baggage-mules were more than once laid faſt. This foreſt extends many miles, during which we ſaw but one houſe; and that being white, and placed at the head of a lawn, environed with hanging woods, made a moſt romantic appearance. The proſpects in theſe wilderneſſes are delightful, and we ſhould have found the ride through them charming, had our attention been leſs engaged by the continual apprehenſions we were under of our horſes falling into the deep broken roads. High mountains, and bold rocky cliffs hang on every ſide over the groves; the timber trees are oak and cork, the underwood, ſhrubs of numberleſs kinds, growing with the greateſt vigour and luxuriancy; ſuch as the lauruſtinus, arbutus, brooms, citiſus, ſorb, maſtick-tree, privet, phylirea, ciſtus, oleander, pomegranate, bay, laurel, myrtle, butcher's broom, wild pear, heath at leaſt fifteen

feet

feet high, &c. but the moſt remarkable is the rhododendron ponticum, with large purple flowers; it grows by the edge of the torrents that tumble down through the woods, and is a plant of ſingular beauty.

Upon leaving the thickets, we had a fine view of the rock of Gibraltar and the coaſt of Africa, a very grand marine ſcene. We then came to a rich vale of corn-land, and a pretty meandring river, which we croſſed twice near *Los Barios*, a ſmall hamlet. From thence we found all the country marſhy by the ſide of the bay of Gibraltar, or bare and hilly near San Roque, a large village on the top of a hill, overlooking the whole bay. Here the Spaniſh governor of the lines reſides.

The next day we waited upon Don Joachim de Mendoza, the governor, who gave us the neceſſary paſſports. By his perſuaſion, we depoſited what caſh we had in the hands of his ſecretary, as it is forbidden to

take above a crown a-piece out of the Spaniſh territory: this proved a very ſuperfluous caution, for we paſſed unſearched through the lines, and might have carried out of the Spaniſh bounds as much gold as we pleaſed. The lines are a fortification, that runs acroſs the iſthmus which ſeparates Gibraltar from the continent. A regiment of infantry, ſeveral batteries, and a fort at each end, defend this barrier of the Spaniſh monarchy. It is about half an hour's ride from the land-gate of the Engliſh garriſon.

The moſt extraordinary fortreſs and mountain, from which I date my letter, have been ſo often deſcribed by particular hiſtories, prints, and drawings, that I ſhall not take up your leiſure with needleſs repetitions. The views publiſhed by Major Macé are exact, and convey a very good idea of the four different faces of the mountain. Since the time of their publication, General Boyd has completed the roads up

the

the hill in every neceſſary direction: a carriage may now go up to the ſignal-houſe, which before ſeemed a place where none but goats could climb up to.

The hoſpitality of the governor, officers, and inhabitants; the buſtle, military muſic, and parade; the fine appearance of the troops; the variety of tongues ſpoken and of dreſſes worn here, are themes I could enlarge upon for whole pages. After ſo long a journey through the ſtill waſtes and ſilent ſtupid towns of Spain, where every thing bears the marks of languor and indolence; we were at firſt quite flurried and confounded with the hurry in the garriſon, the perpetual noiſe of cannon, and the reports of the ſoldiers going through their firing exerciſe. In the firſt nights we were ſtartled with the frequent paſſing of the parole, which runs like a train of fire round the line of fortifications. It ſeemed ſtrange to hear our native language ſpoken

in

in the ſtreets, to read it under the ſigns, and to meet ſo many Engliſh faces. I ſhould have forgotten how far I was from home, had I not been reminded of the latitude by the brilliant clearneſs of the deep blue ſky, and the ſight of the African mountains, whoſe ſnowy tops, and even the objects at their feet, are very diſtinctly ſeen by the naked eye. You may diſcern all the buildings in Ceuta, and even in Tangier the houſes may be diſtinguiſhed in a clear day. We indulged the honeſt pride of Engliſhmen, in admiring the tall, handſome figures, and ſpirited, martial preſence of the ſoldiers, and in drawing very comfortable parallels between them and the dirty melancholy dwarfs we had ſeen mounting guard in the Spaniſh garriſons.

We are now waiting for a fair wind to carry us over to Tetuan or to Tangiers. The boat-loads of freſh oranges brought over almoſt every morning from the coaſt

of Barbary, and tumbled out into the ſtreets, increaſe the eagerneſs we have long felt for that expedition: but the wind is very cruel, and I begin to have my fears about the poſſibility of it. The Barbary oranges are exquiſite, but as the ſummer advances, are apt to grow too luſcious, though they preſerve their juicineſs.

Gibraltar, March 11.

We are wind-bound, but remain in hourly expectation of ſailing to Africa. Our *ſettee*, or bark, and baggage, are ready, and we ourſelves on the watch for an eaſterly breeze. Yeſterday the wind came about to the eaſt, and in a trice the bay was covered with Dutch men of war, and all ſorts of merchantmen, crowding ſail to get through the Gut before the wind ſhould change: above fifty ſail came from the Mediterranean, round Europa Point; but

in

in leſs than an hour the wind ſhifted to its old corner again, and every one of them was driven back into the bay, or behind the rock, where they may beat about for weeks againſt wind and current. Never was there known ſo long a continuance of weſterly winds at this time of the year.

Gibraltar, March 13.

Laſt night all the Jews were in maſquerade, dancing and merry-making; a fine contraſt with the gloomineſs of Lent, a few miles to the north of us. This place may literally be ſtyled the Paradiſe of that diſperſed nation; for here they ſeem to be at home, carry on a great retail trade, and ſupply the garriſon with many common articles of conſumption. They are Barbary Jews, a comely race of men, and much better featured than their Portugueſe or

German brethren. Their dreſs differs from that of the common Moors in nothing but the cap, which the latter wear read, the Jews black, though here they venture frequently to put on red ones.

All religions ſeem welcome to this town, and meet without animoſity, as on ſome neutral ground. The Spaniſh church is ſerved by a jolly prieſt, who, beſides very ample emoluments and caſualties, receives from the Engliſh government a ſtipend of fifty pounds: with this income he gives balls and entertainments to his pariſhioners, and lives in a very jovial manner. He ſeems perfectly well pleaſed with his Proteſtant neighbours, and quite reconciled to ſeeing the Cordelier convent converted into the reſidence of an Engliſh governor.

The Barbary beef, furniſhed on contract by the Moors, is excellent, and the fiſh taken in the bay, is the beſt I have taſted ſince I left Bourdeaux.

The

The mountain abounds with partridges, which breed in peace, and paſs their lives undiſturbed, as nobody is allowed to ſhoot within the garriſon. The young officers take the diverſion of fox-hunting on the Spaniſh hills, where there is abundance of foxes, but little running: the great number of holes among the rocks prevents the game from being kept going, after the firſt burſt.

That beautiful bird, the whoopoop, or March cock, is common on the mountain; and high up are herds of large monkies, but I never was lucky enough to get a ſight of them.

On the eaſt ſide, in the moſt broken part of the precipices, is a *ſtratum* of bones of all ſizes, belonging to various animals and fowls, enchaſed in an incruſtation of a reddiſh calcarious rock.

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